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THE

CALIFORNIA PILGRIM:

A SERIES OF LECTURES,

BY J. A. BENTON,

PASTOR OF THE FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST

IN SACRAMENTO.

"May I not write in such a style as this,
In such a method, too, and yet not miss
My end—thy good?————
Solidity, indeed, becomes the pen
Of him who writeth things divine to men:
But must I needs want solidness, because
By metaphors I speak?————"

SACRAMENTO, CAL.:
SOLOMON ALTER, PUBLISHER.
MARVIN & HITCHCOCK, SAN FRANCISCO.
1853.

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TO

JARED LINSLY, M. D.,

OF

THE CITY OF NEW YORK;

THE READY HELPER

OF ASPIRING AND STRUGGLING YOUTH;

THIS VOLUME

Is Respectfully Inscribed,

BY HIS

OBLIGED SINCERE FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

331997

SACRAMENTO, December 28th, 1852.

REV. MR. BENTON:

Dear Sir: Having heard, with deep interest, your series of lectures on the progress of the "California Pilgrim," and believing a general dissemination of the expositions and views so attractively and felicitously set forth therein, would not only be profitable to them, but desirable by the people of California generally, you are hereby requested, most respectfully, to furnish a copy of your manuscripts containing them, for publication. And you will much oblige,

Yours, &c.,

ELIAS D. KENNEDY,
F. W. PAGE,
R. B. HALL,
R. H. MCDONALD,
JONA. WILLIAMS,
JOHN MCKEE,
D. O. MILLS,
W. C. WATERS,
JAMES GALLUP,
A. C. SWEETSER,
H. W. HARKNESS.

SACRAMENTO, January 18, 1853.

JOHN MCKEE, D. O. MILLS, W. C. WATERS, AND OTHERS:

Gentlemen: Your note, requesting the publication of my lectures on the "California Pilgrim," has been sometime under consideration. I have now resolved to comply with your wishes; and, as soon as it is practicable, I shall commit my manuscripts to the hands of the printers.

Obediently yours,

J. A. BENTON.

PREFATORY NOTE.

The author conceived the idea of these lectures while on a visit into the country last summer. He wrote and delivered them. They took this form that the most diverse matters might be wrought into them, and that the writer might relieve the somewhat somber cast of his ordinary discourses, and escape the charge of being a scold.

The reader should be informed that the "Moral" of each lecture was originally spoken extemporaneously. They are now written from memory, and given in brief, and for substance only. The burning of Sacramento occurred during the delivery of the lectures; and hence the notice taken of that event, in the ninth lecture.

The design of the lectures, in part, was, to benefit a class of people, not otherwise reached by the author's ministrations. They are published to be of still further service, if haply they may, to that large class.

For himself, the writer of this book has nothing to say. Whether he be a novice in authorship; what public relations he may sustain; what opinions he may hold; and what may be his personal peculiarities; the curious in such matters, if any, can easily find out otherwise, if they do not find them in the book.

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THE

CALIFORNIA PILGRIM.

LECTURE I.

"The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream."—JER. 23 : 28.

The place of the dream.

As I traveled through this world and its wildernesses, I lighted upon a certain place, which was a lone craggy mountain. The blue air hung around it, changing to a purple in the glow of the evening hour. Deep valleys were sunk on every side of it; and, here and there, they opened through frightful gorges. The mountain itself was seamed with fissures, and furrowed with dark ravines. It was not fitted for the dwellings of men. No human beings abode there, but for a night.

About the name of it.

It was called after no man, nor saint, nor good-angel. For a thousand miles along the ocean-border had all regions of water and land been honored with the names of worthies and holies, female and male. Inlet and bay, rill and river, hill and valley, plain and desert, forest and rock, rejoiced in saintly titles. It was as if the whole company of the faithful, whether human or angelic in origin, had, for a day, alighted along the shore, when on some terrestrial errand, and left their appellations behind. But on this mountain top there was no record writ, and, as yet, it stood unknown, and without a name.

An era of travel and discovery arrived. The good Fathers journeyed eastward to spy out the land. They came upon this mountain, all nameless then. Its vast proportions made it deserving of a lofty and imposing title. The catalogue of distinguished worthies was long ago exhausted. But so towering a peak must not lack a name importing somewhat. So, for want of a better, it was ycleped after that notorious person that first made revolt in heaven, and unfurled an ill-starred banner on the celestial heights. Thus it came to pass that the solitary mountain had a noteworthy name; standing there in its grandeur, on the confines of a region still unexplored. In later times, dim tradition—held in high esteem by not a few—failed not to keep alive the story, that in days gone by, there happened many a strange thing there; so much so, that the aborigines, and all the common sort of people, held the place to be possessed by him, or the progeny of him, in honor of whom it had been originally named.

How it was ycleped "Monte Diabolo."

There were there neither moat, nor ditch, nor castellated peak, nor crumbling walls, to tell of any defiant lord, any deeds of valor in arms, or to declare the wonders of faded renown. The grim spirit of the ages had left there many a record, and strewn the emblems of his power on every hand; but him, no eye of man had seen, and none had ever presumed to call him by a name.

The story of the mountain may seem a legend or a myth, and some man's matter of fact may brush it away, or rob it of venerableness and beauty; but the lone grandeur of the mountain abides; and mortal may not presume to deny the doing, when he cannot tell what persons are there, nor what deeds are done, within the folds of mist, when ofttimes the craggy top is hidden among the clouds.

As I said, in traveling, I lighted upon this spot, after a weary day's journey. From the summit I looked off in every direction. As the sun went down, at my left, it sank far out in the boundless waters, where the blue of the sea and the sky met and mingled. Nearer, on my left, ran up and down successive lines of hills, giving the landscape the appearance of a furrowed field, run through by Nature's generous ploughshare. These belts of rock and forest gradually diminished in height toward the west, and finally melted into the ocean waves.

On my right lay a broad valley, many leagues in length, embosoming mighty rivers; its borders laced and interlaced with silver streams, whose gathered waters mingled at last, and poured all their fullness through a deep channel, a litttle way to the northward from the mountain's base. Beyond the great valley, toward the east, one above another, step by step, the wooded hills began to ascend; and then,

> "Stern and bold,
> Their snowy summits shining in the sun,
> The distant mountains rose; and North and South
> Stretched out the serried range; its liquid sides
> Fruitful of streams, whose dashing torrents roll
> O'er golden sands."

A lodge is sought.

In the cavernous rocks I sought a place of rest. For the twilight was deepening, and the stars began to shine; and sometimes I thought I heard a low growl, or a quick, sharp bark, as if I were not altogether alone in a place so solitary. Coming to a spot that seemed like the mouth of some deep cave, or den, I laid me down there wearledly to sleep, with thoughts of home, and friends

far away, and my wanderings of late, all fresh in my mind.

The sleeper hath a vision.

Nevertheless I soon fell asleep; and, as I slept, I dreamed a dream. I fain would keep in memory that mountain dream; and therefore I have written it down.

What the dreamer saw.

In my dream I saw a gallant ship coasting along the shore of a deep, broad, and tranquil sea. A murky cloud from her smoke-pipe hung over the seething foam in the track of her keel. A light breeze on the larboard quarter just filled her spread canvas. On the quarter-deck, half concealed by the mizzen-mast and the spanker, a man of middle-age, and serious aspect, was sitting with a book in his hand. As he read therein he wept, for he "remembered Sion;" and, being unable to contain longer, he broke out, saying, "How much have I lost!"

His trouble the rather increased, as he thought of the miserable condition of hundreds about him, his fellow-voyagers for time and eternity, whom he feared, perchance, he might never have warned enough of their evil and danger. So he resolved still further to utter words of good counsel to certain whom he had often overheard profaning the name of God. His boldness on this occasion took them somewhat by surprise; for before he had dealt only in gentle words. They said this man was alone in the business of reproof; although there were many on board who professed to be holy men, and hailed from the city of Moral-action; while it was proved that all of them had lived in the province of Mortal-ruin, at least for a time.

These profane men were sore amazed at the words of the serious man; not for that they could gainsay what he uttered, but because they believed, not knowing what to

think else, that "some distemper had got into his head." "Therefore, it drawing toward night, and hoping that sleep might settle his brains, with all haste they got him to bed." But the night was to him as the day. Wherefore, instead of sleeping, he spent its hours in weeping and praying. "So when the morning was come they would know how he did." He told them he was much the same in mind; but, if anything changed, he was more anxious than ever to have them reformed. He also set to talking with them again in serious mood. Whereat, "they began some of them to be hardened. They also thought to drive his distemper away by harsh and surly carriage toward him." Sometimes they would mock him;" anon they would chide him; and then they would take pains to neglect him entirely. Wherefore, the more sincerely he pitied them, and the more earnestly he prayed for them, both in his retirement and as he walked solitary.

I perceived, also, that with new diligence, and a heartier zest, he applied himself to the study of his book—the which he kept always in his hands—and that, the more he perused and reflected, the more steadfast and calm he became, until he ceased from his melancholy looks and sighs, and began to wear a bright and heavenly face.

I observed that now he began talking and explaining his book to knots and groups of men, as he found opportunity. Some there were that loved to hear his words; and they followed him from one company to another. Ere long as other men gathered round to hear him, in the edge of the crowd would linger those profane deriders. By and by, they began to correct each other; and in a short space they left off their profanity altogether; and, finally, were not ashamed to be seen walking with the serious man in his

portion of the great ship. Thus, by degrees, this person, who seemed to be a sort of poor pilgrim, began to be a man somewhat set by in that motley company borne along on the foaming billows. Still, there were many that thought him not a little singular, and somewhat fantastical, and given to whims and conceits; and by some he was considered very straight-laced, and a man of many prejudices, whose notions were got from thecatechism, and whose views of things were governed by Pres. Edwards' resolutions.

Now I saw in my dream, so soon as the face and fame of the Pilgrim—for such he now affirmed that he was—became known, and his haunts on the ship were made familiar, and it got bruited about that he was a pilgrim, taking this route through the land of gold, for the golden city, amid the serene mountains in the Glad-land, that a common desire sprang up to see, and hear, and talk with a man so presumptuous as to think he could be a pilgrim, keeping steadily on his course, when those on board, twenty to one, at least, were opposed to religious pilgrimages, or thought little of them, or had come back from them disheartened, in former years. These all were sure that this individual must be a very weak-minded and misled man; and, if he were not, he had got into strange company, where the major part smoked, swore, drank, gambled, and gallanted courtesans, and was taking the most unfrequented—by pilgrims—of all roads to reach the Glad-land. They did not consider that when one is to go half round the world to find his destination, it matters not in which of two opposite directions he travels, provided he keep to his parallel; nor remember that "They shall come from the East and the West, the North and the South, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God."

It gets about that he is a Pilgrim.

The Pilgrim is asked to tell his story.

At length, so urgent became the wish to see and hear the Pilgrim, and so general the interest felt in the matter, that he promised the company to meet them on the next Lord's day, and tell them who he was; what he was; whence he came; and why he had set out on this pilgrimage. So, when, for want of a preacher, a gentleman in undress uniform, perhaps it was the commander of the vessel, had read prayers and concluded the service; which, to the Pilgrim, was a pleasure, though it were very formally rendered; and when the excitement of the dinner hour had passed away, he sat down quietly to tell the company his story.

The narration begins.

And he thus began. I was born forty years ago in the city of Doomsend, in the province of Sin and Misery. It was a very large province. No accurate survey was ever made of it, nor any definite bounds fixed to it. The city where my father lived was exceedingly large, and was crowded with people. Although the mortality was frightful, and the inhabitants perished by thousands every year; yet, so vast was the throng continually rushing to the place, that no diminution was ever perceptible in the numbers that went jostling each other through the streets.

The Father of Pilgrim.

My father was Mr. Freelove Gaine; and he drove a profitable business in Doomsend by engaging in all sorts of traffic, devising numerous schemes for speculation, and being much concerned in settling up the affairs of dead men.

The Pilgrim's original name.

I was called by my father Followup Gaine, though never so christened, for my mother wished to name me Fearevil Gaine. At an early age I was sent from home to be taught; and strange, confused

memories of those days haunt me still. But I was not suffered to remain long at the school where my mother placed me, under Mr. Wisdom Branch's tuition, in the little inland town of Refuge, in the province of Moderation, inhabited by a people who had no commerce with the city of Doomsend.

My father took me home; and in a few days stationed me at a desk in his spacious office, among a score of youth, who were there to learn by what appliances and sharp practice they might hope to succeed in acquiring wealth and influence, as my father had, in the great city.

A zealous man preaches.

It came to pass while I was yet a youth, that a noted and zealous preacher visited the populous city of our abode, and in very startling language warned the inhabitants of their danger; announcing the speedy destruction of the place; declaring that it must come ere long to an utter end, and no one could tell how soon its foundations would be shaken, or the flames of wrath let loose upon it. This preacher was Mr. Holdfast High; and he was one who never for a moment let go his grasp upon the vastness of things above, nor failed to act under their power.

There were few, however, that gave him heed and obeyed his instructions; though all confessed that he was earnest and eloquent. But, among the few who listened and complied was my own mother. She in vain strove to prevail on her husband and her children to go with her in her flight from the doomed city. My father did nothing to oppose the going of any of us, for he was too much absorbed in money-getting to take trouble about other matters. Yet there were many in the city who made mock of the little company of believers about to set off on their journey of escape, de-

termined, if possible, to reach the city of Redemption in the province of Faith.

The great mass of the citizens said, that, however much Mr. Holdfast High might know of other regions, he was ignorant of theirs, and was a fool for coming to them with any such messages as he had been delivering in their midst. They alleged that it was impossible to burn more than one block in Doomsend, at a time, on account of the unusual breadth of the streets. And, besides, the city stood on the banks of the river of Mortality, and they could flood its whole area, to the depth of several feet, with the waters of that river, in a very little while. And then, also, the entire province of Sin and Misery, a thousand times as big as any other, was deeply concerned in the preservation of its chief city; and the hosts of the inhabitants would rush to its rescue at a moment's warning; so that it was all folly for any of their people to be alarmed about the matter.

My mother, indeed, was never content to dwell in Doomsend; and had only consented to abide there for a time. She was born in the town of Euphemia, in the province of Innocence; and she had married my father with the understanding, that, after a few years' stay in Doomsend, they would return and settle in her native place. But his business and his gains had served to attach him more and more to Doomsend; till, at length, she began to despair of ever getting out of it alive. And now she went out of it—so much alone—as she verily believed, not only to preserve the life of her own soul, but the souls of any whom she might draw away after her.

When my mother found that she could not prevail on me to accompany her, she embraced and kissed me many times, and her tears fell on my face like rain, while my heart

smote me dreadfully for my obstinate wickedness; but still I refused to go with her. Then she took from her bosom a volume of the Book of Life and gave it to me, enjoining me to read it every day, and to think on my ways and turn unto the Lord. I could not help making the promise to read the book diligently, although I felt unwilling to commit myself to any farther task, or to engage to follow her.

As soon, however, as she was gone, and I saw how ill things proceeded without her, in our house, especially on Sunday—for that day began there to be a day of carousal, as in the rest of Doomsend—I was often sad and dejected, and would retire to my chamber, and read the Book my mother gave me, and think of my condition. The more I perused it, the more I felt a longing to know what its pages revealed; and it began to seem strange to me that I had possessed such a Book so long without knowing anything at all, beyond what my mother told me in childhood, of the wonders and treasures it contained. And thus, from week to week, I read on until I became greatly distressed in my mind; and, at times, I could scarcely refrain from crying out in my trouble. I perceived that I was indeed a sinner, lost and undone.

Matters went on thus many days and weeks, and often the tears would come in my eyes when I was about my daily business, but I dared not tell my distress to any one for fear my grief would be turned into ridicule; and when night came I could get no sleep for thinking of my mother, my own wretched state, and the coming misery of the whole city, and how stubborn and foolish I had been in not flying with her to a place of safety. I saw by the Book, I felt in my soul, that, born as I was, and living as I had lived, "I was surely condemned to die, and after that to come to judg-

ment;" and I could think of the future only with an indefinable dread.

It chanced one day, when filled with sorrow and distress on account of my sins, I had gone out from the city to be rid of a jovial meeting, and a company of young inebriates on a drinking bout, that, as I was walking by myself in a lone dell, half thinking aloud, and praying in my thoughts, and repeating to myself such Scriptures as, "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die? My son, give me thine heart,"

A new friend appears.

that there came to me a man of a cheerful countenance, and a serene light in his eye, who, seeing my dejected state, accosted me with kind words, saying, "Art thou in trouble, my son?" "Never in worse, sir," said I, for my soul is troubled, and I know not how to ease me of my sorrows and burdens, though I am quite sure I should have escaped all this misery had I gone with my good mother to the city of Redemption.

It is not yet too late to set out for the place, my son, said he, but you cannot overdo in making haste to leave this city, and flee the wrath to come, nor too soon reach the strong gates of the blessed city of Redemption, whose Lord hath himself declared, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out. Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Moreover, added he, you will not set out alone, for I am come hither on purpose to help off a nephew of mine, one Mr. Highresolve, a youth of excellent parts, who has been a long time determined to leave, but could never get

He tells his name.

his master's consent to go until now. My name is Good Counsel, and I dwell hard by the best road to the glorious city you have in mind. Indeed, I live on the borders of the province of Faith, at the

place where all the paths from the region of Sin and Misery meet, and beyond my house the road is one and the same for all the escaped; it is the "highway of holiness."

Then he took me by the hand and counseled me still more particularly. I was charmed with his speech; and I had never met one before who seemed a man of so excellent a spirit. My tears dropped on his hand as I kissed it, and I told him that if he would acquaint me with Mr. Highresolve, I would at once abandon Doomsend and all my bad associates—for, indeed, the major part were a sorry set, giving their nights over to dissipation, and spending all the heat, freshness, and beauty of their youth in riot and debauch—and we two would make good our escape together.

The name of the youth about to be a Pilgrim.

It was then that he asked me my name. I was almost ashamed to let him know that it was Followup Gaine. At first he looked surprised, on learning my name; and I found that it was because he had known my father in childhood, and they had been mates at school. He said that he had not spoken with my father since they were lads; that my father never fancied him, even in boyhood; and that, of late years, he had avoided him pretty much altogether.

As to myself, he remarked, that, although "Godliness with contentment is great gain," yet, inasmuch as my name was somewhat equivocal in its signification, and there might be a bad construction put upon it, and an ill odor might seem to rise out of it, it would be better to change the latter part, since I was about to lead a new life, and to go among strangers, and so to alter it that it should read Followup Good instead of Followup Gaine. I forthwith complied with his suggestions, and ever since that day I have been known as Mr. Followup Good.

Mr. Highresolve introduced.

We made our way back to the city, where Mr. Highresolve was introduced to me, and was told concerning my wishes and purposes. He was delighted to know me, and with the prospect of my bearing him company. He was all ready and eager to set off. His affairs had been at once put in complete order. He had no patience with hesitations, doubts, and delays; and he had no slight need of Mr. Good Counsel to check his impetuosity.

I proceeded to write a message for my father, and to take a hurried leave of such companions and associates as I thought would have any concern about my going, or would heed my words at parting. I told them my purpose and my reasons, and exhorted them to follow me and so escape the coming woe.

I could not get away quietly, however, for the report went into the streets, and reached my father's office, that I had got scared about something, and was going to turn my back on everything and everybody in Doomsend. There was no small stir about the matter, and some began to mock and deride, and others cursed and swore, and said things I should be sorry to repeat, they would give you so bad an opinion of the people I was born among. I did not attempt a reply to much they said, and only told them I believed and feared God, and was therefore going away at his bidding; and if any of them supposed I was foolish or timid in the matter, I could not help it, and they might live to know better.

But there were some that had, when at a distance from me, tried to scoff and jeer, who, when I passed near to them, whispered—"You are right—it is a wise step—we are glad you have set out—we ought to escape ourselves—perhaps we will." These persons were Mr. Welltaught, Mr. Quitecon-

victed, Mr. Mostpersuaded, and several others, whom I need not mention now. So we got on our way from Doomsend, at last, under charge of Mr. Good Counsel, who would not leave us until we were well on our journey, and the worst difficulties were escaped. As we passed by Cheatem Row, in Sharper street, where my father's office was, and were turning the corner into escape Avenue, the latest sound we heard distinctly was a shout of vulgar laughter. With a brisk step we soon made our way past certain notorious places in the suburbs, Routing-grove, Prize-fight-ring, Race-horse-lane, Smash-up-hollow, and others, leaving Egg-nogg-town, Sunday-ride-resort, Dog-scramble, and such places, lying around the slough of Mortal-corruption, far off to the left.

The Pilgrim gets away.

We had our share of grief, and shed some natural tears ere we had gone far. But as we went on, Mr. Good Counsel entertained us with his profitable talk of the vanity of worldliness, the loveliness of virtue, and the wonders and glories of redemption. He also instructed us how to increase our faith, and how the just are to walk by faith, and animated us by narrating the lives, and citing the examples of those who had exhibited strong confidence, and a most heroic devotion.

Mr. Good counsel entertains them.

As the sun was setting, we came to his house, and there were lodged for the night. Within there was no bustle, and running, and brushing up for company's sake, after the company was come; for the ladies of the household were always in readiness to welcome the escaped, on their journey, to their house and cheer. The name of Mr. Good Counsel's wife was Serenity, and her two daughters were called Carefulness and Courtesy; and it

Good Counsel's house & family.

was no wonder that Mr. Highresolve and I were quickly in love with all we saw and heard. The sons of Mr. Good Counsel, also, soon won our regards. They were called Dignity and Devotion. They were about our own age, but they were far more learned, wise, and manly; because they had been so well nurtured, and had been so much more diligent than we to gain the lore of heaven and the wisdom of the ages; nor had they ever breathed the tainted atmosphere of Doomsend, or concerned themselves with the pettiness and strifes of covetous and vain-glorious men. They had also been, all their lives, constant attendants at the Church in the neighboring village of Thoroughwork, whose spires were in sight from the chamber windows, towering above the tops of lofty trees. It was there that Mr. Holdfast High dwelt; who, by his noble and blameless life of toil, led the people into the conviction and love of the truths of the pure gospel he preached.

The travelers leave Mr. Good Counsel's.

The rays of the morning glinted the foliage of the lofty shade trees as we were setting out from the house of Mr. Good Counsel. We departed with his blessings on us, and many a sweet word from the lips of the whole family, as they stood grouped among the shrubbery, waving us adieu. We could not help turning to look back very often while we were able to get a view of them; for we thought we had never seen faces more beautiful.

Ere long we began descending from a gentle height, and then the home of Mr. Good Counsel was hidden from us. We journeyed on cheerfully, and at a quick pace, for the song of birds was in the grove, and new glories of field and blossom opened on every side; and besides, the day's march was to be a long one, and we had need to make all haste to accomplish it ere the night came. We were brisk and joy-

ful, and we conversed and sang together as we went, and sped on delightfully.

As it drew towards noon we saw, from the top of a hill we had just gained, a company of men in advance of us, who were, perhaps, travelers like ourselves; so we strove to overtake them, hoping to learn something from them to our advantage. Coming nearly to them, we perceived that they were very dilatory in their march. Some were moping along, and pining at their troubles and discouragements; some were lingering by the road side, picking up pebbles and specimens, and looking for curiosities; and others were lying stretched out in the shade, waiting for the heat to abate. As we came up with some of them, Mr. Highresolve saluted them, saying, "Hail, fellow travelers, how fare ye, and what of your journey?" "We are weary" said one, "and the heat is intense, and we are refreshing ourselves. Come, recline with us." "No," said we both, "we are in great haste; we must go through to-day; and if we halt to rest we shall be too late at the city." The curiosity men said there was no need of hurrying; if there was not time to get through to-day there would be to-morrow, and one day on such a journey was of no consequence. Some of those who were moping and limping along, said, "Well, have your own way, then, if you don't like such company as ours; push on, you'll be older, and wiser, and steadier sometime; you won't always feel so engaged as you do at present; you are young in the cause now; you cannot long retain all this freshness; decline must follow ecstacy." We told them there was the more reason, then, for going on while we felt like it, if their words were true. So we did not stop at all, but kept right on our way.

They find a loitering company.

They meet one Mr. Promptitude.

We had not proceeded very far before we met a person apparently in haste. He told us his name was Promptitude; that he was going back for the loiterers who set out when he did, but whose spirits flagged, and they got behind; that he and others had already been through to the city; that he had volunteered to return and help forward those who had fallen in the rear: among whom, he said, were Deacon Drudge, Esquire Slow, Mr. Coldcreeper, Mr. Ardordamp, Mr. Heavyhead, and Mr. Muchadofits.

"But, courage! my lads," said he, "heart high! this is the right road; don't stop; the city lies over yonder. I will fetch the dilatory ones along; don't stay for them, good-bye!" So we shook hands and were soon out of each other's sight, winding along through a wooded valley.

They come in sight of the city.

It was the grey of the evening when we came in sight of the lofty towers and strong bulwarks of the city of Redemption. Our hearts leaped at the sight; for it was a beautiful city to look upon, and there was an air of majesty investing it, as it stood built on the solid heights of the promises, the glorious mountains filling up the back ground, with the light still lingering around their tops far up amid the rose, purple, and gold, of the clouds.

They enter the city.

We reached the gates of the city just in season to enter them ere they closed for the night. But, in looking back at that moment, we could see nothing of Mr. Promptitude and the company he was after. We heard, however, in a few days that they were all brought through in safety, and were cared for as well as they could be, under the hand, and by the exertions of Mr. Promptitude; without whose perseverance and activity it is quite

certain they would have missed the road, at one point, and gone wandering for years; since it required all his energy, force, and firmness, to prevent them from going off by the side path, Slowandeasy, over to the Paralytic-hills, where many in previous years had got helpless; and so had been starved, or had been devoured by ravenous beasts. Howbeit, we did not see them again; for the city was large, and they were rarely found in that portion of it where our abode was fixed.

Pilgrim inquires for his mother.

After our arrival, with all haste I began inquiring about my mother, and how she had fared, and where she had her home. There was not a citizen ignorant of her, her trials, and her faith. But a sigh followed whatever was said of her, and I was quickly made aware that she was no more among the living of earth. She had passed quietly away, as an angel, moving slowly, on pinions soft as light, and the angels had received her to their joyful abodes.

So I saw her not to give her comfort in view of my changed feelings, new course of life, and my blessed escape from the place of my birth into the city of Redemption. All this grieved me at my heart, for I had longed to look once more on her face, so full of beauty, and so radaint with love, and to behold yet again the kindling joy of her dark eye, as I had often seen it in the days of my childhood; those days when she was wont to tell me of the shining ones on high, and how they visited our green earth betimes, and bore the weary spirits of the loved and good away to their rest above, by the banks of the river of life, in the Paradise of God.

I felt assured, however, that it was well with her who had gone before me to the land of the blest, and the as-

surance softened my grief; and I the more diligently sought to be like her in heart and life, that I might meet her on the blissful shore of the Glad-land.

Some friends make good their escape also.

I had not been in Redemption many months, when, one day, I was overjoyed with tidings of the coming of my two brothers, several kinsmen besides, and a band of my associates in Doomsend; among whom were Mr. Welltaught, Mr. Quiteconvicted, and Mr. Mostpersuaded. We welcomed them all most heartily; for they came as if from the dead. And, indeed, they barely escaped the most imminent danger in the sudden overthrow of Doomsend. They had been but a few minutes gone, when a fiery deluge swept over it, the earth heaved and turned the river of Mortality out of its channel, part of the city sank in a chasm that opened beneath, and the rest became nought but a mass of smouldering ruins.

At length, having seen all my friends settled, and well-to-do in Redemption, and having no more to undertake that was equal to my wishes, I resolved to start on a new pilgrimage, and by an unexplored route, for the blest city of golden streets in the Glad-land. And so it was that I took this road for the sake of examining and reporting upon what I might see and hear in this part of our King's wide dominions.

MORAL.

Conduct is reproductive. Action begets its like. What has occurred tends to recur. Example enforces imitation. Parents reappear in their children. Our educators induce themselves upon us. We do what others have done; and then begin to do over what ourselves have done. Our yesterdays make our to-morrows. We go on to be what we have been till new forces strike us from without. These new

forces, if powerful, may remodel our conduct. These new forces may be either divine or human. If human, they are most effective when visible. Hence the power of example. We mold human character more by our conduct than by our arguments. We cause others to *be* what we *are*, rather than what we *tell* them they *ought* to be. We influence *them* to the doing of what *we* perform, rather than to any thing we otherwise instruct them to do.

In the sphere of morals, say not, "go!" but, "come!" If you would have improvement, lead it on. If you would get men out of difficulties, keep out. If you would strengthen the right, act righteously. If you would multiply goodness, be good. If you know the path of rectitude, pursue it, and followers shall not be wanting.

LECTURE II.

Now, I saw in my dream, when Pilgrim had finished the story of his past life, with its many trials; and how he came to leave the city of Doomsend, in the province of Sin and Misery, and find refuge in the city of Redemption, in the province of Faith; and how he thence set out on a pilgrimage to the west; not being content to remain where there were so many good people, and all was so nice, so easy, and so comfortable for him, and the happy multitudes had little else to do than to take care of themselves, and rejoice in the goodly prospects of their citizens, both for the present and the future—while sighing, now and then, over the darkness of the far-off lands—that there were diverse opinions among his fellow-travelers about the fitness of the undertaking, as well as about the ability of Pilgrim to get through his enterprise creditably; and the most thought it would break down.

Divers opinions arise concerning the pilgrim & his enterprise.

However, there were among the crowd some who were glad to find him out, and to give him their countenance and cheer. Among these were Mr. Goodman True, Mr. Earnest, and Mr. Just; and it gave Pilgrim no small pleasure to look on their faces, and to reckon them among his fellow travelers to a better land, beyond the golden, even the Glad Land.

A group of young men seen—some mentioned.

I saw, after the assembly had broken up that listened to Pilgrim's narrative, a knot of youth, lingering on the larboard quarter, who indulged in many sage remarks, and uttered old saws and truisms, as if they had been the fresh inventions of the hour. Among these were Mr. Forward Smart, with a dress snake colored from tho waist down to the feet; without a waistcoat; and with a sea green coat on whereof the skirts had pretty much forgotten to grow. He wore, also, a brown glazed cap jauntily, and his chin was covered with down, long exempt from the operation of scissors, and of a whitish yellow, as if cultivated with train oil, for want of better. Mr. High Breeding also was there, treading in patent leather boots; his hat tied on with ribbon strings; his vest, called white out of respect to the memory of the past, making a half circle around a paste-diamond pin, that hung by the edge of a lace-work garment; and his rather soiled kids holding a sporting cane to his mouth.

Mr. Vast Cunning, too, had his place, with his hands thrust down into his pockets, his shoulders shrugged, his hatchet face standing far out on the end of a neck which projected at an angle of forty-five degrees, his hat resting on his ears, his jaws always chewing something, while his whisper in one's ear with his lips close to it, was loud enough to disturb the fore castle watch.

Mr. Cool Philosopher was likewise of the company; a person with his hair behind his ears, a broad-brimmed hat on, gold bowed spectacles, an egg shaped snuff-box, a broad flat key dangling from his fob, and a face that neither smiled nor scowled, even when a lurch of the ship sent him backward plump against the railing.

Another character fallen in with.

I saw in my dream, not many days after, that Pilgrim encountered a lofty, opinionated, supercilious kind of a man; tall, raw-boned, and crooked; and walking as if all his loose jointed limbs would come down into a heap at every step. His hair was dark, his eyes light, round, and big. He had a voice like a stentor, and his manners were gruff enough to supersede comparison.

He is bold upon Pilgrim.

This man's name was Doughty Doubter; and he was so self-confident and bold as to assault Pilgrim in the midst of the whole company. At first Pilgrim had like to have been unsettled and thrown from his strong foundation; but he remembered about the double-minded man, and also the exhortation "Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord;" so he was strengthened, and enabled to withstand the words of the great champion of nothing, and what not.

How Mr. Doubter began his assault.

Said Mr. Doubter; "Well, I dont think much of pilgrimages, nor see the use of churches, and all that. There is very little difference among people; they're all alike. I doubt if any of 'em get to the good place they talk about, though I don't know as there is any bad one; leastwise worse than this we're in."

PIL. So, then, you don't think yourself at all better than the felons in the State prison—since folks are all alike—and you don't believe the Bible which divides the righteous and the wicked into distinct classes!

DOU. Why, I consider myself about as good as any body; and I hav'nt much opinion of those who set themselves up to be so remarkably good, and call themselves professors, and saints, etc. I've been Law and Police Reporter to the ——— newspaper, in the City of Notions, and I've seen human nature, taken by and large, hav'nt I?

PIL. But, sir, you do not yet say whether you think yourself better than the felons in prison; and if you have been Police Reporter, as you say, you must have some correct notion of that phase of life witnessed among courts and prisons, and you cannot be in doubt as to your being, or not being on a level with those you have seen in the criminal's dock. Pray, sir, inform us, if you hesitate to think you do not deserve to go to prison.

DOU. Suppose I do, what then?

Mr Doubter gets into a corner.

PIL. Why, you stop doubting for once, and virtually admit that some men are positively worse than you are! You assert a difference between them and yourself. Since you do so, you upset your declaration that all men are alike, and you arrogate to yourself a character which others have not. Now if you may do this; why may not others profess to be somewhat more than you, and claim a character you have not, and call themselves christians or believers, and such as you unbelievers? Sir, you are beside yourself in the too frequent abuse of those who only employ Bible terms and make Bible distinctions.

He goes on a new tack, and doubts

DOU. As for that, the Bible may be a very good book, and contain many, very many good things, but I have my doubts about some parts of it. It is not the kind of reading I fancy.

PIL. But your fancy may be diseased; and, surely, you will not make your fancy the criterion of all truth. To what do you object, and what are you in doubt about?

He goes into some particulars

DOU. Why, to begin, I don't see the good of praying, and I have my doubts about so many meetings, and so much worshiping, and so on.

PIL. But, then sir, there are those who have no doubts, who, from their own knowledge and positive experience,

have asserted the power, excellence, and usefulness of worship and prayer. What can your doubts weigh against the testimony of hundreds in the case? If you, Mr. Doubter, make oath that you saw Mr. E. kill Mr. F. ought it to weigh anything in the case that Mr. G. has doubts about the fact? Is that the way to set aside your testimony? Of course not. Nor can your doubts on worship and prayer weigh anything.

He is answered by a supposition.

Dou. Have it as you will—my doubts are for myself. Let others do as they like.

Pil. But, have you no sense of duty? Do you feel under no obligation yourself to worship and pray? Are you excused?

Dou. No. I dont know as I feel any such thing. Why should I?

Pil. Because the claim of God is just and you ought to acknowledge it, and fulfil its demands. God's being, character, and position are such as lay you under heavy responsibilities. You believe, of course, in the holiness, excellence, and benevo'ence of God.

He is taught his responsibilities.

Dou. Well, I don't know that I do. I think there may be some doubt of that. There are many things difficult to account for.

Pil. Do you believe there is any God?

Dou. Well, yes; I rather think there is. I have no reason for any doubts on that, particularly.

Pil. What kind of a God then is he? Are you not in constant terror—are you not amazed—do you not tremble—do not shuddering and anguish fill your heart, in the thought that the Omnipotent may be hateful, malignant, and loving evil; since you have doubts, as you say, about his truth, rectitude, and goodness?

He is closely questioned.

Why, sir, what can you mean? Fearfulness, darkness, and terrors must gird you round! What abomination may not an evil Deity commit; what wrong may he not inflict even on you; and where is your redress?

He declines taking the consequences of his own doubts of doctrines

Dou. You carry the thing too far. I don't mean to say that he is not good and just; I only doubt about it.

Pil. I know what you said. But in such a case, to doubt, even, is dreadful. It leaves you in a cruel suspense. It must be tormenting to think there is such an Infinite God, and yet that that God may be the enemy of all truth, virtue, holiness, and love; and may punish you even for doing that which is right and good.

He admits a few things when he can't help it.

Dou. Well, if you please, I am willing to allow that he must be a pure and good Being; otherwise, we could not think of him as invested with any attractions.

Pil. You admit, then, that God is all-great and all-good, and most lovely in character! And yet, you feel no obligation to love him, and you deny the reasonableness of worshiping him, and praying to him.

Dou. Yes, I have my doubts in the matter.

His feelings are tested again.

Pil. Let us test this feeling of yours. You know Daniel Webster. I have overheard you saying he was the greatest man of the day; that he ought to be respected, admired, and honored by all his countrymen. You were formerly, as I have heard you say, a friend, a partizan, an admirer of General Jackson. You yielded him deference, respect and love. Moreover, when you were well aware that General Jackson knew that a friend of yours wanted a certain office, still, you signed a petition praying General Jackson that the office might be

given him. Thus you esteemed it your privilege and duty to do homage to the greatness of Mr. Webster, and to magnify and pray to Gen. Jackson. Now, why was all this? How could you do so?

He is plied with more questions.

Dou. Easily enough. It is ours to be just to our fellow men, to exalt and honor greatness, and to pay respect to men in power, and to revere the good.

Pil. Ah, say you so? I agree with you. Now, on the the same principle that you do homage to human greatness, you are bound to worship that which is Divine. And, if it be proper to petition a human ruler for a favor, why not a Divine? If you see no impropriety, and feel no hesitation, in rendering respect, deference, and honor to finite greatness and mortal power; how can you doubt the propriety, or the usefulness of rendering the same in the very highest forms to Infinite Greatness and Immortal Power? Especially, when, as you allow, the Infinite and Immortal One is All-perfect, Supremely Excellent, Lovely and Good?

Dou. Ah! there now, you've got to preaching. I did'nt know you was a preacher. I never let anybody lecture me. Good night, Mr. Pilgrim!

He is hard pressed and gets off as best he can.

So I saw in my dream, that Mr. Doughty Doubter went away from Pilgrim, and never troubled him thereafter;—although the Pilgrim much desired an opportunity to correct Mr. Doubter's notions about pilgrimages, and other things, he was continually doubting the utility of, and finding fault with. But Pilgrim was not through encountering men of strange notions, when this man left him, on his way to California to be a judge, or aught else his assurance might prompt him to seek to become.

I saw in my dream, when the good ship that bore the

Pilgrim to the shore of this far-off clime, was above the thirty-third parallel of north latitude, and so abreast the land of gold, that all the conversation was turned on the new state; its wonders, resources, romances and peculiarities of divers sorts. Pilgrim was much instructed and admonished by what he heard and saw; for all the stories of witchery, legerdemain, transmigration, and transmutation, that were ever told in Doomsend, by the sons of Belial and others, seemed to him to have almost come to pass in the new region.

How the conversation was turned.

He saw those once known as very refined and polished gentlemen, in so short a time as he had known them, turn to blacklegs and pimps. He saw quiet, sober men become brawlers and drinkers. He saw the well educated youth, the loved and doated on, the hope and pride of a lone and weeping mother, fall a victim to his passions. He saw the middle-aged man, his family left behind, become a wine-bibber, and swearer, and a gallanter of courtesans. He saw eyes reddening with blood that once shone with a clear and steady light. He heard oaths from lips that once, in other days, had promised to keep holy covenants; and he witnessed the blighting of many an early hope and good resolution. He was puzzled and could not understand how this and that form of wickedness and indulgence should come of such a voyage; until he considered the effect of all changes upon the character; and thought more of the passage:—"The love of money is the root of all evil; which, while some coveted after, they have erred from the truth, and thrust themselves through with many sorrows." He perceived that the love of money, inordinately indulged,—and

What changes in men the Pilgrim saw.

What he saw perplexed him.

How love of money leads to any and all sorts of wickedness.

the anticipation of money, in like manner—unsettles, unhinges, and upsets men, withering all the freshness and bloom of their hearts; and that thus they are left, not to any one class of sins, but to ready compliance with whatever passion, at the time, most strongly solicits them; and so their falls are as various as their inclinations are diverse.

Indeed, so many were the falls he witnessed, that he was alarmed for those whose society he had been enjoying, lest they also should fall; until he overheard the names of some of them whose derelictions were manifest; and found they were mostly of the very sort from whom not much else could have been expected. They were Mr. Formalist, Vainshow, Yielding, Memory-brief, Sham-doer, Shrewd-manager, Halfwaywork, Easy-soul, Noconcern, Meeklymust, Makeshift, Unscrupulous, and many others, whom no one ever had much hope of, except when better men took care of them.

What persons lapsed into transgressions.

I saw in my dream, one day, that a peculiar group was gathered a little way from where Pilgrim sat meditating. There were in it, Mr. Vanity Fripp, who wore a sorrel hat, and five rings on each hand. His eyes and nose were seen just peering out of the hairy wilderness of his face; and he had doubloon buttons on a claret coat. Beside him was Mr. Bombastes Ghee, a portly man, in full dress, with a double eagle specimen for a breastpin, with chains of unknown weight, by the yard, running around his neck and across the huge proportions of his bust; and with a crooked cane, made but a little too small for Goliath. And he carried an air of loftiness and abandon about him that made him, as he thought, perfectly magnificent in all circles, and especially killing

Mr Vanity Fripp and several more

The man magnificent.

among the ladies. Next was Mr. Voluble Science, a small man with a jammed hat, green spectacles, seedy sack coat, no shoe strings, a face which was dried like the thick of sole leather, and all his pockets thrust full of instruments and papers. He had published no less than three different theories of California Geology; discovered innumerable minerals and mines; invented smelters, gold extractors, and quartz machines numerous; and now was on his way to change the whole business of the country with his "Patent Obstacle-mollifier and General Attractor of Valuables." Near him was Mr. Table Grumbler, whose lower jaw was prominent, whose mouth opened like an abyss, whose teeth needed no dentist but a blacksmith's apprentice with a rasp, whose nose concentered at its roots, several scowls that came down, like ravines from the mountains, through the lateral seams of his insignificant forehead. He had gone grumbling over California, and left it once, cursing it, and giving it over to barrenness and starvation. But, after having been turned out of every respectable hotel in the east, for grumbling about his food and making every body uncomfortable; he was now seeking his liberty again in the land where the only notice taken of his grumbling would be by the speedy removal of everything from the table, without a word; the only movement an inveterate grumbler can appreciate. There was also a small caliber lawyer, with a bowie-knife, sword cane, and revolver; having a leer about the eyes, lantern jaws, foxy whiskers, a long, sharp, hooked nose, and, in general, a lean and hungry look; who had been home shaving notes, dabbling in stocks, and buying up, at a song, old claims against men whom he thought might have money

The man scientific.

The man carnivorous and growling at his meat.

The man of legal attainments.

GROUP ON THE STEAMER'S DECK.

"All these were returning Californians"—Page 39.

in California; and now he was on his way back to scent out his victims, and line his pockets with cheap plunder. All these were returning Californians; and there were still others in the group, and all of them were much of the time engaged in astonishing Mr. Mordant Greene, Mr. Novice Smith, and Mr. Credible Ayer, with accounts of what they had seen and heard in famous parts of the Pacific region; particularly, with the narration, in half whispers, of robberies, murders, ghosts Indians, greasers, grizzlies, gamblers, and what not; in connection with all of which their own adventures would seem to have been most marvellous, and their skill and prowess quite superhuman.

Astonished men and what they were astonished by.

I saw, when the loud talkers and the low whisperers had pretty much exhausted themselves, and the conversation seemed to flag, that one Mr. Thoughtful ventured to inquire if there were not some quiet industrious citizens, and civilized communities, where there existed schools, and churches, and ministers, and other indications of humanity, refinement, and right living, to be found. On hearing this matter broached, Pilgrim rose and drew near to the group; for he felt no little desire to hear what could be said on such a subject. Mr. Table Grumbler said he had seen some school advertisements in the newspapers, but he guessed the masters pretty soon got all starved out. He, for his part, would'nt teach school, and then have to take up with such living as they had:—sour bread, salt meat, potatoes, and awful pies, of stewed dried apple, with cores in. As to churches, he never could tell one from a smith's shop; and when he did, he only looked in at the window, and never would throw away his cigar for

Mr. Thoughtful ventures a question.

Pilgrim gets where he can hear the talk.

Table Grumb'er on schools and churches.

the sake of going inside. Mr. Quibble Sharp, the lawyer with old claims, said he thought there were churches enough, in all conscience, such as they were. He had been to several to hunt clients, and look out for his men; but the minister always seemed to be down on him, and he had often left before the sermon was through. Mr. Parsnip Snicks observed that he went the rounds, and always left just as soon as the sermon was done; the last singing, etc., were apt to be tedious.

Quibble Sharp comments on the same.

Mr. Bombastes Ghee said, for his part, he never went to such assemblies. He patronized the theater, and opera, and other places, (saloons perhaps) where they had good music. He admired beauty and the arts. And besides, he had heard it said that they sold tickets at the churches, just as the theaters did; and that one could'nt have a good seat without a box price. He could'nt see what churches wanted money for; nor much use in having them any how. He was a man of the world, and wanted to enjoy himself. As long as churches run opposition to theaters, he should take care not to countenance them with his preference. He should take pains to keep them down—he should.

Mr. Ghee has his say on the subject.

Mr. Vanity Fripp said he rather liked to go to church, particularly of a fine day, when there were a good many out. A friend of his kept a pew; and, for his part, it was rather pleasant than otherwise to give his dollar now and then (the minister looked so thin, pale, and the house so shabby) although he did sometimes get a pretty severe lecture. He had seen a good deal of the theater, and he did not entertain a very high opinion of its civilizing power; and he should not be sorry if there were a good many more churches in California where the

Mr. Fripp defines his position

ministers hit some of his neighbors hard. He thought they endured hard hits quite too well, as yet, and more of the same sort would be an advantage to them.

Mr. Fairmind delivers himself of a speech.

At this stage of the conversation Mr. Fair Mind, who had kept silence heretofore, and stood in the background, came forward, and said that he had been in California from the very first, and had witnessed all the changes. He had heard men of every class make their observations. He believed the worst men had invariably the worst opinions of the country. Among proprietors and keepers of saloons, groggeries and brothels, and their frequenters, it was a common saying that "California was a hard old country." People of every sort, he said, were apt to judge of the whole very much by their own circumstances of prosperity or adversity, by the society they were in, and the people they were familiar with. And, consequently, you could always get from six different men so many different opinions about the country, its condition, and prospects. He said he was not, technically, a professor of religion; but he was a friend of religion, and he was never so glad as when churches sprang up in California; and he never helped them on so cheerfully in any other state, because he had never seen their value so thoroughly demonstrated before in his life. He doubted if there was a man of any candor, having correct information, who did not ascribe a vast influence for good to such churches as they had, and acknowledge the benefit of them. It might be necessary to except such persons as found the churches in the way of the particular sorts of business they were following. As to the financial part, he said, it was surprising to see how cheaply churches and ministers were sus-

Who thought it "a hard old country."

Six men's opinions and none alike.

tained in all the larger towns—as well as in the cities—in comparison with any other public institutions; the comparison showing that it was in the ratio of less than one half. The met od of receiving a contribution, according to his liberality, from each worshiper, of a Sunday, was one dictated by the necessities of the case, in order to prevent the whole burden from falling on the few who would be willing to subscribe by the quarter, or year. And there were few true hearted men in California who were either unable or unwilling to pay a reasonable sum for the instruction of a sermon, or for a sacred hour of worship. He lived in the country, where there were no churches; but when in the city on business, he was always at church and he could and would pay his part towards its support. He always felt better for it everyway; and it was the misery of hundreds he knew, that they not only lost the benefit of the sermon, and the luxury of doing some good by a contribution, but that they made themselves wretched by spending, in dissipation, money that ought to go, and might go, to the support of religion, the maintenance of virtue, and the spread of good morals.

State of things there. Mr. Fairmind lived in the country.

As to the portly gentleman, and his sneer about the churches selling tickets, any of the creditors of that gentleman, himself being unfortunately one, would be glad to furnish him a free ticket to any, or all of the churches; and they would be particularly pleased if he, Mr. Bombastes Ghee, would appear less frequently at faro and monte, and even at the theater.

A home thrust at Mr Bombastes Ghee

Now I saw in my dream, that as the good ship dashed onward, parting the crested waves, and tossing the foam from her prow, and the head lands of the Golden Gate were heaving in sight, Mr. Dismal, Mr. Supple Mind, Mr.

Some interesting gentlemen remonstrate with Pilgrim.

Double Deal, Mr. Free and Easy, and others were remonstrating with Pilgrim on the subject of his enterprise, and enumerating the difficulties he must certainly encounter; predicting the failure of his courage, and the final abandonment of the beautiful plan of his pilgrimage. They told him that some of themselves had been once of his mind; that they went on shore with rules of good living, and even Pres. Edwards' resolutions in their pockets, and carrying packages of Bibles and Testaments. But they never, in truth, found any time or place in which it was convenient to make use of them. In fact, they thought it was no country for such things. People were in the country to make money—how they could; and if they kept to their Bibles and holy resolutions, they would be forced to let alone the most profitable pursuits. Whatever others might pretend, people in California were all alike, going in for that which paid the best. Rumor said that some of the parsons were getting rich, but they could not tell whom; nor see exactly how. At all events, they hoped Pilgrim would not waste his time on impracticable schemes. They would much like to have him go in with them into a fine commercial speculation. His good character and past history would give the concern weight, and be of immense benefit to it; and, in a few months, they could each come out with handsome fortunes.

They have been somewhat leaky vessels.

Business proposals are made to Pilgrim.

I saw that when Pilgrim shook his head, they began to urge him, on the score of duty to himself and his many friends; and they told him how much wealth would enhance his influence, and how it would increase his facilities for doing good; and how many churches he could build; and that no one in California

He is pressed with arguments but declines.

would think it out of character for even a pilgrim to make use of any such means of getting wealth and acquiring power. It was a great and fast country, and such men as he ought not to lose its splendid advantages!

Just then the boom of the cannon was heard, the steamer rounded to, the anchor dropped, and all was confusion, still more joyful than that which had prevailed the last hour.

MORAL.

Away from his permanent abode, and in mixed society, a christian is peculiarly exposed. New enticements present themselves, and old ones redouble their force. Even a little travel and a summer excursion prove too much for some, and their piety declines, though they do not fall into open sins. In other days the trip to the West Indies has upset many a man's equanimity; if it has not brought him down from his rectitude. It should not, therefore, be deemed strange, if the habits and conduct of many undergo rapid transformations on the voyage to Aspinwall, and during the transit of the Isthmus. They are lured to indulgencies and excesses. The selfish instinct becomes more than ever dominant. Old ties are sundered. They feel neither checks nor restraints from without. A sense of lawlessness pervades them. They care not what it is they do, provided it excites and gratifies them. They lose the perception of others' rights—they cease to regard others' feelings. They are greedy and monopolizing. For self indulgence some prey upon their victims; for killing time many engage in nothing but killing themselves. On the voyage up the Pacific coast, men's habits and intimacies place their lives—to say nothing of their morals—in far greater peril than do the storms that visit them.

Amid the transitions of the journey the real character will often come out distinctly, and present a striking contrast to the seeming one of former days. The no-principled and the rotten-hearted quickly show what they are. Those who have little experience of men are duped and led astray. And all who lack matured opinions, fixed religious principles, and well settled aims and purposes, suffer deterioration. A man is rubbed and squeezed. The attrition and the pressure are severe. If he be true metal he comes out unharmed. He may show better. The man, then, who is truly a christian will land in California as he left New York. He will be tempted, persuaded, tried, and beset. But he will nevertheless pursue a straight, manly course, and continue pure in feeling and humane in conduct. If he endures the voyage well, we can scarcely have any further apprehensions concerning his moral integrity.

LECTURE III.

Now I saw in my dream that when the ponderous anchor dropped, and the huge leviathan of the sea swung around with the inrushing tide, that Pilgrim, having no special friends to look for, and none of the baggage of this world to give him trouble, retired to the ship's upper works, to calm his feelings and quiet his mind amid all the confusion, and to get a glimpse of the strange land to which he was come. But although he was no longer trodden on, nor jostled by the crowd, he was not very far removed from it, nor beyond its influence. He thought he had never looked on such a medley, nor witnessed so lively a scene, nor heard such a din before in his life. The bay was covered with luggage and passenger boats; and the men in them were all looking one way, rowing another, and hallooing a third. Every oarsman took special pains to spatter and besprinkle the passengers in the next craft, who had their new garments on for going ashore. The boatmen and some of the passengers cursed and swore so loudly, that the volume of sound rose above the roar of the escaping steam; and he looked to see if none of them wore the badge of the billingsgate men in the city of Doomsend.

Pilgrim gets out of the way of the crowd and looks on the scene.

As the day wore on, I saw that the small craft, and the crowd diminished; and then Pilgrim could hear from the saloons below shouts of mirth and revelry. For old cronies, whose business was pretty much confined to the night, were met again, and they were drinking bumpers and toasting one another, the officers, and such as they could get to join them. The sounds and words that filled the air could not but remind him of the scenes he once witnessed in a place called the "High Old Hole" in the corporation of Swindleboro, in his native province. He had well nigh ceased to think of these things, so much was he occupied in admiring the heights, forests of shipping, and the long crowded wharves, when suddenly clouds of dust were borne far out on the waters; the waves began to roll, the masts and chains to rub and creak, and new commotion to begin. The mists came chilling and drenching; the spars all turned into north poles; every object was soon out of view, and he was obliged to retreat from his post of observation; though in doing so, he had like to have lost his venerable pilgrim's hat.

What went on awhile below.

The fog comes on. He retreats

Scarcely had he wrapped himself in his cloak ere he heard a voice, clear and ringing, shout, "ship ahoy! Jack Steady's boat once more! Any body for the shore, come on!" Pilgrim went down to him with his satchel and his guide book in his hand, and asked him if there was no danger on account of the fog. Jack Steady said he knew the way by the feel of his oars; and there was no fog in those waters so dangerous as that which took to the brain; and as he was not troubled that way, he could take him safely to land.

Jack Steady and his boat.

So Pilgrim seated himself in Jack Steady's boat, face to

Pilgrim starts for shore.

face with the stout rower, who carried indeed a most honest countenance, with no trace in it of deep potations. The two were mutually pleased with one another's looks and words; and by the time they reached the shore were fast friends. Moreover, when Jack Steady learned who Pilgrim was, and what he wished to do, he promised to introduce him at once to some persons who would give him a joyful welcome. He was as good as his word. For, so soon as they were come to the landing, they found there in the crowd Mr. Keep Faith, Mr. True Heart,

The men whom he met on the wharf.

Rev. Mr. Search, a short man in spectacles, and Rev. Father Hightone, the sailor's man; all of whom had been a long time in the city, and were familiar with the whole history of so renowned a place as San Fastopolis.

Jack Steady introduced Pilgrim to them in a cordial though

More about Jack Steady.

hurried manner; and while they were exchanging greetings, Jack slipped quietly away, so as not to give the pilgrim a chance to offer him any money; for he felt that he was well enough to do in the world, and it grieved him to have poor people offer him money. At first Pilgrim had a mind to be troubled about the matter; but when True Heart told him that Jack got a good share of passengers who did pay, and always returned to fetch away any poor or sick ones that might be lingering on board, with none to care for them, and did all without charge, he became reconciled; and his heart, too, was very glad; and the tears glistened in his eyes. For, from what had been told him about the land of gold—its selfishness, meanness, and cruelty—he did not look for such a man as Jack Steady to meet him at the very first; though he well knew

how often Nature's noblemen went in sailor's garb, the world over.

Pilgrim is taken in charge by Hightone.

The fog now came down thicker and colder; and Pilgrim was given in charge to Father Hightone, for the time; since his place of abode was hard by the place where they were standing. So he bade the rest good-day, having received from them a promise that on the morrow they would show him what was famous and peculiar in the great city, and assist him in his observations.

How the evening is spent, and the Pilgrim is entertained.

During the evening Pilgrim was highly entertained by Father Hightone's account of his manner of life, and course of action, in the days when San Fastopolis was much younger, and vice was more open, and churches were fewer, and the whole popuation was male, and was herded together, by day and by night, in huge rooms, eating at racks, and lying on floors and in dirt, almost as comfortably as eastern cattle; but in general not quite as soberly nor as quietly. He was told of those times when the whole flat was mud at ebb tide; when the streets ran mud; when walls and floors were of mud; and half the population was muddled outside, and muddled inside as often as night came; and one of the main distinctions, in certain circles, was between the black-muds and the red-muds.

The city in those early days, and the people's habits.

The city then and previously had Alcaldes and Ayuntamientos numerous; all hard at work to make grants of land to needy friends. Socially they had "hounds" and "regulators." These were men who had had, at times, honied words of flattery and commendation poured into their ears by persons of high standing in the community; but after trying to regulate others, they had so much difficulty in governing themselves,

that several of them got hanged and the rest were suddenly missing. One of the peculiarities of these "hounds" was, that, while they had no difficulty in following up any other animals, they always lost the trail when put on the scent of a "blackleg." In that particular, Mr. Hightone said, he thought some of their recent policemen had been too much like them.

When they had finished these themes, and had had some talk of the early meetings, and of the old, dark, dingy school house, and of the first preacher there, they sang the hymn

"Glory to thee, my God, this night,"

They get off to bed in due time.

and having prayed, they retired to sleep in much comfort and cheer.

I saw in my dream, that early in the grey dawn of the morning, Rev. Mr. Search was abroad. He soon had True Heart with him; and then they were ready to escort the Pilgrim. Without allowing him time to think of what was close around him, his guides first had the Pilgrim to the great height in the rear of the town. As he toiled up

They get to the top of Russian Hill.

the steep it reminded him vividly of the "Hill Difficulty," up which Christian went on a pilgrimage many years ago; which hill himself did not fail to encounter, very soon after his having come up to the gate of the "King's Highway."

On reaching the top of Russian Hill, Pilgrim was delighted with so magnificent a prospect as he beheld, and his whole

What they saw from the top of the hill.

nature was exhilarated. When he had taken a view of all around, they explained to him the interesting and remarkable features, the hills, the islands, the bays, the slopes, the ridges, the farms and the gardens. Among them they also pointed out to him, on the opposite

shore of the bay, Terra Quercica, an incipient city, called also by some the town of Liberty, because the authorities had power by charter to regulate all matters affecting the public morals, to prohibit and to license Sunday-parties, picnics, duels, theaters, brothels, and what not.

The story of this town's rise and progress set Pilgrim to musing, and made him sometime silent; for he thought of Egg-nogg-town, Dog-scramble, Race-horse-lane, Smash-up-hollow, Fisticuffburg, and various other localities around the slough of Mortal Corruption; all of which had shared the fate of Doomsend.

The thought comforted him, however, that this place of Liberty might never be populous; that in the future it might get a new character, if not a better name; and so he turned and looked at the city lying at his feet, to mark its bulwarks and towers, its cupolas and spires. It did not surprise him to find one building, whose externals marked it as held in subservience to the See of Rome. His eye then caught another edifice with a top piece on, of a whitish grey hue, done up in a cheap, ambitious, style; which True Heart told him was the dome of the theater of injunctions; but whether the injunctions to buy and pay for the structure, or not to do so, were then in the ascendant, neither True Heart nor his friends could tell. He saw two or three religious edifices of respectable proportions, yet wearing too much the aspect of neglect, as if in debt; while several of the buildings that were shown to him as churches were low, mean, and shabby in their appearance. When Pilgrim wondered at this, Rev. Mr. Search said that his and other congregations were in the habit of talking magnificently about churches, but, hitherto, their talk had not proceeded much farther than the private con-

A glance at public buildings and the churches.

ferences and committee rooms where it was held. There was hope—though it rather seemed as if the good people were putting off the rearing of temples for the pilgrims to worship in until they had all acquired splendid fortunes, had fine business houses down town, elegant brick mansions up town, and could keep sumptuous establishments; unmindful of the fact that, in other days, the people of God were found rearing their defences, and rebuilding their temples, before they prepared houses of luxury for themselves to dwell in, or paid court to ease and indulgence.

What the people seemed to be waiting for.

So, when the three had sufficiently bemoaned this state of things, and discussed some methods of remedy, which all resolved themselves into the necessity of nobler views of the Glad-land, and of fresh supplies of sacred influence descending thence, they went down the hill, and passed along some of the streets. As they were going down through one, Pilgrim heard piercing music, the thump of heavy feet, a cracked voice drawling out on a high key, "right chasse," "promenade all," and the like technical terms; and he heard also many outlandish oaths and noises. He saw bloated men idling about, and red faced females in dirty little groggery pens, and, now and then, a more flaming and fiery looking place, where males and females were going through with reels of fact and reels of figure, and in garbs that beggared description. True Heart said that street was always noisy and disturbed; but, by night, the uproar in it was terrible. He always avoided it in the evening if he could, and so did all respectable people. It was a sink of iniquity; and, although an immense sewer ran the whole length of it, it was not capacious enough to drain off the garbage and filth of the

They come into the lower regions.

The reels.

inhabitants. Even the angry winds and a fiery storm that once swept it clean, did not prevent an after accumulation of the same sort of stuff. It was set down in the books and charts as Pacific street; but was more fitly called Uproar Valley, or Bedlam Avenue.

"The sow that was washed."

They came presently to a street which Pilgrim did not hear the common name of, but which, True Heart told him, was known in some private circles as Vinegar alley; because that article, having been carted in, in immense quantities, at one end, came out at the other, through divers importing houses, in bottles, kegs, and casks, labelled claret, old port, hock, sherry, madeira, muscat, heidsick, etc.; and thus was put into market. He said that in a country like this where flies, dust, and spiders abounded, it required but a month or two to bring out the oldest looking bottles in the world; all covered with cobwebs and dust, looking as if they might have been hoarded in the cellar of some old country nabob for half a century.

What necromancy will do with casks of vinegar

Somewhere in the same vicinity also, they found located the "Whisky Exchange." This was a place where that article became mysteriously transmuted into all sorts of distilled and fancy liquors, brought out in casks with fancy painted heads and foreign brands; yet all done to order in San Fastopolis. True Heart said, that, however such "spiritual rappers" as started the bungs might account for the fact, it was a fact, which any one might ascertain, that the amount of pure wines and liquors—so labelled—shipped from San Fastopolis for the interior, in any given time, was surprisingly greater than that entered at the custom house during the same period.

"Unity in variety."

Something to be explained.

Pilgrim said he had heard of a city famous for its ale,

where the best manufacturers of that article were said to draw their supply of water from a pond into which were thrown all the dead dogs, cats, pigs, and other odorous things from the city. But where the people of San Fastopolis obtained good liquids for these purposes he was unable to perceive; nor could True Heart tell him, for it was a matter about which he had never thought before; but he Wise precaution had heard some dealers saying, in private, that they were very cautious about swallowing certain liquors they found in the market.

Passing onward, they had some discussion among themselves concerning the confusion of the names of streets, no one being able to give any good reason for calling Battery street by that name, till True Heart suggested that there might be some remote reference to the kind of treatment A street and a conjecture about it and usage country merchants met with in that vicinity, especially after tasting a good many liquor samples.

Just then the sign of "Goahead and Driver" attracted The firm of Goahead & Driver, where born, &c. the attention of Pilgrim. It had so familiar a look that he fain would see the proprietors themselves. He found they were even the same he supposed; men who were born in the town of Selflove, in his native province; but were last from the city of Enterprise in the province of Welldoing, and whom he had heard of as among the most moral and hopeful youth of the place; taking the lead in all movements to advance religion, learning, sobriety, and good order. He greeted them cordially, and asked them of their welfare. They said they were one of the oldest among the well established houses; were doing a large and profitable business, and were already reckoned

The prosperity of the firm.

among the most wealthy of the city; as their elegant building so completely filled with their own stock of goods would prove. Pilgrim seeing some suspicious looking casks, faucets, and tumblers in back, as they went about the building together, ventured to inquire

Theory and practice.

if they adhered to their temperance doctrines in this far-off region. They said, "in theory as much as ever" but, in practice, they were obliged to conform to the custom of the trade. "Circumstances you know, Mr. Pilgrim, alter cases." "Oh yes!" said Pilgrim, but it is more difficult for me to see how they can alter principles.

G. & D. We have not altered our principles, dear sir, in the least; we have only suspended their operation.

Pil. Or rather violated them; have you not?

G. & D. Have it so, if you please. You are sharp at distinctions.

Pil. Thank you, not sharper than yourselves. However, you "own up," and confess. That, at least, is candid; it is good to confess when guilty of that which is not good.

G. & D. But you must reflect and consider, Mr.

Deliberation required.

Pilgrim, and not be too severe on us. You should bear in mind that all our customers want wines and liquors, and will have them, and will go elsewhere for them if we do not keep such articles; and so we should lose the profit, and perhaps the customers.

Pil. But are there none in your sort of business that refuse to sell the articles, and never keep them in their stores, who still are thriving in a business way?

G. & D. Yes! a very few; but they fill orders and supply customers by sending to their neighbors for such

Diabolos in some sort whipped.

quantities as may be called for; which amounts only to whipping a certain old character round the stump, and leaving the profits of the trade to others.

PIL. They may not be so scrupulous yet as they ought to be; but they show this, at least, that they will not themselves sell liquors for the profit's sake; they only order them for customers, to retain custom. Now, if you all did so, would not such a course throw the whole of that kind of trade into the hands of a few, to whom the business was congenial; so that the next step would be the making of it a separate business, with which no one need meddle who did not fancy it?

One way to manage.

G. & D. Yes! But there is the difficulty; to get the consent of the mass of the traders to the arrangement, one half would seek that branch for the profit's sake.

PIL. But you are now so wealthy as to command customers; you do not need the profits of the business; the loss of a few customers can work no serious injury to you. Admitting, for the moment, therefore, all you have alleged in defence of your course to have been sufficient to justify it heretofore, I submit that there is some doubt about the force of the reasons now. And, besides, it must be hugely uncomfortable for you to keep your consciences, for the time, laid up—like some torpid animal in winter—in a state of suspended animation, while you pursue a course you dislike, and only half assent to, merely—for what?

Wanted! Principle and pluck.

G. & D. Why, for the sake of more money, and for the want of more principle and pluck, you would say. Very likely you would be right; as you generally are. We never considered this thing consistent, except with the general notion that we must live and do something; that we were brought up to trade; and that by

trade we must make our way in the world. Getting here we thought there could be no good and prosperous business done without carrying on this; and we have done so; possibly, not to our praise.

PIL. Allow me to ask if you know Rev. Mr. Search.

G. & D. Oh, yes! He is our preacher; and an excellent one he is; we hear him once every Sunday.

PIL. Only once? Is not that inconsistent with your praise of him? Surely, two "excellent" sermons are twice as good as one.

G. & D. True; but one of us looks after the store while the other is gone. We don't both hear the same discourse.

PIL. Where are your clerks? Are none of them trustworthy?

G. & D. We hope so. But they claim Sunday for themselves, exempt from all care.

PIL. But, if you were particular about them, and each should take his turn, you would both have two-thirds of your Sabbaths for church-going!

G. & D. Well, Mr. Pilgrim, you are an old neighbor, and understand our delinquencies pretty well. We have subscribed more than a thousand dollars for a new church; when that is finished, we will go twice a day. As to this dirty part of our business, if you should come in often, we should have to work out of it sooner than we expected. As it is, we will each of us give you a "slug" for your good arguments and good temper; it is worth that to get such a lesson in a pleasant way. Pilgrim thanked them heartily, but declined receiving the money; saying he was not in need. He hoped they would not forget the talk; but would do right, and prosper. If,

The traders are generous.

by and by, he should be in want he would let them know. So he bade them good-day.

When Pilgrim rejoined his companions he apologized for his long absence; and then related the conversation. Rev. Mr. Search said he knew them. They were noble young men. They had few superiors. They were not, like too many sorry wretches, ready to give up their christianity, and throw it off, and turn and trample on it, like swine; nor yet to abandon character and everything, for the sake of riches and popularity. He deeply sympathized with them in their difficult and sore trial; for they were withholding themselves from the fellowship of the church, and the active duties of piety, lest they should seem to reproach Christ's cause; and, consequently, were made uncomfortable by their position. He hoped they, and all such, would see the way to be clear in the matter speedily.

Sympathy for people in a trying position.

It was now toward evening; and I saw in my dream, that Pilgrim and his companions were come to a certain wharf; where were great numbers of teams, piles of merchandize, and crowds of men, of divers nations. There were noisy runners, fruit pedlers, boys with brimless hats selling papers, gaping crowds of loafers, express wagons, dashing carriages, and long poles with burdens on either end and Chinamen under the middle. A half dozen or more fleet boats, with flags flying, were turning their wheels, blowing off their surplus steam, ringing their bells, and tugging at the lines, as if impatient for the race. Some people were chatting with their friends; some were shaking hands with theirs at parting; others were running to and fro to find theirs; and breathless men, almost too late, were hastening on, sweaty and dusty, knocking over orange baskets and news boys, and losing their hats and baggage.

A wharf for steamers.

The steamers get under way.

The craft soon moved off, one after another, and gave the whole scene in the harbor a living and beautiful aspect, as they walked the waters.

Just as Pilgrim was turning to ask something in respect to the sort of men connected with the steamers, there dashed by them at a furious rate, through the receding crowd, a pair of spanking bays, attached to an elegant vehicle, that seemed but a plaything to them. In the vehicle were two young men, who composed a fashionable law firm, with a fashionable sign, in a fashionable street, and who kept this fashionable equipage. They were dressed in elegant black, with white neck cloths and waistcoats, and white kid gloves; and they handled the ribbons scientifically. The one wore short hair, and heavy, forward-looking, fierce whiskers, and an imperial. The other's hair hung in long, and carefully curled, ringlets, of a raven hue. His complexion was fair and delicate; and the dark down on his lip passed for a mustache.

An elegant turnout.

True Heart said he had overheard a friend giving some account of that brace of lawyers. Their fathers were very wealthy men, and brought them up to college and a profession. They were younger sons and therefore thus favored. They had been sent into this region as a fine field for genius. But so it was, that their reading of law was at first but a sham; and now they read cheap novels, lake poetry, ladies magazines, and Sunday papers, and sporting publications, and the London Punch, almost exclusively. True, there was an air of learning and study at their rooms; for they had been furnished with noble libraries; and little Everdig, the white-haired clerk whom they kept for his board, was always thumbing the books in them. As to the firm, they could

The story of a brace of lawyers.

scarcely distinguish Lord Coke from Chancellor Kent, Grotius from Blackstone, or tell whether Peters was a reporter or a commentator. They were utterly briefless; their time being given to pleasure rides, calls, theaters, etc. They would draw three thousand a quarter, on the "Old Gents" at home to make up deficiencies; and occasionally get a friend to give them an easy case to argue in court, with the points all arranged for them; hire a reporter to be present and puff the brilliant advocates, and then send the papers home to astound "Ma and Sisters." The style of the firm was "Takem and Pleasem;" very funny; and prophetic they once thought; the senior, of his success with clients, and the junior of his, with juries and the ladies.

A brilliant reputation obtained by dint of hard-reporting.

Now, as the travelers passed up one of the streets on their return, I saw that Pilgrim stopped suddenly, and gazed intently into a saloon, with bawdy pictures on gaudy and gilded walls, where were a huge bar establishment, several gaming tables, and a band of music. Presently he walked into the room, and up to the bar, and took the man there by the hand, saying, "How are you my old friend Smooth?" Smith, sir, said he, is my name, Artichoke Smith.

Another old acquaintance turned up in a new place.

Am I mistaken? said Pilgrim, do you not know me? I have not the honor, sir, said he. I am the son, said Pilgrim, of Freelove Gaine, of Doomsend; and I took you to be the Rev. Artful Smooth, of the town of Volubility, hard by my native city. Hush, hush! said he; turning as many colors as the dying dolphin, but not quite so beautiful; don't mention that name here, for Heaven's sake! Speak in whispers! Rather, sir, let us withdraw to another room! Now be

Rev. Artful Smooth.

They withdraw from the gaze of the public.

seated, sir! We are strangely met, sir, what have you to communicate sir?

Now this Mr. Smooth was a short, small framed man; round, full, and fatty; with little, white, dumpy hands, staring eyes, and prominent lips; and he was of a florid complexion. His hair was red by nature, but it had been eradicated by art; and he now wore a black wig, of long, frizzled hair; set high, so as to show a prodigious forehead. He spoke in an orotund, with a vain, pompous, affected, almost sickening manner; and drew himself up so wonderfully, standing there on his two pegs, that Pilgrim was taken all aback, and scarcely knew how to begin.

How Mr. Smith looked.

I saw you, by chance, and knew you, and could not omit to speak with you, said Pilgrim. How long, sir, pray, since you forsook Volubility.

A. S. I had long felt, as you, sir, may be aware, that my talents were being wasted where I was, that I was being buried up in a small town, that I was being poorly appreciated; and so I came thence four years ago.

A reason for emigration.

Pil. Have you ever preached anywhere in California, Mr. Smooth?

A. S. Smith, sir, if you please; A. Smith.—When I was being brought hither, sir, I changed my plans and my name. The Rev. Artful Smooth never landed here; he was then being only Mr. A. Smith, and such he continues to be, at your service.

A change and a transmutation.

Pil. What business have you been pursuing, and with what success?

A. S. I kept a bank, sir, the first year. Since then, I

Banking. have been engaged in several public banking establishments like the one you have just seen.

PIL. I don't know as I exactly comprehend you, sir; you said "banking establishments," I saw in the room only tables for cards and dice.

A. S. Oh, they are private affairs;—if you will understand that any better; they are banks for faro, monte, and the like.

PIL. Indeed, you surprise me Mr. Smooth! Is this possible in your case?

A. S. Certainly sir, why not? I gave up my profession, as I informed you. I was then only a private gentleman. I came hither to make money. Nothing I could do was so Playing a fair and honorable game. profitable as this. I played a fair game. I paid back all winnings from any old friends, and so sealed their lips. Nobody was compelled to bet on my cards. If any did, and lost, it was their fault; they might have known better. I told no lies, as editors, lawyers, doctors, mechanics, and traders did; and I cheated none but such as tried to cheat me. In short, sir, I did an honorable and a flourishing business; in my estimation.

PIL. But, is it known at your old home, sir, that you have been doing thus?

A. S. No, sir, I think not. I do not wish it to be. No decent man will tell tales there about me.

PIL. But, setting that aside, is not this sort of business disreputable and demoralizing?

A. S. Disreputable! Not in my estimation, in California. Demoralizing;—perhaps so; if you can spoil rotten Bad eggs. eggs. Most men I see here are pretty well gone in evil before they come. Their money is bound to go somehow; and we may as well have it as anybody.

PIL. But you do not consider this christian doctrine, do you, Mr. Smooth?

A. S. No sir, not at all. I told you I did not come to California sir, to be either a preacher or a christian. I am an only adventurer, sir. I shall make my pile, go home, and be a gentleman.

PIL. Perhaps you may do so; but you forget what injury you may be doing in the community; and what reproach you may bring on the good cause.

A. S. The "good cause" be hanged. As to the community, this community, sir, isn't worth a ——; all are knaves, thieves, swindlers, and hypocrites! I don't intend to stay long among such infernal scoundrels as this country is full of. It's not worth your while to try to be a pilgrim here; you'll get broke, I know. I should, I'm sure; and I consider most people a good deal worse than I am, in California.

An impartial man's opinion of the community.

Well, said Pilgrim, I cannot stop to argue the point; I fear you have been given up, or rather have given yourself up, to work iniquity. I entreat you to renounce this business. Good evening sir.

A. S. Good night.

So Pilgrim rejoined his companions; and they went homeward. But in their conversation and prayers, that night, they rejoiced and blessed God that after all they had seen, they knew there was still so much of moral goodness and virtue in the land of gold.

MORAL.

It is the privilege of us all to give thanks thus. We all do know people among us of incorruptible integrity. Wary and suspicious as we are required to be of all strangers, ex-

cept as we can read their characters in the face and in the manner, we are not obliged to be so when we come in contact with the tried and the faithful. We can confide in a cherished few. We can trust them to any extent.

It is true, evil reports have gone abroad concerning the state of christian morals among us, and the degree of piety prevalent in our churches. Such reports are not well founded. Certainly they convey a wrong impression in respect to such in our communities as are actually and fully in connection with our churches. There are very many among us, who were members of churches elsewhere, but are not here, and will not become such. These who keep aloof from us are the classes that give rise to these evil reports. In too many instances the stories told of their moral deterioration and defection are true. But he is a rash and unjust man, who, with a few persons in his eye, makes a sweeping charge of inconstancy, dereliction, and irreligion against us all as christians.

The ministry has come in for its share of reproach and defamation; not without some show of reason, based on the conduct of a few individuals. There are those who have been, in some form, and at some period, in the exercise of the functions of an office so sacred, who have disgraced and abused it. Their misdoings have made partial men unjust toward the whole body of our clergymen, and base men, calumnious of them. There have been not less than two hundred clergymen resident in the State. From personal knowledge, or on what I esteem good and clear testimony, I can instance one Congregational minister as having gambled; one Presbyterian minister as having become profane; two Baptist ministers as having been engaged in gambling saloons; one Episcopal clergyman as having

swindled and been otherwise morally corrupt; four Methodist Episcopal ministers as having sold liquors, gambled, or practised other immoralities; and one Protestant Methodist preacher as having become drunken and profane. These are all that I can be sure about. I have heard many reports of like cases. We all have. But we must not believe one of them unless we can have name, place, date, eye witnesses, and those veracious men. If we believe all the rumors and reports that reach us in this land, in respect to any matter, we shall become credulous fools, and shall soon find ourselves thoroughly stranded on the island of gullibility. There may have been among the clergymen other instances than these of moral defection. There probably have been, but they are not known to me.

I have known several ministers in the country not engaged in preaching, but in other employments. They are not of course included in the above list, because nothing has ever been alleged and proved against their moral and christian character; unless it be that they have given up preaching for the sake of entering on some secular pursuit. But one has always a legal, if not an equitable, right to leave the ministry; and he has a moral right also to do it, when convinced, by his own experience and the advice of his brethren, that he is not fit for the station, and that he can be more truly useful in some other sphere; and also when he is broken down in health, and unable to perform the functions of a clergyman. It may even become his duty to leave the ministry and forego all his preferences for remaining in it. One should hesitate long before doing it; but when he feels compelled to do so; he ought to be allowed to do it, in a regular way, and without any loss of

character or respect as a man and a christian. We must decide, each for himself, through lack of any fairer method of determining, whether any in California have forsaken the ministry for reasons that could not justify them.

While we rejoice over the moral goodness that has persisted and now remains, we must allow what our eyes see to modify and correct our views of human nature. In the regions whence we came there has been, for some years, a growing disposition to think too well of our common nature, its innocencies, excellencies, capabilities, and susceptibilities to good. Human nature there is not so free to show its worst features as here. All the influences gendered in a well regulated social state are there thrown around men to repress their worst instincts and cherish their better ones. The atmosphere of society, as it invests them, is that of the temperate and not of the tropical zone. Their native propensities to evil are stinted and dwarfed; they cannot become such rank and overshadowing growths as in other climes. And hence, few there can ever know what man is on the vicious side; and into what a monster of villainy he may grow. Here we see our nature free to develop according to its leanings; laterally, downwardly. Here, where there has been such a weakening of restraints, such a letting down of principles, so general a deterioration, and a vitiosity of public sentiment such, that it has brought down the educated and refined to wallow in filth with brutes, has corrupted the fountains of law and justice, has entered among those who once professed religion, and perverted them, and has even invaded the ranks of the ministry, and caused some to fall; here we have learned how terrible in wickedness a man may

be, and to what depths of meanness, vileness, and baseness our nature is capable of being degraded.

Accordingly, we know human nature, in its leanings and capabilities, as the great mass of our contemporaries do not, and never can, till they are in positions like ours. We have ceased to think too well of human nature. Mankind are not rated high among us. Perhaps we hold men too cheaply. Possibly we are going to the other extreme, and are beginning to think too ill of our humanity. We may be too much depressed and humiliated by what we see. While we can not think too poorly of human nature in its utter and entire depravity, since it is bad enough at best, we should beware lest we think ill of it in such a way as to discourage effort and lead us to abandon hope; for we have nought to do with melancholy and despair.

LECTURE IV.

Now I saw in my dream, that, when the second morning dawned, and Pilgrim thought of the long journey before him, the delays he should be likely to meet with, and the approach of the inclement season, he began to feel in haste to depart from the noisy metropolis of all Bustledom, and to proceed on his journey.

Howbeit, he had yet some places to visit, and some things to see in San Fastopolis and its vicinity. So he went forth under the guidance of Rev. Mr. Goodwill, Mr. Keep Faith, and Mr. Staunchman, a newly come person, who wished to be with them for better acquaintance; and the four set out in great cheerfulness, on their tour of observation.

So Pilgrim took leave of Mr. Search, and his excellent lady, thanking them for their hospitality, and wishing them health and peace. From the house of their rest they descended to the bottom of a sandy hollow, through which the surplus runnings of several springs were slowly oozing their way, underneath clothes lines, and among wash-houses, where people were continually in the suds. Having picked their way across the moist sand-mixture, they came upon a hard topped hill, went down the broad street to a rich man's corner, where the blossoms of

Washerwoman's vale.

late summer yet lingered in border and parterre, and, turning to the right, they passed, by a still more steep declivity, into a second hollow deeper even than the first. Nearly over the little stream that trickled down the center was standing high up on posts a long, low building, which Mr. Staunchman, being rather verdant, took for a bowling-alley instead of a female academy. On the hill-side near by, towered aloft an umber colored, gothic structure; a very high church in rather a lowly place; but Keep Faith said it was warranted to him to afford the best music in the city.

A high church.

Ascending to the very top of a second and higher hill, they came up to a checkered building, where they found a school, taught by Mr. Propriety and his wife Prudence, and a lady called Francesca. They were pleased with the bright and happy faces they saw all around them; but they lingered only a moment, for the bell on the post began to ring, and study hours were at hand.

School upon elevation.

Having taken a look at the white chapel hard by, which was without either cupola or spire, they proceeded to the task of working down from those lofty regions, overlooking town, harbor, and bay, toward the places of mark and note, and the most frequented streets and lanes. Downward they went, and still downward, along a narrow, uneven, ill-graded street, crossing at right angles a broad and majestic avenue where the "Upper Ten" had begun to build them splendid mansions, not unlike the famous ones in the row in the great town of Vanity, where dwelt Lord Luxurious, Lord Livewell, and my Lord Millionaire

They come in sight of Aristocratic row.

All at once they came to a halt at the corner of a dusty and uncleanly opening, having very much the appearance of a place in the city of Doomsend

A place called Portsmouth square.

made for impounding stray cattle. This one had been enclosed with a fence of posts and rails which seemed to have served the purpose of keeping everything in and nothing out.

A midnight tragedy.

On one side of it they were shown the spot where an excited populace, at the hour of midnight, had gibbeted a sorry thief, without the ordinary forms of law. Conflagrations had effaced everything but the memory of the scene. That, neither fires could burn nor waters quench; it would survive the generations of them that witnessed the horrors of the mournful tragedy.

Unsightly as was the square, it was the city's chief place of convocation; and it was surrounded with some of the most imposing edifices the city could boast. Here were publishing establishments, flash saloons, fashionable drinking houses, customs hall, gambling saloons, hotels, exchanges, public offices, and blazing show-windows. In the sunny weather crowds of extravagantly dressed men thronged the side walks, smoking cigars, discussing the city finances, the last duel, the latest intrigue brought to light, the most recent row, and swearing promiscuously.

An out-of-door company.

These were loafers by position, pimps, venders of raffle tickets, political hangers on, genteel men of leisure, and gentlemen of honor. Elbowing their way through the mass, and hurrying, went traders and contractors, head down and hat pitched forward; lawyers, with books and papers; physicians, with pill and plaster, looking mysterious; and clerks and express men, with letters and bundles; while some cautious and careful men, to keep whole garments, took the middle of the street.

Going onward to the street that ran by the lower side of the cattle pound, they found a narrow passage open

between a line of horses and carriages ranged along one curb, and a row of boot blacks ranged along the other and furnished each with an armed chair and a footstool, in addition to scrapers, brushes and blacking. They did not even go upon the side walk in front of the "Dorado" of brick, believing the less that was known of its business and its fame, the better.

The new City Hall.

Presently they came in front of an imposing edifice of free stone, of a dun brown color; a color thought to have significance. From the time it became the "theater of injunctions" it was turned also into a speculators' elysium, toward the consummation of whose perfect bliss all citizens were forced to contribute their mite and majesty; and the legitimacy of the doings of the "City Fathers" in procuring this monument to perpetuate their precious memories, in view of a quickly anticipated demise, was a matter of earnest dispute.

A sort of curiosity.

A little further on, at the head of a narrow street, there was a crowd of people, pale faced and thin, a great many of them. They were following a man, as a phenomenon, who pretended to say that he was cured of disease at one of the city hospitals; when, in the opinion of his fellow sufferers, he had been frightened out of his maladies by the cry of "fire;" and it would not be strange if it were found that the man was a little beside himself, or that he was assuming to be in better condition than he really was, that he might avoid the careful charities of those who would be disposed to send him back.

Having got clear of this strange throng of men, they went East and South, turning from one handsomely and compactly built street into another, and going in front of splendid blocks of buildings used for stores, banks and

offices; the history of the erection of many of which was singular, and the money to pay for them was gotten, no one could tell how. Some of the fine structures they examined were such as belonged to those reputed saints in former days, and some to reputed "latter day saints."

They had but just finished the survey of the rooms and buildings where the committee of seven hundred did their last job of human suspension, on the afternoon of a certain Sabbath, in the presence of gathered multitudes, and in a manner not to be talked of coolly, when Pilgrim had the rare fortune to accost another old acquaintance of his, as that personage was picking his way delicately through the sand, not far from a fashionable hotel highly colored with cream. The gentleman thus encountered was very tall when taken at the full length. His lower limbs were extremely long and spindling, but never came straight at the knees. The garments that covered them appeared to have been marked with chalk lines and charcoal, in huge squares, and they came down to gaiters of a very light color. His waistcoat was of a bright buff hue, and almost interminable. His breast pin was a daguerreotype, set in a huge rim of gold, of a lady on horseback. What little coat he had on, in addition to the collar and sleeves, was of a sky blue tint. Embroidered 'kerchiefs hung out of the breast pockets, and the buttons were refined gilt. His thin hair fell down long, lank, and unctuous below a huge white beaver with a broad brim, which was set on the back projection of his head. In front, the face ran from the roots of the hair, at an angle of forty-five degrees, to the end of the nose, where there was a peculiar motion of that feature, and thence it retreated, at the same angle down to the throat.

An old acquaintance in a new dress.

A glance at his features.

The under and retreating portion was covered all the way, more or less, by a cultivated crop of hair, in the middle of which somewhere it was supposed there might be a mouth. He wore pea green kid gloves, and in one hand sported an elegant, but rather frail, walking stick.

Recognising him at once by the shape of his face, Pilgrim ventured to speak to him, and to say, Is this you, sir? How you are grown! How do you do, sir?

He opens his solemn visage.

New Man. What fellow has the effrontewy and pwesumption to addwess a gentleman in the stweet without a pwoper intwoduction? It is vewy strange, vewy vulgah, vewy indeed.

Pil. A fellow, if so it please you, my good sir, that knew you when a lad, and is happy to meet any one, formerly known to him, in this far land, where persons from the same province seem almost like one's kindred.

He shows that he is exclusive.

New Man. Well sah, you perceive, sah, I am something exclusive, sah, in me tastes and me habits, sah; and I can not, therefore, be on terms, sah, with evewy wustic and upstawt who chooses to couwt me presence, sah. I have not the honow to know you, sah.

Pil. Your speech has nonplused me, sir. You seem aristocratic in your breeding. Is it possible that I am mistaken? Is not your name Corymandel Swell?

C. S. That is me appellation, sah, and I flattew meself, sah, it is held in high esteem by othews besides meself. I move in the fust cercles, sah, and lay claim to all the pwewogatives of me buth and me position.

Pil. I made no doubt, sir, there were first circles, and families somewhat aristocratic in San Fastopolis, but I was not before aware that many of them got their pretensions

out of books of genealogies. Would it not be well, sir, for all to observe a discreet silence in that matter?

C. S. Pewhaps in some cercles they do, but in our cercle we requiwe fwee genewations of high blood and gentle bweeding. We are vewy exclusive, sah, vewy.

PIL. I had previously supposed, sir, that such distinctions were forgotten here; and, that, leaving intellect and character out of view, the lines of social distinction were drawn rather from a financial basis and related to a sort of market value.

C. S. Bless me! How vulgah!

PIL. Your remarks still perplex me, sir, for I was not aware hitherto that your family held rank with the nobility. I remember that your father was once a client of Mr. Freelove Gaine, my father. Was not your father, sir, Mr. Hardigger Swell, who, in the suburb of Shabbytown, kept an entrepot for all the rag-pickers of Doomsend, and purchased their commodities at divers rates? Are you not that son of his whom I used to see in cap and apron engaged in assorting stock? If you are, sir, let us speak intelligibly. It would ill become me to disparage any one on account of his descent who bore a good character, and had pursued an honest calling, however humble his occupation.

Mr. Swell's early history.

C. S. To you, sah, I may be the same pusson, but not the same, sah, to San Fastopolis and our cercle, sah. I must be going, sah. Mawning, sah!

PIL. Your humble servant, Mr. Swell! Good day!

Now I saw that Pilgrim hastened to overtake his companions, and found them watching the operations of a steam paddy, that, with voracious appetite, was gorging itself among the sand hills. He told them of his conversa-

tion, and explained to them the relation that had subsisted between Mr. Swell and himself in other days, and said that he could not help wondering at the singular affectations and fancies of the man.

Old heroes, first families, and other antecedents.

Keep Faith in turn explained that their city now boasted a most select circle of exquisites, whose aristocratic reserve was based on descent from great orators, old heroes, and first families. Whether there were many whose line of birth was so well settled and clear as that of Mr. Swell, he could not affirm. But he was sure that few people cared to ask whether a man was born in a hovel, a log cabin, or a costly mansion; and therefore it was possible for one to lay claim to any parentage he pleased, since no one would take the trouble to examine his pretensions. However, he believed it somewhat difficult for a man, on the score of his ancestors, to pass himself off very long for much more than he was. People in general did not regard a "first family" man's son as superior to any other man's son, unless he truly was so; and no one would lose caste by treating this circle with indifference, or avowing an humble birth, and a life of many struggles with want and depression. He said the foppishness and pretense of the circle to which Mr. Swell belonged were becoming the laughing stock of the whole city. They were enamored in no slight degree with Paris fashions and French habits; and carried their affection quite beyond the extent and style of the garments they wore. Not a few of them would write most loving letters to the East to sweethearts or wives, while here in the West they were known as gay fellows and devoted gallants. And thus they were able to show how very large their hearts were, in having the

A heart of double capacity.

capacity to love two persons to distraction at the same time, one of them near at hand, the other far over mountain and wave. In respect to the proper behavior, social position, and faultless sincerity of the adored one far away they were often painfully solicitous, and constantly on the watch for the least shadow of suspicion, while they seemed rarely to concern themselves, for a moment, about the moral character and social standing of the admired one here. It was a gentlemanly circle indeed, and their conduct who composed it threw a becoming luster over their high breeding, and guileless conduct.

Fashions in vogue are old in Doomsend.

Pilgrim said he had learned that things began to go in very much the same sort of way in Doomsend a few years before its destruction. These fashions were said to have been fostered, if not introduced, by means of polkas, waltzes, masquerades, private theatricals, curtained boxes, and other such mischievous contrivances as were a delight to the voluptuous.

Happy Valley.

Now, by this time, I saw that they were come into the famous Vale of Charms, which was in truth a vale no longer; the levelers having removed the hills that once formed its northern border, and left the whole scene exposed to the rough winds and the rude gaze of the town. Here they passed by long rows of cottages, some of them neat, with grass plats and flower beds in front, huddled together in the sand along very narrow streets, as if there were no room to spare for a breathing place out of doors, and every man must be content to snuff sand on his own square rod.

Emerging at length into a more open region, they came presently in sight of Rev. Mr. Good Will's house, standing full up against a huge sand bank, on the southern border.

He invited them to enter and refresh themselves. This they were in no wise loth to do, for they were weary, and their interest had also been somewhat awakened by outside compliments. So they all went in and rested, while Martha, the mistress of the house, and her sister, set before them food and drink, which they partook of with much relish and good cheer; Keep Faith and Staunchman all the while particularly admiring the conversation of the ladies, and the propriety and grace of their manners.

They regale themselves.

They soon took leave, reluctantly, of their entertainers, and went around a hill to a church, standing against a sand bank, well built and well looking, except that the bell was swung under the open sky, on the deck of a half finished tower, awaiting the day when it might ring out a still more joyful note than ever before. Proceeding thence they made their way among hills, and shrubs, and thickets, down into the Vale of Pleasure. This they crossed without stopping, and mounted as quickly as they could a steep hill; and only paused when they reached a lone house on the eminence, which had a sign upon it indicating that it was an institution of benevolence and charity. They were admitted and shown about the establishment by the matrons, Patience and Economy. When they were told what sum these ladies received for their care and pains taking, and on how little the whole was supported, they were quite amazed, and began to think there must be some new economies practiced, and in proper forms too, for the wards of the establishment were not shabbily dressed, nor had they the thin and starved look sometimes so painful to the visitor at similar places.

Another church.

Orphan Asylum.

After they were through with their visit, and had paid

their tribute of regard to this institution and its managers, they turned to look at the scene below. There were some of the loveliest spots found in the vicinity of San Fastopolis. There were large enclosures, surrounded by very high and close fences, within which were groves, shady walks, shrubbery, vegetables, fruits, and flowers, and much to please the eye and gratify the taste. In the midst of these enclosures were secluded cottages, looking from the height like homes of beauty and goodness, to some of which it was said strangers were never admitted; though Mr. Staunchman, who had traveled in the Levant, repelled the notion that any of them resembled a Turkish harem.

Pleasant valley.

Now I saw in my dream, when they had gone to some other localities, and had completed the tour of the city, and Pilgrim had noted all matters that were of interest to him, as a pilgrim, that he set about an immediate departure for the rural districts, and the provincial towns; such as he might be able to visit.

So all his friends went with him to Signal Height, for bearings, distances, and directions. Thence they proceeded down by the northern beach to the garrison road, and the Vale of Fountains. Here they took affectionate leave of their friend, no longer a stranger, and bade him God speed. Keep Faith, however, had resolved to go with Pilgrim, and they wished him a pleasant journey, and a profitable one.

They part company, and Pilgrim sets out.

Thus these two went up from the Vale of Fountains together, and winding over the hill lost sight of their friends. They had not proceeded far when they came to the decaying remnants and mementoes of early times, the old barracks of the soldiery, fast tumbling into ruins. As they were looking about the spot, for a few moments, much to

Presidio.

their surprise, they found a man lying asleep on some blankets in one corner. When aroused, he said that his name was Mark Stoppes; that he had set out some weeks ago on a sort of prospecting tour or pilgrimage, but coming to this spot, and thinking it a pity that so good a place for living should remain empty, and at the instance of some friends living near, he had stopped there to wait on Providence, and see what might turn up. It was possible he might yet conclude it was not the best practicable thing for him to go out on a pilgrimage. Pilgrim was about to solicit his company and urge him to go right on, but Keep Faith whispered to him that it would never do, he knew something of the man's history, he would certainly delay their journey, and it was doubtful, if doing their utmost, they could ever get him through. The best thing to be done for such men was to stir them up, and then set them a good example. Howbeit, as they went onward Mark Stoppes kept pretty close to them for some time, and till they came to a road that led, by many a winding, up to a famous old castle, built on the summit of a pile of bleak rocks hanging over the sea. At the mouth of this road, under some scrubby trees, lounged two long faced, lugubrious looking men, who seemed engaged in lamentations over the sins and miseries of the times in general, and of later days and all Bustledom, in particular. Mr. Mark Stoppes introduced these persons as Mr. Other Days, and Mr. Doleful Dumps.

Mr. Stoppes and his abode.

The old fort.

When Pilgrim asked them how they did, what their business was, and why they were found in such a plight; they said they had become the proprietors, and were acting as keepers of the castle up yonder. Their business was to show it to visitors, get as many

An old business in a new country.

admirers of it as possible, and obtain such aid as they could in hindering its decay and replenishing their pockets. Their plight could be seen; their business was rather dull; and their health was pretty miserable, "thank you."

On further inquiry, the travelers were informed that the castle was called Castle Ancient, and was inhabited till recently, and had been from time immemorial, by a giant known through the whole country as giant Old Times. A few years ago there was a yellow fever that broke out here of a very malignant type, which raged like an epidemic through all this region. It carried off all the inhabitants, but a few that were in other ways sickly and feeble, and some lone women. About the same period it was supposed the giant must have fallen into a decline; and having neither doctor nor nurse, must finally have died of neglect and starvation. At all events his huge skeleton was found by themselves, lying in one of the caves of the castle, and might there have remained uncared for and unknown, but for their benevolent zeal, and disinterested endeavors. They had resolved to make the castle, and were now trying to make it, a shrine for pilgrims, and a place of resort for the lovers of the old and the venerable, and the admirers of the antique; and they were strongly in hope they might gain a livelihood by the contributions of visitors.

The gold fever took all to the mines.

The giant's skeleton.

A shrine for pilgrims.

Mr. Other Days said he had been an inhabitant of the country for many years. It was not as it used to be. Some called the difference thn march of improvement; he called it the progress of evil. Once the people were all of one way of thinking about society, religion, and morals. The country was large and there

The ancient regime.

was room enough for every body. There was no dispute about land titles, and no troublesome "squatters." The farms were immense. There were plenty of Indians to look after the stock, and raise some acres of wheat and barley. Men and women had nothing else to do than ride as many horses as they pleased and enjoy themselves as they liked. There would be a pic-nic or a grand fandango somewhere every week or two. After mass, Sunday was a fine day for sport. Horse races, bull fights, cock fights, card tables, and aguardiente, were always plenty and never out of order. The Missions were in good condition, and were like the borders of Paradise, open to all who would share their bounties, and there were thousands of Indians to keep them in shape. Keep Faith inquired of him if it were not true that the country had been declining, in almost every respect, from the time he first came to it. Mr. Other Days was not willing to admit that such was the case. He would only allow that the Missions had been all the while running down. But he thought that fact might be accounted for, by attributing their decline to quarrels among the grandees of the country, which of them should be the greatest. This was not strange. Such an event once occurred among the chosen disciples of the Lord.

Decline admitted.

One Mr. Wide Awake now rode up to the company on a spirited and fleet horse, and he reined in to hear the conversation. He had met Mr. Other Days before.

But, said Keep Faith, how was it with manufactures, arts, schools, learning, and science? Were these in a flourishing state, and were they exerting a healthful and benign influence on the people, and tending all the while to elevate them?

O. D. They were not very many nor very flourishing,

Primitive society. Happy without innovations.

sir. But this was a primitive people and did not need them. They were happy without them. Such things might have done them as much harm as good.

K. F. That last remark is a mere guess of yours. The main facts were as I supposed. Most of the people lived in rather poor houses; wrought but little; ate tortillas and beef; rode races, and went to fandangos; and, on the whole, led indolent lives, and were lacking in enterprise.

Mr. Doleful Dumps said he should not try to be wise about the state of things under the old reign; he came hither at the beginning of the new, and the new was bad enough in all conscience. From what he had read and heard, he once imagined that this must be the picture land of his dreams from his boyhood, and it was thus invested with almost every attraction and beauty. He came hither, and brought a large company of selected men with him, and

Outline of a grand company scheme.

paid nearly all the expenses. They were expecting to shovel up a few cart loads of gold dust to put in their vaults, and then they were all going to settle down in some fine valley, and flourish together in one community, with himself at its head; while every thing would go on smoothly and prosperously, and the world would look on their contented lot and rising greatness with admiration.

But, what would not human beings do? No sooner were they here than his men nearly all deserted him, and went this way and that. He had to get along as he could, by paying extra wages to those who even consented to remain at all. He had been to the mines and shoveled many a cart

A long and doleful story.

load, but it was far enough from being gold. He had traded largely; and then his customers

ran off without paying their debts. He had tried a rancho, but the drouth pinched some of his crops, and the competition brought the price of what produce he had down to nothing. He had owned a steamboat, and that blew up. He had shipped sand from Gold Bluff, and that did not pay its freight. He had run for office, and got beaten. He had speculated in lands, and the "squatters" took them. He had bought water lots, and found there were three owners to each whose titles antedated his. He had loaned money, and lost it by failures, fires, and rascalities Now his stocks were all run down to a figure lower than that at which he bought them up. In fact, there was nothing in the country which a respectable man could turn his hand to that promised to reward his pains.

Mr. Wide Awake said he thought a man of perseverance and enterprise, with some grit in his composition, content with reasonable gains, had still a chance of golden success.

D. D. No, sir! That's the old story. I can contradict it. The whole country is a sham. It contradicts itself. You can rely on nothing.

W. A. On nothing but yourself. That ought to do.

D. D. No, it won't do. The climate is never right. There are no two places alike. It is always too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry, too antiseptic or too malarious, too debilitating or too bracing. You don't know what to plant and sow, nor when seed time is, nor when harvest will come. You don't know what you will raise, nor how to take care of what is raised, nor when to sell what you have got, nor if your coin won't depreciate when you chance to get any. The fires will burn you out; the floods will drown you out; the Indians will steal you out; the speculators will rob you out and out;

On climate, seasons, productions, and markets.

and the State tax will take all that is left. Such a country it is!

W. A. You are getting excited, sir! Stop and breathe!

D. D. And, besides, you can't really say that city, county, or state is worth one straw; for the office holders set the people at defiance, and manage all the funds they can get hold of as they please; and they will retire from their posts when their fortunes are made, and it shall please them to do so. If you talk about turning them out, and hint that election is coming, they shake their fists in your face, and threaten to bankrupt you, and ruin the credit of city, county, and state, if you do not let them alone, or promise to reelect them. You have to offer them large salaries to get them to take office; and then they whine to have their salaries raised till you give them all sorts of extras and pickings; and every little while you have to appropriate largely in money to buy them off from an abuse of trust, or other rascality. A pretty country it is where public men make it their aim to get a private fortune out of any office, and are not thought sharp unless they do, whether they attend to the duties of their stations or not; that being esteemed a very minor consideration

How offices are held and managed.

W. A. You are rather severe, my friend! You must have suffered at somebody's hands. Has any one been bleeding you?

D. D. They've done nothing else for three years; the whole posse of them from the Governor down. They're all blood suckers.

K. F. Mr. Dumps, let us change the subject a little. It seems to me that it must be a peculiar satisfaction to one in your condition and frame

They change the subject.

of mind, to have a Sabbath come with its quiet and its serenity, and to be able to go to church, to Sabbath school, to prayer meeting, and to have intercourse with christians, in the midst of christian society.

D. D. It may be a satisfaction to know there are such institutions in existence here; Heaven knows there never was such need of them any where on the face of the earth before. Some may like to attend on these, such as they be, but I don't go to them very often. They are not the right stamp for me. There is a deal of modernism about them, and too much enthusiasm, and wild fire, and manology, and preaching every thing, and naturalism, and all that.

The preaching does not suit.

K. F. But you would have nothing unnatural in churches, would you? Churches ought to keep up with the times, and preaching should be adapted to circumstances.

D. D. I have been brought up to think that truth and religion are always the same, and I think so, and I don't want to hear new fangled preaching, nor see these new fashioned things. I believe in the good old ways.

The old is better.

K. F. So you should. You are right in part. Absolute truth can not change. Religion in spirit and essence is the same always. But, in the view of men, truth will undergo many modifications; and religion will develop in various forms, during ages of time. Abraham held to truth and believed, in his day; but Peter believed much more truth than did Abraham, and was a good deal modernized as compared with Abraham, because he sat at Christ's feet, and had his views enlarged and new truths revealed to him. It is possible that in our day there may be those whose views of some truths are clearer than were those of Peter.

In the elucidation of principles and doctrines, in the manner of applying them, in modes of illustration and argument, and in many similar things, the churches may and must progress with the advancing ages. And while truth can not be altered, it may be adapted, and our views of it may be very much enlightened and improved. Calvin was wiser than Chrysostom. Bunyan's Pilgrim, and my friend, here, the Pilgrim, are the same in spirit, and bound to the same country, but they are not in all particulars alike. That were impossible, in such different times and countries.

In what there may be progress.

D. D. I have only now got sight of this Pilgrim. I wish him well, I am sure. It is a strange country he sojourns in, I am certified. Speaking of ministers, there was my old pastor Dr. Bookdust, as up and down a man as ever walked an aisle, and sound as a roach, he always preached a regular doctrinal sermon every Sunday forenoon, and only varied that by lectures on the catechism. He was a remarkably sound preacher. But when did I ever hear a doctrinal sermon, or an exposition of the catechism in this bad land? In fact nobody preaches like Dr. Bookdust, nor prays like him, nor dresses so properly, nor looks so divinely. No choir sings like his choir, no Sabbath school is so large, and so interesting as his; and then every congregation here looks so out of sorts; and what churches they have to meet in. They are all poor affairs.

Dr. Bookdust.

Comparisons.

K. F. But, you forget, sir, what country you are in, and how —

D. D. No, I don't! That is just what I'm thinking of all the while.

K. F. Well, you forget what obstacles and hindrances

there are in the way of the ministers and churches here; and such considerations as surely ought to make you slow to censure and condemn them. The evils of the times and the state of society are such as to compel the clergymen to preach almost solely, for the present, against public misdoings and social vices. And hence, in part, arises the apparent neglect of that sort of preaching you admire. Perhaps, after all, these preachers have some perceptions of things, and observe keenly, and they may be wiser in their choice of subjects, and in the modes of presenting them, than you imagine.

Not to be rash in censure.

D. D. But don't they "secularize" the pulpit by preaching about Journalism and Japan, Shade trees and Cemeteries, Common Councils and Chinese, Legislators and Public measures? I don't want to hear anything but the pure gospel.

The pulpit in danger.

K. F. Can the principles of the gospel have too broad an application? Ought not ministers to enforce them upon men in every calling, and desire to have them govern the conduct in every possible sphere of action? There is nothing unfit to be preached about which the gospel ought to modify, though too much prominence may be given to matters of small importance. This fear of secularizing the pulpit is an old bugbear. The Roman Catholics thought Luther and his compeers did it in their day; and that they secularized the Bible, too, by putting it into the hands of the common people. In England the established church thought the Puritans were lowering the pulpit and degrading religion. In the time of our Revolution the tories and others thought the pulpit was secularized by sermons on liberty, equality, and human rights, and such fiery eloquence as would inflame a congregation with zeal

Secularizing the pulpit in early times.

for Congress and the army, and set the whole town on a blaze. But the pulpit had survived all such "secularizing," and could hardly be injured by any similar endeavor to apply the gospel to the times, and to men as they are, in this late day. Men must be preached to where they are to be found, as well as where they ought to be.

Pilgrim said he thought Paul was orthodox and sound, though he did write and preach about going to law, duties to government, industry, thrift, enterprise, keeping house, wearing the hair and dress, and taking meals, and making tents, and sending newsmen, and taking care of books and parchments, and other secular affairs. Paul's method of preaching was right at men; while his methods of approach differed widely. He thought if the ministers here would do the same, the doctrines and the seculars need not give them anxiety. They would come in for their proper shares of attention, and at proper times. He believed men needed urging to do right, just now, rather than instruction in matters of doctrine. They were rather perverse than ignorant. He liked a free use of motives with men so inclined to depart from the ways of wisdom.

Pilgrim closes the discussion.

Keep Faith said it was time for them to go forward. Mr. Other Days, Mr. Dumps, and Mr. Stoppes urged them to go up and see the castle. But Pilgrim said they would probably meet with relics of the past, and find mementoes of the giant Old Times, elsewhere, and so they had no need to go up to Castle Ancient to see his skeleton.

They decline going up to the castle.

Wide Awake said, in an undertone, that the toe nails they sold up there were rather too much like the scales of fishes; and where they got all the bones he did not know, but he had seen big whale ribs down the coast.

The fog was coming on thick. Keep Faith buttoned his coat, said good day, and Pilgrim also, and they turned down a sandy path through a sequestered valley, whose sides were covered with a growth of stinted, gnarled, and crooked trees. As they went they sang a song of the olden time, but its close was with a refrain of

"The good, the beautiful, the true,
E'er fresh, e'er young, and ever new."

Another relic of the past.

They now came out upon an ill assorted collection of houses in the vicinity of an old, tumble down, adobe church, standing at one corner of a sort of hollow square of low, adobe sheds and compartments, while at the opposite corner there was a hotel kept, or rather, a bar room, and not much else. They inquired of one standing near the tavern, who wore a very small hat—there were others about that carried something heavy in their hats—what place this was.

A quarter much in vogue.

He said it had various names, but Spreequarter was the right one; and this quarter was connected by a plank road with San Fastopolis. If any of the city people wanted to have a private knock down, a Sunday drunk, a spue out, a horse race, a bull bait, a general smash up, or set to, of any sort, they would come out there to avoid scandal. It was nothing accounted of to be wild like, and caperish, and get blowed in Spreequarter; in fact the b'hoys made it very respectable; but, if you were'nt used to it, you would be dumfoundered to see what city gentlemen and officers of government could do, in the way of a spree, in this quarter.

Keep Faith now inquired if the field of honor were out here, where gentlemen came to settle their difficulties by

duels. Yes, said a by stander, the very place. But lately they've come so hoften and made such ninnies hof themselves, they've run the thing hinto the ground Just so they 'ave in Hingland. Sir, I'm a Hinglishman. A snob hin my country is one who tries to be ha haristocrat and can't, for want hof breeding. Now the Lunnun Times says duelling is snobbish; and what the Times says the haris-

Englishmen on duelling.

tocracy say, and what the nobility say his law for Hinglish society; therefore, sir, duelling his snobbish there, and I think hit looks habout the same 'ere, only worse.

At that moment Mr. Wide Awake's horse was seen approaching at a rapid gait. He came to a stand on being spoken to by the company. And then they saw who it was that had been crying, whoa, whoa! It was Mr. Dumps, who had dropped the reins and was clinging to the pummel of the saddle. He had borrowed the horse in order to come on and tell Pilgrim that it was no matter about his not going up to the castle, and that he had better not

A description and a warning.

venture further than that precinct till to-morrow; for beyond, the road was narrow, houseless, hilly, lonely, long, mean, sandy, and tiresome, and the country bordering it was hard, grassless, treeless, comfortless, and infested; and so, pretty much of a piece with all the rest of the country and everybody in it. He was sorry for Pilgrim, but thought it fair to give him this warning. Pilgrim thanked him, but told him he had not been so improvident as to set out without some chart of the road in his pocket.

However, as there was truth in what Mr. Dumps said, and as it was toward night, the travelers concluded to pass the night in that quarter. After they had gone about,

talking with various persons and seeing what they could, they sought a place of rest, and were shown into one of the apartments in the low range of adobes. Their blankets were spread upon the floor. The room in all its appointments was cheerless enough. The dogs and pigs rattled the door. Cold footed animals drew long appendages across their faces. Vermin, that have an odor of universality about them, made their offense rank, and smelled, as they quarrelled about taking their turns. Others of a nimbler sort, said to resemble the elephant in form, played "hop, skip, and jump" over them, and danced pirouettes, stopping quite often for refreshments. The wind whistled, and the fog drove through where the windows should have been. So they slept but little.

Lowly couches.

Noche de dolores.

When it was just day light a man with a snuffy face, a smutty gown, and a skull cap, came in, and said he was collecting bills, and they must pay a dollar each for lodging. Keep Faith said it was a round price for so pointed an experience. They had had a doleful night without Mr. Dumps, and it was some satisfaction that no night was so long it was not morning at sun rise.

MORAL.

Mr. Dumps is a type man. He represents a certain class among us. He never had much hope; he has now lost all courage. He once thought to realize a fancy picture from dream life. Failing in that, he has become morose and cynical. He has not thought there might be happiness in something short of the accomplishment of his plans. He has deemed his life a failure, and his efforts useless, because they were not crowned with immediate success. He has

forgotten that there is design in the discipline of life; and that Providence so orders it, that the noblest energies and finest schemes often miscarry; or rather, that they succeed by failure. He has not been willing to accept any good short of the fancied one. He placed the whole good of living in the attainment of wealth, ease, and comfort; whereas the ends of life are not thus compassed. There is a joy in action, in enterprise, in aggression, in minor achievment, in subduing nature, in self conquest, though the special object striven for be not gained. Good may be done, the world blessed by our endeavors, though our personal aims be not reached. Though our powers be unequal to our purposes, while we exert them right earnestly we do not live and labor in vain.

It pains us to see a man of fine genius, noble talents, and vast knowledge, dwelling secluded in some wooded vale, passing his time in indolence, and letting his powers run to waste, because the rough atmosphere of active life chills him, and the noise and stir of the busy world jar his sensibilities, and toil and strife irk him. He is out of place. The world has need of him. Providence calls him. But he flies from cares and struggles, and shirks responsibility. He is faithless to his destiny.

Be it ours not to imitate him, even in our little measure. Let duty nerve us. Let hope animate us. Let courage strengthen us. Our resolute will and our earnest endeavor will achieve, though we fall short of our aim. A fancied happiness striven for, as an end, we may miss; but as incidental to our noble exertions and our proper state of mind, we may have joy enough. Heaven will approve.

LECTURE V.

Then I saw in my dream, that very early in the morning, Pilgrim and Keep Faith set out on their journey from Spreequarter, and the Dolorous Mission, toward divers places more sainted than saintly.

They passed along among bare and lonely hills, between which, in sheltered nooks, grew some stinted shrubbery. Now and then there was a spot in sight where civilized man had tried to make a habitation and a home, but in most instances without much success, it seemed, from the total absence of any sign of life. And as Pilgrim drew his cloak around his neck and face, he thought there might be some penetrating force of dissuasion in the raw, chill winds, and dense fogs, that went by in banks and drifts, now concealing the morning sun, and now half showing his pale and melancholy face.

A region without a neighborhood.

They had gone some miles without saying much to each other, for their teeth almost chattered, and their eyes kept them in mind of the sleep they did not have at the Dolorous Mission. But now they encountered a human being. He was half reclining on the sunny side, when there was any sun, of the hill, under the lee of three planks, laid up against a pole on crotches, and open

A temporary shelter.

toward the road. He had on a huge brown overcoat, a grey cap, and woolen mittens. His hair was grizzly, and he had been shaved some time within the memory of man.

Pursuit of knowledge.

He hailed Pilgrim and Keep Faith, but without getting up himself, and asked where they were going, if they were not tired, and if they did'nt want a chance of speculationizing. They halted, and told him they were mere pilgrims, and were only anxious to get on as fast as their strength and aims would allow.

Autobiography of Mr. F. Wait.

He said he was'nt a stationer himself, only a temporal. This was not his house, only his look out. He was lying off for customers. His name was Fortunatus Wait. He was a science man, eddycated in Smatterboro Institute, and was made for doing headwork. He never had done anything else he was so good at. He had always been very poor, as inventionists and science men were, mostly, except in the stove line. He had come to California to turn his extraordinary powers and attainments into that very base, but very useful article, money. He understood conchology, geology, minerology, botanics, comicals, etc, uncommon well—also smelting, tractors, and divining rods. Though he said it, there was'nt a scientificker man in these parts, and he persumed it would come out so some day, not fur off.

Scientific attainments.

He had been stirring about the country three years; but every time he was on the eve of a fine fortune, he got tripped up, or let through, by some rascal undermining him, and calling him a humbug, and getting up a hurra against him. From one town, though he told it, he came out with some ado. For a committee of citizens, and a company he had been experimenting for, waited on him, and proffered him the honor of a ride. A

An escort and a free ticket.

FORTUNATUS WAIT.

"He wasn't a stationer himself, only a temporal."—Page 94.

large escort took him out of the town, which was rather a pleasant feature of the affair; but the vehicle they rode him on was too long and narrow for comfort, with some splinters about it, but nothing to hold on by.

It was of no consequence, however; men had been martyrated to science before, and he could'nt hope to avoid wholly the common fate. It proved his brotherhood with the great circle of the scientificks. But now, he said, if he could only find a customer, he had the sure thing on 'em, and they might laugh at him, or rail at him; a "pocket full of rocks" was better than their compliments.

A member of the circle of science.

Keep Faith, observing his capacious pockets, said they were not wanting in rocks now, apparently. Perhaps, however, they were not the right sort. He said, not yet; but he would explain 'em. They were speciments he carried to show customers. He had a house over two miles toward the coast. He lived there. He was on somebody's land; but that was no matter now. He was in the midst of a nest of mines. He had a stone quarry, of red sand stone; a silver mine; a mine of lead ore; and a quicksilver vein; and, only a little way off, extensive coal beds. He had discovered them all with the help of peach twigs, tractors, and divining rods. He had prospected them too. Of course, it was an object to him to keep the matter still, and watch them close. He had no doubt the original fountain of quicksilver was up that way, and by digging to it, it would gush out in a stream, needing only funnels and flasks, to prepare it for market. And it would'nt surprise him if the sandstone quarry, traced far enough, turned into quartz rock, bearing gold. There never was such a place in this

A cluster of quarries and mines.

How discovered.

For sale, or to let.

world before. He would sell out for a hundred thousand dollars; or he would take the right kind of a man into partnership with fifty thousand, and divide even; or he would allow any body to work the mines, for a six months term, on shares; the persons undertaking it to find themselves and him, and allow him one half the profits.

The specimens.

So he unloaded his pockets, and there were his sandstone, his coal, his lead ore, and his cinnabar. Keep Faith said the specimens were fine, so far as he was competent to judge, but he would rather see just where they came from. Pilgrim said they had no use for fortunes, and could not lose time by going to see any mines, or hills of lucre. He had read also of one Demas and his silver mine, where one Byends and others, got something more than their feet in, and he was rather suspicious. Keep Faith was of the same mind, and as they were quite rested by this time, they moved on, leaving Mr. Fortunatus Wait waiting for a chance to realize his fortune.

Mr. Wait again in his solitude.

The country did not interest them exceedingly, nor did they meet many persons that seemed in talking mood. And, besides, nearly all they did find were on horses or mules, and rushed by them, kicking up a great dust. Pilgrim said it was all on a par with the most of this great world. People on foot must jog on as they could; there were few that would stop long enough to inquire of those afoot about their health, and journey, and prospects; and fewer still, who would ever volunteer to go on foot, and let the wayfarers ride awhile. However, they were sure to be through in good time, and they went

The lot of such as go afoot.

in much safety, and had their share of good cheer, as they trudged along.

The trees along the road and their shapes.

All the afternoon they had been traveling where there were few trees; and those few were low and ungainly, leaning East, with great proclivity; looking as if they had been backing into a storm for the last half century. They had evidently been smoothed into shape, if shape it were, by the rough wings of all the terrible winds that came whistling and roaring from the ocean.

One sitting at the receipt of custom

They arrived at length at the old mission out post of St. Matthew, where they saw one sitting at the receipt of custom. But he did not resemble the Matthew of their veneration; and there were numbers of bottles and decanters ranged along behind him, and he received custom of so many red nosed men, as they judged, that they suspected neither he nor they would go with them on pilgrimage, if asked; nor make good companions if they should go, they would get so very dry in sight of a public house. So they went on without stopping.

Coming now to a region more level, and a pleasanter tract of country, they saw a good sized house, not far off, where there were children about, and, as it was almost night, they thought they might lodge there. As they came near, however, they found the pigs quartered in front of the house. A loose plank on blocks was the stepping stone. A woman with broom in hand was shoo-shooing the chickens out of the house, and they saw her as she came thus to the door. She was not old, but wrinkled and haggard, with nose and chin sharp, and not very far asunder, her eye brows hanging over, and her eyes restless. Her hair, thin and dark, had tumbled from

A rather modern rancho.

A matron and housekeeper.

its fastenings, and hung down her neck; and her blue calico gown had not been made up in Paris, nor recently been under the flat iron; and her feet were shoeless. As the two climbed over the rail fence, the children gathered around, and opened all the eyes they had. The lady of the mansion met them at the door. Keep Faith inquired for the man of the house. She said he was milking, but if they wanted anything, she could settle the matter with them. Pilgrim said they were foot travelers and were in quest of lodgings. She said they did'nt keep

No lodgings to be had.

folks, it was'nt always safe; though goodness knew she'd nothing for them to steal. She had'nt any beds for them; there was no floor over head but some loose boards in one corner, and the children slept on them. There was'nt any bread in the house, and Ichabod had kept putting off going for flour. (As Ichabod came in with the milk, she sent Ichabod to build up a fire, and put on some water, and wash some potatoes.) She said she had been in California better than a year, and such a country! They called this valley like Italy. She hoped it

Distresses and troubles recounted with vehemence.

was. She wished the Italians had it. She wished she was out of it; she never did want to come; but Ichabod over persuaded her. She would make him tired of it; she was not going to stay here. There were no gardens, no orchards, no fields, no woods, no women, no visiting, and no stores. You could only stay in the sunshine and dirt. (She now sent Ichabod

An obedient husband.

to shut up the hens to keep them from the coyotes, and then to come and wash the children's faces, and try and find something to stop the pigs from squealing.) She said, if they wanted to, they might come into the house, only she was just going to sweep; it

was such a country a body never got through with her work. She was not going to like the country. She was always determined she would not. She did'nt care for money, nor anything else; live here she would'nt. It was worse than Botany Bay. She did'nt take a husband to go to the ends of creation with him. She was silly for ever coming with him at all. She did'nt care who knew it; she could'nt keep it in, and she would'nt; she'd tell everybody she saw that Mrs. Taranta Nettles was not going to live in such a country! She was going home in the spring, and Mr. Ichabod Nettles could go, or not, as he pleased; but she would just like to see him undertake to stay when she wished to start.

Determination of the will.

By this time it was growing dark, but there was a fine full moon, and Keep Faith had already retreated into the street; so Pilgrim told Mrs. Nettles he thought they would give her too much trouble if they remained, and bade her good night, just as she was ordering Ichabod to get the dishes on the table, and see if the tea-kettle boiled.

The travelers retire from the scene.

Now I saw in my dream that the two travelers passed on in silence till they were far from the house. At length Pilgrim asked Keep Faith if he were thinking of anything. He replied that he was just asking himself if it were possible that Lot's wife was like Mrs. Nettles; and, if so, whether he really lost much when he got to Zoar without her. Pilgrim said he never thought of trying to settle such questions. He knew there many sorts of people, and room for them all, in the world; and we could choose our lot for ourselves, pretty much, so far as our associates were concerned. He did not

Questions and answers.

Judge not.

condemn any one's peculiarities; we all had enough to spoil us in the eyes of somebody.

Providence had a design in the existence of all creatures, and of every species; though, occasionally, it was difficult for mortals to see why these and those animals lived at all.

A light on their path.

They had traveled on an hour or more, when they saw a light glimmering through the leaves from some distant window; for they were now come where there were beautiful groves of live oaks, deciduous oaks, beeches, and other trees. They approached it. As they came near, they found a neat, painted, cottage under a spreading tree. There was a paling fence around it; and even the moonlight showed some dahlias, and other flowers, growing in the door yard. They knocked, and the door was opened by a hale looking man of thirty; ruddy and cheerful faced. He asked them in. They said they were belated, and wanted lodgings. Your faces and manners speak well for you, said he. Come in! we will care for you. So they told him their names, and whither they were bound. He was more glad than before, and said that he was Jonathan Makebest, from Litchfield Hills. And then he hastened to introduce them to his wife Theodosia.

They gain admittance to a cottage.

The family were just through with tea; but it was only the work of a few minutes to put things in order again. Meantime, Mr. Makebest had them out of the door, and shook their garments and brushed away the dust, and supplied them with water and napkins; and when they came in, they found the boot jack and some easy shoes put right in their way. So they ate their supper with a keen relish, and a hearty good will, feeling very much at home, and delighted with the cheerful aspect

Brushes and ablutions.

of everything. Their coming seemed to make neither ado, nor confusion; and they passed the evening delightfully together. They read, and prayed, and sang, and retired early; for the pilgrims were weary.

A pleasant evening.

They arose with the sun, and were surprised to find the breakfast on the table, and the smiling hostess ready to welcome them. It was morning now, and they could see her well. She was almost queenly in her beauty, though her eyes were rather large. Her face was flushed with exercise, and her arms were partially bare. The exceeding neatness and taste shown in her person and dress, were but patterns of everything about her house. When their repast was ended, and they had offered their morning devotions, Mr. Makebest informed the travelers that he was going with his team to the Capital Pueblo, and he would be happy to set them forward on their journey, if they could take up with his accommodations. They said they would ride with him, and with many thanks.

The morning and the cottage queen.

While the vehicle was preparing, Pilgrim returned to inquire of Mrs. Theodosia if her situation pleased her. She said, none better. She was indeed far from home and kindred; but we must soon part with our friends, even if we lived by their side. She was deprived of many privileges; but it would not long be so; and it was surprising how easily we could forego many of them, when we set out heartily to do it. She had few conveniences; but those would be supplied as soon as they were very generally in demand. She had few associates, but there was so much to do, the time went rapidly by. She enjoyed the climate much, and she had great hope of

A conversation begun.

"Her speech is with grace & seasoned with salt.

the country at large. It was her duty to be with her chosen companion; and in duty was happiness, whether suffering or enjoying. She should deem it extremely out of character, an ill grace, and a selfishness in her, to make her preference, or her personal happiness the turning point in any matter. Mr. Makebest thought it best to be here; she did not oppose; she would not in any case. But, happily, she felt no disposition to do so. She was content. She complained of nothing. She was glad to be here; to act nobly a woman's part, if she could; and do

A work for woman to do.

the work which all agreed her sex ought to do, and must do, for the country, or it would go to ruin. If she could be true to her household, agreeable in all her social relations, and faithful to her Christian vows, her highest ambition would be fulfilled. And she knew that thus her life would pass happily, and be spent far more usefully, than in any other land; and so she was content.

Tears of admiration moistened the Pilgrim's eyes, as he paid the noble woman he saw before him a choice and delicate compliment, and bade her good morning. By this

They take leave of the excellent Theodosia.

time they were ready to move. All took leave with the utmost grace and tenderness; and then proceeded on their way, at a brisk trot. They could not but admire the scenery, the bountiful crops, and the incipient farms, with all their fences, fixtures, and stock, as they rode along. They got a glimpse, now and then, into some bachelor's hall, with its bunks, and berths, and antediluvian looking blankets, tin dishes, guiltless of scouring, bottle candlesticks, pickle jars, unswept floors, and old boots; and they thought — what should they think of?

They could not stop to look in detail about the pleasant

Santa Clara. little village of our sacred Lady Clarissa; nor visit its fine old mission, with its many fruits, and its school for boys, kept by the Padre; nor could they examine the new church, the academy, the university with its one professor, and the fine homes and spacious grounds.

They hastened on toward the Capital Pueblo. They The Alameda. entered the fine alameda, as the sun came up to the meridian; and enjoyed greatly its embowering shades, as the willows and elms twined their branches above, or drooped them gracefully to the ground; and they blessed in their hearts, the Fathers who directed, and the Indians who were instructed, to plant those beautiful rows of trees, from the town to the mission.

They now crossed a bridge, spanning a deep channel, in the bottom of which slunk along some muddy water, all that the season had left of the river Guadaloupe, and were full Pueblo de San Jose. in sight of the first Capital of Bustledom; though this was not the ancient Capital of the country, before it was Bustledom. Mr. Makebest said the glory of the place was much departed. For, once on a time, the Capital was found to have departed from the Pueblo between two days, and to have plainly absconded. A fugitive capital. It had been hunted for, advertised for, sued for, and fought for; but though it had been seen in various places, and camped among bare hills, and going to the head of river navigation, nobody had been able to secure it; and the probability was, that it would lead a nomadic life, and stop where it could get the best pasture, and the fattest extras, for some years to come.

Now I saw that Mr. Makebest made haste to introduce the travelers to Mr. Oldline Methodics, and to Rev. Mr. Winroc; after which he took leave of his passengers with a

hearty "adieu." They, in return, were profuse in their thanks for his hospitality, and for his kindness in helping them on their way after so agreeable a sort. They desired their compliments also to be conveyed to the excellent Theodosia.

When they had dined, Mr. Methodics had them about the ancient city to behold its beauties of situation, adornment, culture, and architecture. They passed by a large adobe church, without tower or steeple, the church of early times, not yet deserted, nor put to secular uses, though in external appearance it was so much like a Dutch barn in Pennsylvania. There were divers outbuildings connected with it, but not like wings; and there were some small adobes in close proximity that appeared to have nothing to do with cold water, and gave forth unmistakable signs of being kept as liquor shops, where natives of the lower sort congregated.

Tour of the Pueblo.

There were two or three other churches, also, which they visited, not large in size, but new and neat. These had sprung up since the new era began, and in number, seemed quite as many as could get congregations to fill them.

Churches.

They passed by the hotels, of bulky proportions, that, in the capital days of the Pueblo, had swarmed with men wearing blushing honors, aspiring men, office seekers, hackneyed politicians, and youthful geniuses; where cabals and cliques had met to scheme, and ambitious plots had been formed, and state secrets had been whispered, and great men had been overheard planning each others' overthrow, and thin partitions had divided envious rivals, and dark sayings had leaked out in mysterious ways, so that parties had been mutually surprised to

Cloth partitions let out secrets.

find their opponents in possession of their plans, movements, and measures.

They saw the buildings, too, where, during a certain session of so august a body as the Legislature of Bustledom, several water lot schemers from San Fastopolis kept open house for the gratuitous entertainment of members, and feasted, and toasted, and drenched them for weeks together. The same schemers kept also attorneys under pay upon the ground, with money and lands committed to them at the time; whether so conveyed to them to gratify the feelings of a pure friendship, or for wages, or for bribes, or for all, or for none of these purposes, committees of a subsequent Legislature were unable to determine. The public are aware that the schemers were successful. Their measures were carried through by the votes of generous legislators, who gave to San Fastopolis in general, and, as it proved, to some individuals in particular, lands worth millions of money, that else had accrued to the benefit of the state at large. To suppose the feasting and the toasting had aught to do with the result, were to enter a region of conjecture, where so violent a hypothesis must take its chance with other imaginable, but indeterminate things.

Bounties for such as had votes to give.

Then they visited the quondam capitol building, a quadrangular, two storied adobe, with a pole on the top, where the two earliest Legislatures of Bustledom held their sessions. The first one met under fair auspices, and was opened in due form, and with the observance of all customary proprieties Each house elected a chaplain of its own, and provided for his maintenance. The second one was so pure in its own eyes, or otherwise affected, as to refuse to employ any chaplain at all; and one branch of it,

Capitol.

Fear of scandal to religion.

on a certain occasion, when application was made, refused to allow a special religious service to be held in their hall, on the alleged ground, as some said, that it would be a scandal to religion to come into such a hole, and that there were animals before which pearls should not be cast.

In the lower hall, Mr. Methodics pointed out to them the place where the honorable Senator had his seat, who used

A thousand of drinks.

frequently to move, that the "Senate adjourn to a thousand of drinks," so often, in fact, that that Legislature was now distinguished as "the thousand of drinks Legislature." He said that person belonged to the same, who alleged that it was not fair that any one should be allowed to drink liquor out of the bung, while the rest took it at the tap.

Mr. Methodics said that those Legislatures were remarkable bodies of men, in more respects than one. There was

Titles & honors.

hardly an untitled person in them. There were governors, judges, esquires, doctors, generals, colonels, captains, and majors; but not a lieutenant, nor scarce a simple mister, among them all. But he said that among the outsiders, there were a great many who were in want of titles and honors, and were, withal, slightly troubled with emptiness of the pocket. So, in order to accommodate such persons, and also divers operators in stocks, exchange, and loans, and others of various sorts, lean and hungry, who were tired of playing the "honest miner," and were anxious for a chance at the public crib, one of these Legislatures was induced to enter upon the business of prosecuting Indian wars.

These wars were gotten up upon a method, devised by

Origin of glorious wars.

gentlemen of enterprise; and it was known at the capital where there would be Indian

difficulties, before any were known to exist by the public generally. When the plan of proceeding had been matured sufficiently, a part of those who were in the secret scattered themselves among the Indians in different localities. They plied them with liquors, got them intoxicated, and abused them in every way, in order to rouse their passions and sting them to retaliation, and get up a general quarrel against them. In this way they got the whites and Indians by the ears, kicked up a muss in every form imaginable, wrote letters to public men and to newspapers, everywhere, filled with accounts of murderous assaults, and the details of horrid barbarities committed by the Indians; and so they endeavored to excite the sympathy of the public.

They enlisted companies of volunteers, placed themselves at the head of them; obtained arms and provisions at high prices from particular friends; and marched up hill and down, toward the scene of hostilities; all of which some apologies, a few blankets, and a drove of horned cattle, would have quelled in a day.

Cool and deliberate legislation.

Meantime the friends and copartners in this martial enterprise, who were at the capital, were moving heaven and earth to get up an excitement and a sympathy among the honorables; pouring in the petitions sent them, showing the appeals printed in the papers, boring members where they could find them, and doing the pathetic in a masterly manner, till they succeeded in log rolling war bills, and war appropriations, and war loans, in plenty, through both branches of the Legislature.

Now whole regiments were raised and officered with wonderful celerity; and there were departures from the capital of scores, with commissions as colonels, majors,

Officers and regiments.

captains, adjutants, quartermasters, paymasters, commissaries, and so on. When the companies were arranged into regiments, and the march was taken up, it was found that about two thirds of all the regiments were officers, of some grade, and entitled to advanced wages; and those that were not officers were none of your mere common soldiers; they were the choice spirits of the land, and were high privates, at least, after the distribution of the liquor rations.

Great were the exploits of these avengers of wrong, these defenders of the innocent, these self sacrificing patriots, these iron men of destiny. Wonderful to recount were their valorous achievements. Prodigious were their efforts and toils, as shown by the amounts of food and drink requisite to sustain them. Numerous were the spoils of their enemies, brought back by the invincible hosts, returning in triumph from their bloody campaigns. Lo, where they hang in our halls of state; lo, where they adorn the "rostra" of our public men, and inspire the hearts of orator and poet!

Victory & fame.

On the examination of such few returns and accounts as could be got together, after the money gave out, and the regiments were disbanded, (few being willing "to sacrifice their private business" after the funds were gone, and the supplies deficient,) it was found that the discreet warriors had been careful not to venture too high up into the hills for fear of deep snows, and other obstacles; that there were reported, on the average, to a regiment, Indians killed, several scores; squaws captured, one to a company; wounded, hundreds; burned, a dozen rancherias; seen, several deserted villages and campfires; almost seen,

Martial returns.

hundreds of lusty warriors, full armed, perfectly naked, and fierce for fight.

When all was over, the account with the state stood, nearly, thus:

ALL BUSTLEDOM DR.

To expense of furnishing Military Titles to citizens.....	$250,000
" " of giving Speculators Chances at the Treasury	500,000
Indian War Expenses.....	$750,000

ALL BUSTLEDOM CR.

By conquest of One Square League of Fustian.....	$000,000
" One Hundred Claims in the sphere of Military glory..	000,000
	000,000
Balance sheet.	
Balance due on Wars.....	$750,000

Keep Faith said the account was a singular one, and the balance rather large; though it was always difficult to give renown and glory a fixed value in the market. He also inquired of Mr. Methodics if he had been in the capital all the time these proceedings were had. He replied that he had not been absent a day, for a long while. These views of the matter he got from his friends, in the Legislature and out of it; and they had recently received confirmation strong from disclosures made by some of the parties over their cups, and from the revelations of some who had fallen out with each other since, and had gone to calling hard names, and raking up charges out of these old transactions.

Authorities and disclosures.

Mr. Methodics said, that it was one of these Legislatures that cut and carved the state into counties; on what principle no one could tell; for they were of the oddest and

Counties and their bounds.

most disjointed shapes, and the most ill assorted sizes, in respect to area and population, that ever mortals looked upon. The county seats in some of them were fixed in the most out of the way places, and in some, at points, where there was no house at the time, and has never been one since; and through others there were streams flowing which were declared navigable, that, in the dry season, would neither float a skiff nor wet a dog, without the addition of "a thousand drinks," at least.

As it was a fast country, they exalted numerous places to the dignity of chartered cities; some of which were now extinct, and sundry others had since prayed to shrink back into the position of towns and villages, of modest pretensions.

Judges and districts.

The fixing of the judicial districts involved, them, also in much trouble; for they had some districts to find peculiar men for; and they had very many men for whom they wished to make districts of the right sort. From their legal hosts they might even have supplied every county and town with men who thought themselves fit to sit upon the Supreme bench.

Keep Faith inquired if no one at that time told the story of the two Italian judges, recently promoted, that overtook a priest, mounted on a fine horse, and undertook to quiz him, by asking: How is it, sir, that you do not imitate your Lord and Master, who was "meek and sitting upon an ass?" That was my intention, said the priest, but of late so many asses have been made judges, that a poor priest can not get one for his saddle. Whereupon the judges took leave.

Mr. Methodics said he did not hear any such story. Nor did he think that in Bustledom they had ever gone quite so low for judicial officers, though, it must be confessed that, in

Scanty materials. some instances, judges had been made of timber a "leetle scant."

It was now almost sunset, and the chill air from the bay was coming over the capital. So Pilgrim and Keep Faith took leave of Mr. Methodics, thanking him for his lucid explanations, and went to spend the night with Rev. Mr. Winroc. That gentleman entertained them with stories of The evening. early recollections and early life, with a narrative of his voyage around the Cape, and with sketches of the valley, its history, its people, and its rapid advancement, despite the bad notions of law, education, and religion, entertained by some of the people who were dwelling there.

Early in the morning they took leave of the famous valley, and, after a ride thither, breakfasted at the ancient mission. toward the North East. They could not tarry here to see and admire, and so went their way. Immediately they overtook a man driving a team of oxen, hitched to a wagon rigged for hay; his goad was a stick, with a terrible lash on it, about in the proportion of a boa constrictor tied to a bean pole. They hailed him, and inquired if he was a settler in the valley.

He kinder reckoned he was. He was considerable of a A man of family. man himself, as well as his old woman; and he had a right smart chance of boys; and all that was growed was six feet in their stockins.

Keep Faith inquired the number of his sons.

Settler. Wall, thar, you have me, stranger; you keep the count. Thar used to was half as many as the Presidents, but they're overtook now. Washington Adams, Jefferson Madison, Monroe Adams, Jackson Van Buren, Harrison Tyler, Polk Dallas, Taylor Fillmore, Cass Butler. How many's that? K. F. Eight!

SET. Wall, thar's nine then; thar's Buchanan Webster.

A long catalogue, truly, said Pilgrim. Their education must have taxed you largely, unless you were from a region of free schools. No doubt you are anxious for public schools here.

SET. Stranger, I was raised without no schoolin, so was my boys, that's growed. They can do as well as me, and that's well enough. I larned to write and cypher, evenins, one winter, payin tew dollars. I can write and reckon intrist, that's all thar's use on; my big boys can do it too. I've seed 'cadmy boys. They grow lazy like, and powerful weak, layin by. Schoolin spiles 'em. They wont tote none arter it. My boys is a heap better 'an them that's allus ben bookin and siensen, and I 'low I'd orter know.

Schooling spoils boys.

PIL. But they should not all engage in one business.

SET. They can do as they're a mind at twenty-one.

PIL. But then it may be too late to prepare for a new business.

SET. That ain't my business, its theirn, I'm through with 'em then.

PIL. Then you are not laboring to get public schools established in your county?

SET. No, sir. I oppose them that is. They're a nuisance. I don't want to pay for schoolin other folks'is childern. Let 'em do it theirselves, if they want to.

PIL. But there are scores that have none to provide for them.

SET. They're misfortunate, sartin, but they'll grow out on't.

PIL. But ignorance, you know, is liable to degenerate

The rising hope of the State.

into vice and degradation. Children are the treasure and hope of a state, and the state should educate them.

SET. I 'low you can talk, but I don't know no such a-thing. Them that's got no childern has'nt no business with 'em; let them that has take care on 'em. I don't want to see any lazy school masters, and superintenders, and so on, eatin out everybody, and gittin their money; its an impersition.

PIL. But, sir, you need doctors, lawyers, judges, legislators, governors, ministers, and so on.

SET. Some on 'em, p'raps; but let 'em grow. Don't the trees grow?

Fruit culture.

PIL. Yes, sir. But the natural fruit is commonly very small, knotty, sour, and bitter; it needs culture, sir, to make fine fruit even.

SET. I don't raise fruits; no use in 'em. Wheat and barley, ingin and pork, is enough for any man's family.

Well, said Pilgrim, perhaps you are too old to learn; but I hope your sons will take a different view of the matter. I presume you go to church.

SET. Never was thar. Never went inside such an institution. Ben to school house meetins some. Went to camp meeting wunst, jest to see how't worked. Don't care nothin about 'em; commonly go huntin Sunday.

A homily.

PIL. Friend, you have been taking up with the dryest husks of this world, and you are making no preparation for the next. I can not think you have acted a wise part, either for yourself, or your family. If you were doing more for the world to come, I am sure you would do better in this; and you never would take such views of schools and learning, and culture, and all that is beautiful

and glorious in knowledge and art, as you have expressed. May I not hope you will reconsider and amend?

SET. Wall, thar, its clar gone; you're a parson. I go this road; you go that.

So they parted; and Pilgrim and Keep Faith kept on over the hills, into the wide, wide, valley, across the tulares, and came at night into the city of Sloughport, on an arm of the St. Jacob's, and were lodged in the house of Rev. Mr. Xylon, in the western suburb.

MORAL.

It would seem that in this late age there ought to be none in sympathy with this settler on the subject of schools and education. But we are forced to the conviction that there are many. In our state there are men of influence and character who disparage systematic education by the public, and oppose free common schools. There are thousands who are totally indifferent to the whole subject. They do not wish to agitate it, nor to be disturbed by it. They admit no obligation in the matter. They listen to no argument. They have no disposition either to think or to act.

The framers of our constitution intended that the state should be the munificent patron of schools of every grade. They made ample provision for a fund sufficient to maintain a noble system of free common schools. Statutes on the subject have been framed by successive legislatures of the state; but, either through imperfections in the statutes themselves, or through the inefficiency of those appointed to carry them into effect, nothing worthy of note has hitherto been accomplished. The disposal of the lands set apart by the constitution for the maintenance of schools has already

begun. The danger is, that, in this way, they may be lost to the school fund, and that the benefit of them will in no wise accrue to the children of the state.

It becomes our first duty, therefore, to look well to the enactment of laws on the subject of education, and to endeavor to secure efficiency and good management on the part of those who are chosen to execute the laws.

And then, we are bound to do our utmost in endeavoring to correct false views of the subject, and to raise the tone of public sentiment in respect to it. It is all false that none but parents and guardians have any interest in schools; that the unmarried and the childless should have no voice in the matter. The question of public schools is, in fact, a question of civil liberty, of public safety, of public economy, of wise laws, of good order, and good morals. And, in questions like these, the welfare of every one in civilized society, is deeply involved; so that no one is exempt from an obligation to do what he can for the maintenance of a system of public schools. As a good citizen, and a lover of his kind, he ought to be earnest and active in the matter.

California in her position, and with her advantages, ought to have already been foremost among the new states in her school funds, school laws, and school advantages. If she is not so soon, we, her people, shall deserve to be set down as craven and faithless. That we have provided so poorly for the children that are native born, and for the thousands that are flocking to our towns and cities, and into our green and golden valleys, is more than a misfortune. And it is our shame that what we have done for them, has been performed in so shiftless, and bungling a manner.

LECTURE VI.

Now I saw in my dream, when the morn arose, purpling the east, and shedding a rosy light on the wide vale, that Pilgrim and Keep Faith were already abroad, listening to the few birds that still chattered in the tree tops, surveying the ground about them, and looking for their proper road and direction, when they should depart from the city of Sloughport. The sun rose beautifully, without clouds, over the distant hills, and they saw him commence his daily circuit, as he wheeled his golden chariot up the azure vault of the firmament. This sight Pilgrim had not before witnessed in the golden country; for, hitherto, the fogs had been too dense to give way till half the morning hours were gone, in the region through which they were passing. It gave him no small degree of pleasure to gaze on a scene so inspiring as that of the sun rising in his majesty, fresh, strong, and glorious, as when he first rejoiced to run his race, and the creation was young.

The morning and its visions.

They had not wandered long amid the upland oaks, and the dry beds of narrow sloughs, where grass and rushes grew rank, when Sammy Xylon, the preacher's eldest, with a very happy face, came to summon them to prayers and breakfast; and amused them all the way back

Childhood.

with his guileless talk of the family, the town, himself, and various things which possessed a world of importance to him.

When the morning repast was over, they took leave of the good lady of the house, and the little prattlers, for there was a row of them there, and went out to see the city. They were joined, after they had crossed a slough by some narrow planks, by Mr. Longtravel, who volunteered to show them about the town, while Rev. Mr. Xylon prepared his discourses for Sunday.

They crossed the plaza, through which ran a slough, and over it a bridge. They looked at the church of Mr. Xylon, Churches. small and neat, embowered among the trees, with a slough in sight, at the left. Some fine houses and gardens there were in that vicinity also; one or two worthy of special note, but Pilgrim was too much in haste to linger by graveled walks and flower borders.

They found other churches of different dimensions, one large and beautiful, but in danger of going under the hammer for debt, it was said, and another, that, like many other churches in Bustledom, had need to go under the hammer for repairs. Mr. Longtravel told them also of places where schools were taught, and religious meetings were held, which it would be hard for strangers to find without experienced guides.

Through Mexican quarter, and through French quarter they passed without much remark, because they thought it very well to observe a degree of silence when they had so little that was complimentary to say.

There were stores crowded with bottles and casks not wholly Mexican quarter. filled from the nearest slough, and bars, and boxes for musicians, and benches, and floors covered with any thing but clean sand, and swarthy creatures, just creeping out

from corners and holes, and from a few hours of wretched and confused sleep. These were smoking cigaritos, as they sat without chairs, and they disposed of their saliva with unmentionable caution. There were also mules and pack-saddles, and other paraphernalia, in strange juxtapositions; and Pilgrim thought he might be dreaming, he seemed to be in so strange a looking country; but Mr. Longtravel reassured him by saying, that visiting those quarters was, to most persons, like skinning to eels, accounted as nothing when they were used to it; though he thought he had known men coming from that quarter at dubious hours, with much to account for, but no money to pay.

One man's gain another's loss.

They now went along the great slough, which was deep, and full of water. In it were several steamers, and some old hulks, and a few small craft. It was flanked on either side with a street; and on the streets were rows of stores, and a fair show of business in them. The people in that region had been sparing of brick, and many of the edifices hung out signals of distress, and called for repairs.

After winding about, and turning several corners, they came in front of a building, which, Mr. Longtravel told them, was the Corinthian theater. He was unable to give the origin of the name, though some had imagined it was derived from the style of the architecture. Keep Faith said he was not very familiar with Grecian affairs, but he had heard of Corinthian brass, and Grecian war galleys. Mr. Longtravel remarked that the wars, in this imitation of Greece, had gone on probably without any galleys; and as to brass in connection with the establishment, he could not think where it was, unless some of the actors might be brazen enough to afford it in consid-

A building for the "school of morals."

erable quantities. At all events, he thought the citizens of the place were not strictly Corinthian in their tastes, nor much given to the service of this temple, with the exception of some fashionables, who had grown strangely rich, in late years, and were now fond of talking of the "beau monde," and the "haut ton," and the "upper circles." Some of them perchance were such as, in other days, and far off regions, had been too much straitened in means, or too countryfied, to patronize the drama and the opera, and used Time & change. to go to the museum and the negro concerts. But now they were of a higher sort. They patronized the Corinthian, bepraised the tragedies and farces, and puffed the actors, as world renowned artistes; when, forsooth, they had never been engaged in any bnt a sixpenny affair, or in a California "temple of the muses," made of wood, pasteboard, paper, rags, tinsel, glue, and whitewash.

They had now got on some rods beyond the theater, when A woman whose face was familiar. Pilgrim recognized, after some scrutiny, a person whom he had known in former days. She was a gaily dressed lady, whose finery made it difficult for him to fix her identity. She had just taken leave, at the gate, of some visitors, whose conversation she had been so charmed with, that she could not part with them till she had followed them to the street; though Pilgrim thought that the lady visiters, as he saw them a little way off, were somewhat bloomer like in manners, dress, and gait. The Her name. lady at the gate of the stylish house, was one Miss. Wiseacre; and she threw up both her hands, and opened both her grey eyes, in astonishment and wonder, as she got sight of Pilgrim, saying, is it you, Mr. Gaine! How did you come here? He explained that he was on a pilgrimage, and passing hastily through some portions of the

golden country. She insisted on his coming in to dinner, and inviting his companions also. She had prepared dinner for her visitors, but they could not remain, and so it would be no trouble to her.

Miss. Wiseacre's relatives.

Miss. Wiseacre introduced Pilgrim and his companions to Mrs. Listener her sister, and Miss. Florinthia Listener, her niece. They had recently come from the town of Fetcheasy; and gave Pilgrim news of many old acquaintances dwelling in that region, who had left one part of the province of Sin and Misery, for a more distant one, after the terrible catastrophe of Doomsend. It was in the town of Fetcheasy that Pilgrim had first seen Miss. Wiseacre, then the girlish daughter of the man who kept the village tavern, at which he stopped, as he was on his way home from the school of Mr. Wisdom Branch, in the town of Refuge.

While at dinner, Pilgrim ventured to inquire about her situation, and if she had come to remain in the country.

Pleased and admired in her prosperity.

She said she was charmed with the climate; and then she was so prosperous, and she had so many advantages, and was so looked up to, she should never think of going from their lovely city, its delightful rambles, its gorgeous buildings, and its sublime prospects. Her circle of friends was small, but so intelligent and refined! And she kept a carriage, and a box at the Corinthian, and her house was the resort of all the notables in the city and state! There was scarcely a stump speaker whom she had not entertained!

When she spoke of her box at the theater, Pilgrim asked her if she had not once been a strict moralist; abjuring all

Her former manner of life.

idle amusements, and vain shows; refusing even to drink beer lest it should intoxicate;

shunning all dances and gay parties; and never keeping late hours. Oh yes! but that was long ago, when she did'nt know the world, and had not been in high life. In Bustledom, those notions of things were all given up as whimsical. "In Rome we must do as the Romans do," said Mrs. Listener, coming to the rescue.

Do you find that maxim in the Bible? said Pilgrim. She could not be sure it was there, for it was some years since she read the "Proverbs" through. Pilgrim thought that was very likely; but he could not admit either the truth or propriety of the maxim. It was just false enough to justify anything ungodly in the customs of society, and any crime among villains.

The maxim false.

Miss. Wiseacre said, that, in her church, they never turned people out for going to theaters, balls, romps, dances, and what not; but in some of the sects they did; but she knew women enough in Bustledom who were church members, formerly, among the sects, that now thought much more of going to theaters, parties, and out on rides, and after gaieties, than they did of going to church, or to evening meetings, or to teach classes in Sunday schools, or to engage in ministering to the poor and sick, or in anything, in fact, that looked as though they were much attached to church, or minister, or holy deeds. She believed this was so common, that those ladies, who were the same here, in these matters, as they formerly were, were rather few, and ought to be highly prized by good people; though, for her part, she had not much expectation of being praised for her piety. And she was not disappointed; for people would praise everything but that.

What Miss. Wiseacre knew about the sects.

Pilgrim inquired if there was any special reason for this

indifference to religious things, and this fondness for the contrary things, on the part of so many ladies.

Rendering a reason.

Oh, said Mrs. Listener, they are released from their old restraints, they are cut off from old employments, they have few female associates, they resort to new species of excitements, they are very much noticed and flattered, they are urged to every kind of vain indulgence, they are unsettled and craving, and how could they refuse to go and see the world for once? And so, having gone once, and with one, they could not well refuse to go when another invited them, and so they proceeded without limit. But, Mr. Pilgrim, you can't blame us; really, we don't know what else to do with ourselves in such circumstances.

The younger Listener speaks.

And then, said Florinthia, the gentlemen are so rich, and so handsome, and have such superb whiskers, and we are asked to visit all kinds of shows and concerts by such honorable men—governors, generals, and judges—and they are all so lively, so witty, so amusing, so dignified, so elegant, so gentlemanly, and so gallant; and they keep such fine horses, and private boxes, and the plays are so beautiful, the actors so sublime, the temple so gorgeous, and the actresses so refined and modest, and so agreeable, we are certain the people in Broadway and Union Square, if they knew all, would soon be quite envious of us.

Pilgrim at variance with the ladies.

Pilgrim said he could not but be sorry, at the recital of such facts, and the more so, because he must beg leave to differ from his fair friends in their views of the whole matter. He said he found all the people in the land were looking to the advent of woman, to reclaim and regenerate California; but how could she do it

when she herself fell in, at once, with California ways and manners, and yielded to all sorts of enticements, and gave countenance to some of the very vices and indulgences that were ruining the country!

He thought woman should be nobler and purer, if not more strict, here, than elsewhere; since she would be happier by it, and add very much to her moral power and means of usefulness, every way. There never was a field in which she could do so much good, if she were disposed to the doing of it; nor one in which she needed more circumspection, self restraint, and the pureness and grace of religion. For, where people were degenerate and vicious themselves, and felt that they were vile and helpless, they could have no confidence in such as stooped half way to them in questionable practices, in order to gain their favor. And, then, wicked men were far less indulgent than good men, toward the faults and foibles of such as professed to be christians. In fact, every false step, mistaken course, or questionable indulgence, in such a country as this, was more noticed, and, therefore, more injurious than anywhere else; and if good people wished to be worldly, gay, frivolous, or gadding and self indulgent, it would do far less harm elsewhere than here. And, he added, that he was happy to say, that he had met ladies in the country who agreed with him in this, and were doing accordingly.

Necessities of the times.

As he was about leaving, he told Miss. Wiseacre, and the others, that he was sorry he could not excuse them from his censure, but he hoped they would reconsider the matter, and take a new course.

Miss. Wiseacre did wish he had met the three ladies just gone, who sometimes appeared upon the boards; it would

mollify him; it would give him new notions of things, as he was, perhaps, unskilled in the ways and pleasures of the higher classes, and the circles of fashion. These ladies were the pleasantest of companions, and their names were Mrs. Syllable, Mrs. Breath, and Mrs. Screech, and they might be known by the splendor of their attire, their condescension, and easy and familiar address.

Three ladies and their names.

Now I saw that Keep Faith looked at his watch, and Mr. Longtravel grew uneasy. So they got the hint to Pilgrim, and he rose to depart; thinking much of the strange overturns in life, in habits, and conduct, produced by the entrance of many, of both sexes, into the golden country; and all through causes so insignificant.

Things to be thought of.

The travelers were now anxious to set out on their journey. So, Mr. Longtravel took them by the shortest route to the north eastern suburb. As they were turning a corner, they heard loud conversation; and, looking round, they saw the three ladies before mentioned, in debate with a pale faced shopwoman about the price of dresses and professional costume. When they were come to the border of the plain, Mr. Longtravel showed them the route of a great railway to be built, told them of a wire suspension bridge over a slough, and of many schemes of internal improvement, that were to expand and enrich their city for generations to come. Then he told them to keep as much to the left as they could, without getting into the tulares; as much to the right as they could without following any river up stream; to keep to the bridges and mind nothing about sloughs, and, when they had gone far enough, over a country that was neither green nor hilly, nor like any other they ever saw, they would reach the City of Embankment, on the margin of the river of

Things prospective.

Directions.

Sacramento.

the Sacred Oath; a river so named before the advent of such ungodly crews as made its shores resound with oaths profane, while borne along upon its tides.

After giving Pilgrim and Keep Faith a set of instructions so lucid, Mr. Longtravel took leave of them affectionately; and they thanked him for his kindness, and left Sloughport behind the trees, as they went on their way, singing a tune to revive their spirits, and invigorate their frames, which were flagging a little.

They set out again.

They had crossed one small river, and found their feet growing heavy, ere they came to any other; or to any spot that seemed to invite their stay for the night. But, at length, when the sun had set, they came suddenly down a bank upon a dry channel, beyond which was a house, under some trees. There was no barn, nor other out building. Only a corral and a hay stack were to be seen across the way. In the front room there was a board pen in one corner, and some dirty bottles and boxes on the shelves behind it. In another corner was a rickety stove, that had been kept standing in its place over the season. A bench and two remnants of wooden chairs made up the furniture. A bag of barley and a water bucket occupied the corner nearest the bar. Two men they saw, dusty men, in shirts that once were red, with hair of no certain color, and no ascertained length, and beards to match. One of them was taken in, as to his nether extremities, by boots, which Goliah might have found roomy and clumsy. The other, when moving, went about on his toes, and dragged after him iron enough in his spurs to gain him admission into any chain gang. And both wore tiles,

The house they came to.

Interesting men.

"Contrived a double debt to pay,"
Caps by night, and peerless hats by day.

They were ostensibly engaged in looking at the handbills about the room; particularly the landlord's own, wherein the building, they had entered, was graphically described, and termed variously, the Romance Rancho, the Farmer's Retreat, the Miner's Rest, and the Traveler's Home.

Making sure of a name.

During the evening, when several neighbors gathered in, and each man treated all the rest twice round before they went away, the travelers thought there might be an inkling of propriety in calling the place the Farmer's Retreat. The Miner's Rest seemed significant of the fact, at least, in one instance, that the landlord got pretty much all the money the poor miner had left. As to the "home" part of the advertisement, Keep Faith thought if the house were such to any travelers, it should be to weary pilgrims, although the prospect was, that it would only serve to set them to thinking diligently of home as it was, or home as it might be.

What the signs might signify.

By and by, after the tallow candle, in the tall bottle, had been lighted at the bar, they were called to supper, by some raps on the other side of the partition. So the man with the boots, and the man with the spurs, and Pilgrim and Keep Faith, went to tea, through a hole in the wall, hung over with a blanket, and, down a long step, to the face of mother earth. There was a rough board table, and rough benches were beside it. On the boards were beef, potatoes, and hard bread, and plenty of that savory vegetable which gives the Mexican his delicious odor.

Supper in the dining room.

Great was the surprise of Pilgrim, when a woman, from the dark side of some strips of canvass, came out to wait on the guests. She had a "power" of feet, and was taller

than her "old man," and she poured out tea that was "mighty," but not in the same way as venerable cheese. She had on a cap of coarse cotton; and the shape of it was that peculiar one, known as "calves head;" and her face wore the meekness of certain domestic kine. When Pilgrim inquired of her if they were pioneers: she said they allors was, but they had never lived in "Pike."

The supper was soon over. The evening liked to have been a tedious evening; for Pilgrim and Keep Faith had no room to retire to, and it was in vain they tried to get those present into any talk on matters, other than those of a common place sort. Finally, the miner, with the spurs, got to showing his specimens. After easing himself of belt, pistol, and knife, he produced a bag with several pounds of "oro" in it. Pilgrim and Keep Faith had never seen so much gold, in its native state, before. The miner told them where his claim was, in how few weeks, he had dug out of it what they saw, and said he was going to Embankment to make a deposit, and then return. But he told them if they would like to buy his claim for a thousand dollars, he would sell out, as he was "anxious to return to the East." The man with the huge boots confirmed the story, on being awaked from the nap he was taking in the corner.

Specimens and claims.

The vendor finally came down in his price to five hundred dollars, cash in hand, for the claim; and was very urgent in entreating Pilgrim and Keep Faith to take advantage of so splendid an opportunity for realizing a fortune; telling them it was very rare that new comers were so favored. He said it would not hinder them a week just to stop and get a thousand dollars out, and then they could sell it again for cost. But Pilgrim

Chance for a fortune.

replied that they wished no claim, that they possessed no money, and could pay for nothing of the sort; and besides they must go to see for themselves before purchasing claims.

When the two miners (?) had gone out to sleep in the hay stack, for the safety of their mule and money, the
Explanation. landlord said, them war two on 'em, he'd saw 'em round sellin that ar claim, and showing that ar gold ever sen he'd ben thar, a heap o' times. Them as buy'd the claim was slighteously bit, and got shet of it, or clar'd out and left it, mighty quick; and, then, them same hombres would go and sell her agin; twar a heap easier getting money that way, than diggin on it.

Pilgrim and Keep Faith having slept on a buffalo skin, of a small pattern, with the bag of barley for a pillow, were
Early rising. awakened early by the abstraction of their pillow to feed the mule, and concluded to travel on at once; thinking they should lose but little of anything, if they broke no fast that day. However, they came, in a short time, upon dwellings and homes that wore a more inviting and cheerful aspect, and were refreshed with food and drink.

They had crossed two rivers, and passed in sight of a brick mansion in process of building, and over miles of plains without trees, and had paused at the first belt of timber, to rest beneath some verdant oaks, when, on rising up and looking about them, from the top of a knoll, they dis-
Sutter's Fort. covered, not far away, the grey walls of some ancient structure, which they saw at once must be the old home of the far famed Swiss-American pioneer. They hurried on, and soon found themselves in front of the early citadel of young freedom on the Pacific shore. They lingered half mournfully around the falling battlements, and in the spacious court, where many a stirring and exciting

scene had been, and life had bounded vigorously, and all hopes had spread their wings, and young ambitions were nourished up to age.

They found scarce a token of living human presence remaining. Decay sat queen in the once proud castle. The massive gates were broken and gone. The roofs were breaking and falling through. The few cannon and shells, the place could ever boast, were rusting beneath the tumbling walls, harmless forever. There were none to raise the "flag of the free" over the fast coming ruin, where so long it waved in triumph, ere the blight of ruin fell. Even the flag staff itself had fallen at the feet of all conquering Time. The weeds grew unsightly in the untrod courts and yards, and the papaver blossomed by the wall. Gone was all mirth, ceased the sound of revelry, ended were all social reunions. Whispered loves were heard no more. The cheerful signs of industry were all withdrawn, and the din of business hushed. Moles and bats worked undisturbed. The rats and lizards ranged the wide domain; and everywhere the tooth of time was gnawing relentlessly. Well might the winds, that swept through the overhanging boughs of the trees, go sighing, for they waved over departed grandeur, and waning glory; and their increasing shadows symboled the growing decay. No visitor, turning away, could fail to think, how,

It is falling into decay.

A sound of melancholy.

"The harp that once in Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if its soul were fled!"

When they had sufficiently gratified their curiosity, and

impressed their hearts, by an examination of this striking and peculiar monument of decay, on the very border of a young and flourishing city; they passed out of the eastern gate. And there, coming towards them, they saw dashing vehicles, and fast horses numerous, besides some whose spavins outlasted their wind, and whose riders and drivers seemed anxious to get them through, as speedily as possible, to the end of their usefulness; especially the riders of the amazonian sort, whose oaths at the reeking brutes were shocking.

The trotting course.

Mr. Ribbon Puller drew up close beside them to let his horses blow. He was in a gig with two horses "a-tandem," of which the name of the leader was Xerxes, and that of the other, Artaxerxes. Soon came along Mr. Willington, with a fast animal and buggy, but all perfectly cool. Seeing how tired the travelers looked, he took them in, to give them a turn about the plain, and help them along. So he took them by the grounds and cottage of "Enthusiasm & Co.," nursery and seedsmen, of fair fame and notoriety in the various "cultures." And then he drove them over and around that famous strip of upland, known as the Ridge, and by other cognomens in the vulgate, where their friend seemed not unfamiliar.

A short ride.

When he had driven them the length of it, and around it, and showed the whole to them, in its very picturesqueness, like an island of bliss in the waste of life, he started for the city. But soon he thought of an errand forgotten, and was compelled to return. So the travelers thanked him, and took to their feet again. Scarcely were they on the ground, when those nondescripts known as "runners," sent, or voluntary, attacked them, recommending the Increase City, the Regina City, the Tri-

A spot to be admired.

mountain, the Busy Bee, the various Sectional houses, several U. S. Hotels, and those bearing the names of birds, such as Phœnix, Eagle, Hawk, Jim Crow, etc. They were hardly rid of these annoyances, with swallow tailed coats on, when they were met by a long visaged, cadaverous faced man, knock kneed, and wearing a seedy hat.

At the city limits.

He got before them both, and took them by the button, and, very oracularly and very solemnly, told them not to remain in the city of Embankment a day; but to go right on to the capital of all the grape streams, in the very earliest stage, for which he had tickets, that he would sell them cheap. That was just the place for them to invest, to speculate, to live, to be great in. As for this Embankment, it was the miserablest hole this side of Tartarus. Only hogs could thrive in it. The cholera was absolutely frightful; people were rotten with small pox; the place was hot enough for tophet, and yet the folks were all shaking with ague; the city was full of filth and vermin; every man dumped his dirt cart in his neighbor's back yard. The water covered the town half the year, and the dust, the other; the houses were mean, little, and rough, stuck among bushes, or on stumps. Doctors and quacks, in hosts, got everbody's money, and the lawyers took his luggage. There was no public spirit; the merchants had no capital of their own; they did nothing but pick at, and run on each other; the gamblers ruled the city, and guarded the Governor; the trade was falling off; the people were dying off; and the town would sink, and go to nothing, in less than two years, in spite of banks and bubbles, and railways, and plank roads, which nobody would ever see. It's doomed, sirs, doomed!!

Advice gratis.

Waxing eloquent.

He is hard upon the city.

Go, gentlemen, to the capital of the grape streams, head of navigation, central city, near the mines, future capital of the state, railway emporium, best of society, schools, churches, ministers, merchants, newspapers, water, and buildings, and destined to be the greatest city in Bustledom; no question of it. ("Gas!" "Enough!" "Dry up!" chimed in voices from the crowd near by.)

A gentle puff.

Well, said Pilgrim, we are obliged, as much as we can be, for your dissertation. You said you thought swine might thrive even here, and, as we are not Jews, and can live on pork, awhile, we will not go your way yet; and, besides, if we go, it must be on foot, for pilgrims can not pay fares. Ah! then, said he, of the capital of the grape streams, you can stop as long as it suits you; people that patronize our line are the people to live there, and to thrive. We don't know anything about any other people, or any other towns, than such as come to us, and bring their money, their money, sirs.

As they went on by the hay yards, stables, wagon stands, stacks, and barns, they began to think it was a queer city, and that the worthy mayor must have many constituents, that were not bipeds, nor wanting in ears; there were so many habitations fitted up expressly for such. There seemed to be, in truth, quite a strife among the rival establishments, to see which could keep the most animals on the smallest space, for the longest period, without taking any litter away.

Horses & mules numerous.

Just then, Keep Faith met an old acquaintance, who had weathered Cape Horn with him. He introduced him to Pilgrim as Dr. Moneymake, a native of the town of Gone-sinners, a hard district, lying between the provinces of Delusion and Awaydown, in the state of Nature.

Pilgrim inquired of Dr. Moneymake, if he could direct a couple of weary travelers to some quiet resting place.

Temperance Hotels.

Temperance House, Keep Faith suggested. The Doctor said he scarcely knew of such a house; though there the Fountain House was, and they could see it for themselves. Its fountain did not seem to be copious enough to flow over and sprinkle the earth, for the dust was plenty all about it. However, Keep Faith went in; but they had a rush of company, and could give them only beds on the floor. So they kept on, Dr. Moneymake saying there was a hotel, opposite one of the churches, where they had no bar in sight; and if they kept one at all, he did not know why they should try to hide it in such a city.

They came now to an open square, and some hay scales; and Keep Faith heard a stranger say it might be known how heavy the city was, as it was half hay stacks, apparently,

A public square.

and the stacks might be weighed. There was a very tall pole of Liberty in the center of the square, with a good cap on; and from its top waved a starry banner. The whole surface of the square was bare of grass, trodden, and sandy. The air, just above it, was loaded with dust; and, higher up, dust went floating on the wings of zephyrs; higher still, even above the top of the Liberty cap, or whatever it might be, there were those who could discern

Castles in the air and visions.

huge castles in the air, and visions numerous. One vision was thought to be that of a Common Council, digging among the slanting sunbeams to make a fence; another Council seemed to be setting out shade trees, that fluttered leaves of silver and gold. And still a third vision, was that of a Council, busy in erecting a beautiful structure of granite, free stone, and marble, for the home of the city, and the use of the whole community.

How refreshing the sight! how splendid the prospect! said one and another that had eyes to see. One venerable man, with grey hair, sighed out: When shall the time arrive; and for how long shall the visions be? Case of "Quien sabe," said Dr. Moneymake.

Beginning at the Noyes House, Pilgrim now undertook to read the signs and reckon over the hotels in sight. There was the Washington, the Lafayette, the Kosciusko, the Kossuth, the Wm. Tell, and the Bruin. Dr. Moneymake said it was proposed to run the row down into the corner, by putting up the Barnum, the Louis Napoleon, the Flibustier, and the Uncle Tom; but the money was not yet in hand.

New celebrities.

Now I saw that they passed out of the plaza, and went along till they came to some trees, withering and half dead.

Bad rum.

These trees have been nearly killed; said the Doctor, and, very likely, by too much bad rum, put around the roots. In this connection, said Keep Faith, allow me to inquire how you get on in the Temperance cause?

Dr. Well, really, I'm not in the way of getting information at present, but I hear nothing.

K. F. But, sir, were you not once W. P. in the S. of T., and great Grand Pa, or what it may be, in various other societies; and where are you now?

Dr. To be plain, sir, I took my card from the Division, came out in good standing, and then went into the general trade, and sold liquor. And then I am copartner in an establishment further down street. It is a restaurant; and the sort of folks that way know scarce any other meaning of the word, than the one indicated by hot brandy, and iced punch.

The temperance cause and its friends.

K. F. But what becomes of your consistency?

Dr. Well, sir, I'm sure, I don't know.

K. F. And your Temperance principles, too; if they were right, you are now doing wrong.

Dr. Yes, only "circumstances alter cases."

K. F. Yes, but we were talking of principles. Do you, or do you not, give up your old principles and views; and how is it that you get along?

Dr. Why, we're here to make money. Somebody must make something in trade. I could not make so much without liquor. If I did'nt sell, some one would. I might as well have the money as he; and so I do the business. That's the whole of it.

K. F. I am not sure it is the whole of it, taken in another light, and so far as it respects your feelings, and principles, and your influence in the world, and your standing among the truly virtuous in society.

A promising candidate for reform.

Pr'aps you'll 'form and play Washintonian by'n by, when you're rich 'nuff, said a maudlin faced man, holding by the post, just behind them. So sh'll I; I'm your man. Don't we go in for a rich 'sperence to, to, t-tell 'em.

The Doctor shied away from his new friend, and seemed in a hurry to get out of his reach. So he told Pilgrim and Keep Faith to go two blocks farther, and turn to the right into a street, and thence into an alley at the left, and in the rear of a church, there was a man who had to do with pilgrims; and he might be able to care for them. They followed directions, and were soon housed and lodged. And they were locked in the arms of sleep, long before the host was done with his notes, and had written up his journal.

MORAL.

The wheels of time seem to go backward. On questions of practical morals our motion is retrograde. Like Dr. Moneymake, we are not where we were. Nine tenths of our population, male and female, sip, drink, or guzzle. The learned and the stolid, old men and mere boys, the rich men, the penniless, and even the prisoners, all drink, drink, from morning till night,, and from night till morning. Such quantities of fluid, taken daily into the system, were it nought but milk and water, would destroy the constitution in a few years; how much sooner, then, when that fluid consists of the vilest liquors that ever inflamed a man's throat, or rotted his intestines!

It is alleged, indeed, that men need more stimulus, and will endure it better, in our climate, than elsewhere, and that to drink is not pernicious here. So it has seemed. Yet it has been only seeming. In no country is drunkenness so deadly, and so rapid in its destruction as here. We see few habitual drunkards, because they plunge into their graves so quickly. No confirmed drunkard has a life lease of six months. There are those in their graves whom we knew, two or three years ago, as sober and wealthy citizens. Men are dying every day of delirium tremens, whose known inebrieties go back but a few months No where is intemperance so terrible a destroyer. It invades all classes and ranks, and unmans those in stations, to whose duties none but sober men are competent. It is our bane and our curse, as nothing else is.

Do you say: Get up societies? The Sons of Temperance are doing what they can. Other organizations have been had; but they embraced only such as were staunch

temperance men all the while. The mass would not go near them. Do you say: Lecture on the subject? That I am doing now. But how many would come to a formal lecture? We might gather an audience, now and then, of a Sunday; but for that day we have enough work already.

Hard as it is, we must "wait a little longer." The evil makes head. It will soon be terrible. Our greatest and most honored men are killing themselves. They begin to see it, to feel it. There must be some reaction soon. When that begins, our time will have come. We hope the reaction will be as terrible and overwhelming, as is now the scourge. Men smile incredulously, when spoken to about anything like the Maine law in California. But the day may come, and that soon, when they will hail it as the star of hope, and the harbinger of blessings, and will accept it as their sole means of deliverance from personal thraldom, and as the salvation of the state.

Look well to your ways, ye that love the maddening cup. Beware of the curse, ye that put the bottle to your neighbor's mouth. Cease from a traffic you can not praise, ye men of the mart and the saloon. It can not be long ere the condition of society, in respect to this vice, shall be much worse or much better. You must go into universal drunkenness, or reform. Which will you do?

LECTURE VII.

Now I saw in my dream, when the morning glow chased away the dewy slumbers from their eyes, that Pilgrim and Keep Faith rose refreshed. A sweet awe was upon their spirits, and they felt a delightful calm. "The pearl of days" had dawned. It was the Lord's day; the day kept through long centuries—oh, of what change, and turmoil, and strife, and weary march of benignant power!—as the ever fresh and bright memorial of the scene in the vale of Arimathea, when the sealed stone was rolled from the sepulcher of Jesus, and the angel, with raiment white as the light, sat upon it, and the resurrection was accomplished, the pledge and assurance, that they that sleep in dust shall awake again.

The first day of the week.

There was a certain hush and stillness in the air, and the fevered heat of life seemed to intermit and cool. In their hearts they welcomed the sacred morning, and with reading, meditation, and prayer, they began the day, resting according to the commandment.

As they were duly summoned, they proceeded along a few streets to obtain their morning repast. But in the thoroughfares, it seemed to Pilgrim not much like the Sabbaths in the good city of Redemp-

Sunday in the city of Embankment.

tion. Stages were whirling and rattling along, hauling up here and there, to add other passengers to the crowd already proceeding on a wretched and godless way. In several places they saw loaded teams ready for starting, and others in process of packing and loading. At various points there were goods, that had been sold and marked, piled outside, which were yet to be delivered; before church time, it was to be hoped. Pilgrim took note of the numbers, and names on the signs, at such places, for he thought it very likely he might come in contact with those in business there, at some future day, and in some other positions.

And then, there were rows and shops belonging to Ephraim, Benjamin, and Judah; where Judah often vexed Ephraim, and Ephraim envied Judah; and where nearly all failed to keep the Seventh day, because they were too poor to lose so much time and trade, and then refused to keep the First day, because they acknowledged no religious obligation to do so, or because they had so religiously honored the Seventh, according to the laws of their nation. Thus they seemed to imagine they had saved something; and would, after all, be able by shrewd management, to keep a nameless ancient personage, too well known, however, out of some of his dues.

Modern men of Israel.

They heard also the ring of some anvils, saw men hammering about shattered vehicles, heard needless raspings and rappings in the carpenters' shop of Seesaw & Slivers, and beheld various Celestials doing only that which was fishy and terrestrial. They might have seen much more that was contrary to the law of God, the rules of good society, and a proper regard for the general welfare, if not contrary to the municipal law on the

Rappings not spiritual, not sacred.

subject; but, as they were not roving about for sight seeing, they did not turn from the nearest course to the place sought, although, as they returned upon the opposite side of the street, they noticed a huge placard, standing by a large tree, giving notice, that some Chinese magicians and jugglers would perform on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday evenings.

Sunday evening theatrical performance.

Pilgrim asked if such things were allowed on Sabbath evenings. He was told there was a municipal law forbidding them; but it remained to be seen whether the policemen would arrest the parties, and bring them to trial, according to the law, and so replenish the city treasury, out of the pockets of such as were here simply to heathenize the people, by showing them how to throw knives, and cut throats, on Sunday night; a sort of dexterity they needed to know nothing more about, than they knew already.

When a bell or two rang for church, Rev. Mr. Augustine told them they would, doubtless, learn more of the people, and be more edified, if they went elsewhere to worship, than at the place he was wont to be at, as he was not accustomed to having such persons at his church, and he was afraid he should be embarrassed, if he should chance, during service, to look on their features, so marked with the traces of their pilgrimage. They assented to the arrangement made for them; for Mr. Augustine was so peculiar in his common speech, that they suspected his preaching, out of the pulpit, might be less poor, than in it.

Modesty.

So Pilgrim went to hear one Mr. Prelacy, at a brick structure, just rearing its ornamental pillars, but not designed for a church. There was a well looking, quiet congregation, and most of the seats were filled. The

Mr. Prelacy, his sermon.

service was fairly read and rendered, and the sermon was creditable, the style of it being moorish, rather than florid and ornate. But, still, the Pilgrim was not inclined to converse on the topics discussed in the sermon. He was averse to Sunday criticisms.

Keep Faith went in at the chapel of one Mr. Asbury, with a small card on it, intimating that it might be purchased, for some reason, and at a stated price. The

Mr. Asbury, his chapel.

preacher had a pleasant, full face, and a very modest, quiet air, and was not haggard any; as though either his conscience, or his means of living, harassed and troubled him. He preached well; and was very earnest and fervent. But Keep Faith was sitting near the door, and he thought there was no need of his speaking so loud; as the building was not large, and his ordinary tones, so well modulated, could be heard anywhere.

As they were returning, after having dined, they separated and went different ways, for the purpose of seeing the various Sabbath schools, and hearing the speakers in them;

Sabbath schools, a field in want of laborers.

and they were not a little pleased with what they heard and saw; but it did seem to them, that there were very many more good people, and those of rare abilities, who might profitably devote themselves to so excellent a kind of work.

When these exercises were over, and they were on the way back, the bustle, noise, riding, and driving, they found in the streets, caused them some surprise; although they knew, that, in Doomsend, Deuceport, Dragdown, and other cities that way, it was the fashion to ride out on Sunday.

People in a bad way.

Some rode, as they alleged, for health, some for recreation, some for amusement, and some for spreeing. They were sorry to see the people of Embank-

ment going so far, and so generally, with a practice, certainly, not profitable, nor useful, on the whole, and often detrimental and destructive, especially to those youth, whose weekly earnings were apt to be squandered in Sunday dissipations. They were even more than sorry, they were grieved; for both of them thought they saw some persons going out to ride, whose faces they had looked on at the morning services. Perhaps it was a case of necessity. Were some of their friends taken suddenly ill? Were they in a dying condition? Had these persons been summoned to a funeral? Perhaps they had. For the present, at least, let it be supposed so.

Reasons for going out on the Lord's day.

And now, when it was evening, and the crescent moon began to shed her silvery light, the bells rang again, and they went out together, through a street, along which numbers were flocking, in the same direction. The street was uneven, in some low parts there was mud, and the ground was littered and stumpy; and Keep Faith overheard a youth saying to his companion, who had stumbled and nearly fallen, that it was too bad to be in danger getting "sloughed" on the way to church.

A street to be improved.

At a certain corner they parted, and Keep Faith went into a long, narrow building, with a spire on it. It was neatly painted and papered. The music was very creditable, and all the services well sustained. The preacher was a small man, carefully dressed. He had a fine voice, round and smooth, and managed with skill. He was vigorous and enthusiastic, as a speaker; he was cultivated and pleasing in his address; his sermon was instructive; and Keep Faith came away not at all dissatisfied with his evening's experience.

Meeting in the evening.

Pilgrim entered a still unfinished structure, of brick, on

the small, brown corner stone of which, he could read, by the dim light, only, "M. E. Church, 1852." There was a fair congregation present. He sat on a rough seat, without a back, as there were but few seats there of any other sort. The singers gallery was up very high from the floor, and the ceiling was so lofty as to lack proportion. The walls were white, plain, and neat; the windows, long and narrow, and far too numerous; and the chandeliers were quite rich and expensive. All this he saw at a glance The preacher was a slender man, with light hair, and long visage, but he had a good eye, and his voice had much compass, and he used it with no slight energy. He dealt in plain talk, and earnest logic, and when aroused, produced a deep impression. There was a noisy reverberation overhead, because the ceiling was too high; and, but for that, the speaking might not have seemed either loud or violent.

A new and spacious church.

Pilgrim came away, rejoicing that so much had been performed and accomplished by this society, and by the community, in general, for the churches in Embankment, for they did not go to all of them, yet, feeling sensibly, that much more should be done speedily in the erection of handsome church edifices.

Much more to be undertaken.

And now the labors and privileges of the day were over. The moon went down, but the mild stars kept their watch, while the little company sang: "Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love," and then committed themselves to the care of Him, under whose shadowing wings men securely trust, and laid them down to sweet repose.

The sun was scarcely risen, when they were aroused by the rap-tap-tap of the coopers, the whang and creak of the

Mechanical labors begun.

machinists, and the clink and pound of the smiths, all hard by. They rose with exhilaration, for the sound of industry and labor was not unwelcome; especially, when free from the commingling of obscene, vulgar, and profane language.

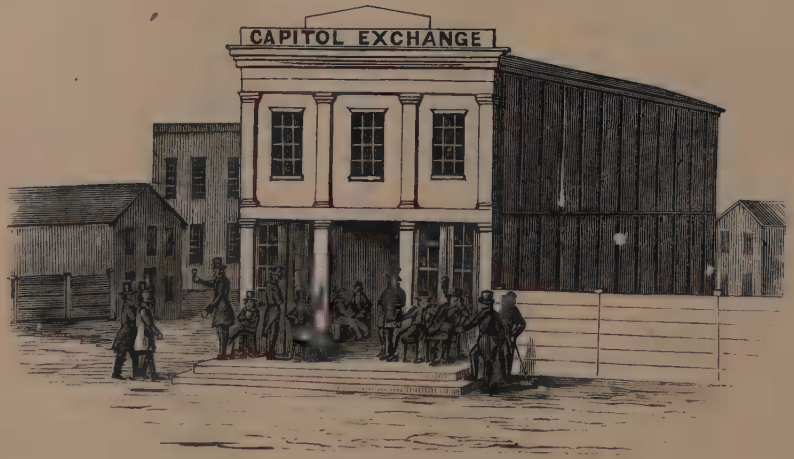
They were soon ready for the day's journeyings, and went forth in the cool and delightful air of the morning. Mr. Augustine introduced Pilgrim and Keep Faith to one Mr. Antiquary, and to one Mr. Severus Sharp; and left them in the care of those persons. The travelers soon found themselves in front of a two story edifice, of brick, of the doubtful style of architecture, rather low and flat, and too nearly square. Mr. Antiquary said it had not been quite so long in building as Solomon's temple, but there had been noise enough made about it, by masons speculative, and masons practical, and by hewers of wood and mixers of mortar; and, in fact, it was not quite finished yet, at the end of thirty and three months; but Solomon had an advantage over these builders, in not having to pay in County Scrip, One Hundred Thousand Dollars, in order to make Fifty Thousand in current coin.

New acquaintances.

Court House.

They must needs go through the building, however, and up the stairs, and look about them. They were shown into the rooms where the honorable men had places, while the fugitive capital tarried in this region. Mr. Sharp took them about the room of the Assembly.

He said that the Assembly that met there was a body, which had a sprinkling of true men in it, and some sterling legislators, who wished to honor their state, their constituency, and themselves, and to comply with the decencies, proprieties, and amenities of people, well mannered, enlightened, and christianized. Accordingly they proposed to have chaplains



MODEL LEGISLATORS.

Legislators anxious "to save time, and save the people's money."—Page 145

Chaplains not in request.

to open their daily sessions with prayer. But the majority took no such view of the matter. They must save time, and save the people's money, and save religion from being mixed up with secular affairs, and save themselves from the necessity of feeling any such moral restraint, as might arise therefrom.

One man feared the union of church and state. Another was a sceptic, and wanted no prayers. A third didn't want any body to groan and grimace him to heaven. As if, forsooth, his prospects were so bright they might not be improved. A fourth looked on a legislative body as a sort of mill for grinding out laws; and it were just as proper to open a cotton mill with prayer, as such a body. But

Reasons for declining public prayers.

Mr. Sharp thought it made some difference what animals were put upon the tread; and if it should do no good to pray for these legislators, it might be to the purpose, to pray that we might have no more such.

So, he said, after they had thrice rejected the proposition to have a chaplain, the effort to have one was given up, and the body went on in its own chosen and handsome way, astonishing the state with its rare brilliance, excellence, uncommon dignity, and transcendent worth.

The room adjoining, was the one in which the Senate sat. This was a far more quiet and well ordered body of men,

Senators.

who had employed a chaplain, from the very first, and kept evenly on their way; though, like the other house, they took no steps against a member, who had fought a duel during the session, and could not longer, by the terms of the constitution, hold office.

As they came out of this building, after a brief survey of

Entertainment for men and animals.

it, they saw, on the opposite side of the street, a Congress Hall, and a Capitol Exchange,

where members, who could'nt afford time for prayers, used to retreat, refresh, and refrigerate, for hours together. Corrals and hay were kept out back, for such animals, from the tread mill of legislation, as could not, for weariness, or other cause, take themselves off at night, and had no friends to put them into a hand cart.

They stopped, for a moment, to admire the beautiful cottage near by, so quiet and homelike, and, in latter times, so well possessed At the Alpha Zeta house, Pilgrim asked Keep Faith, who was a scholar, the meaning of the name. Keep Faith said it was too deep for him ; and for aught he could see, some other Greek letters would do as well, and Alpha Upsilon might be substituted. But it made a name, and perhaps that was enough, as the man believed, who called his sons Primus, Secundus, and so on, to Duodecimus.

On the corner was a nameless place, formerly given over to orgies and carousals, that kept the people of the whole block awake till morning, with fiddles, and drums, and stentorian lungs shouting the figures, movements, and steps, as the drunken dance went on ; but now it was far more orderly and quiet ; and possibly it was much changed for the better, with new proprietors.

Fandango establishment.

On two sides of them, now again, were those interminable hay stacks, yards, and stables, with their men of delicate speech and delicious airs, and strings of lame and rickety vehicles, and herds of costly swine, and specimens of howling dogs. As they proceeded, Mr. Antiquary saw that one building, long a place of more notoriety than good fame, had lost its hermit's sign, and that the house adjoining was closed, after having been kept by these and those as a conventicle for such as loved the darkness. But

Improvements.

he easily consoled himself under the slight touch of grief he felt, though things were not as they used to be. A little further on, was the poet's corner, at the right, and a dung and rubbish acre, on the left.

Old courthouse.

And now I saw that they mounted upon one of the high embankments of the city, having the ancient fountain of justice, now run entirely dry, on one hand, and a down east hotel, swarming with fair ladies, on the other. There were flourishing shade trees in line, and cottages behind them, overlooking the lake. While they admired the view, toward the west, Mr. Sharp could not help turning to the east, and saying, that the proprietors of the land should raise the grade of the whole street, out to the high land and the Liberty pole; and thus bless pedestrians, and riders, and drivers, and advantage also themselves and the community,

View from the "Oriental."

When they came to the Orient, the proprietor politely showed them to the top of that tall structure, overlooking the town, and the plain, on all sides. There were the silver rivers, the little lake, the broad acres, the farm houses, the timber belts, the monuments of the past, the city of the dead, the vast tulares, the changing verdure, the autumn glow, and the busy, bustling city, all in view, as in a moment. And it was a rare sight, and combination, such as Bustledom could no where else present to citizen or traveler.

And when they were told of the changes of time, and what Mr. Antiquary had seen in three brief years; it all appeared to them like a dream, and they seemed to themselves to be only in a vision, standing there on the house top, and gazing. How beautiful must this prospect become,

A prospect of the future.

said Mr. Sharp, when the mayor and council shall have executed a decree, that green trees shall grow, a score of feet apart, along every street of the expanding city, and the whole outspread shall have changed to a scene of verdure, culture, blossom, fruit, trellised vine, flowering border, and sweet home, and joyous life!

When they were satisfied with seeing, they descended to the street, and discovered another huge stabling establishment, right across the way, but there were no hay stacks in sight. They proceeded along the highway, and Mr. Antiquary was in fine spirits, for they were coming to the ancient portions of the city. He showed them, on the right, the spot where a certain worthy Professor's corral had been, where the team was quartered which he sometimes drove, and sometimes a former county officer, in his turn. He showed them where there had been coal pits burned, before the city of Embankment was even thought of, or the gold beds found. He pointed out the very frame of a frail structure, built by a retired clergyman, at an early day, for a meat market and so on, who, according to the saying of his rival neighbors, used to chop sausage meat all the week, and rehash an old sermon for Sunday.

The stories of Mr. Antiquary.

Then, he indicated the spot, by an overhanging vine, and beneath shady oaks, where was built, by the same Professor who owned the team, in July, '49, the first school house in Embankment, where was taught, by a graduate of "Yale," the first day school, and begun the first Sabbath school, in the whole valley. But of that famous structure, at the end of three years, nearly every trace had disappeared. And those who once frequented it were scattered far and wide, from Orient to Occident;

The first school house.

and some slept their long sleep, in mountain graves, or among the coral beds of the green sea.

At the head of Third street was a spot, in ancient times known as the "tertium quid," where was a tent in the autumn of '49, in which was a card table, a negress, and a seventh rate sable fiddler; and there, all night long, was there, on the bare ground, such dancing, noise, music, and confusion, as might madden a mule, or excruciate a rhinoceros. In process of time, the "quid" became a "quarter," and was designated by the prefix of Guinea.

Symphonies and the fantastic toe.

The population has increased in Guinea quarter, and the buildings have grown and multiplied; but its character has scarcely improved; and thither the black "wave rolls nightly," and, dark as evening, is the cloud of negroes, shuffling rapidly. There they drink, smoke, and swear; wear gold rings, heavy chains, and double repeaters, and sport cultivated mustachios; gamble, curse, fisticuff, and shoot pistols; dance, sing, quarrel, and call the police; and, in fine, do all other acts and things which sable, free, and independent gentlemen may, of right, do, to place themselves on a level with their more bleached and angular brethren, of the city; except that they are spared all concern about darkening the hue of their legs, or of painting their nasal organs with vermillion.

Practices in vogue in the quarter.

Going onward, they passed another stable, on the left, and various buildings for machinery, on the right; one of which looked like a coffee and spice mill. Mr. Sharp said he was once in such an establishment, prominently situated in San Fastopolis, and ere he was aware, he got beyond the "No Admittance," and, with his own eyes, he saw coffee

"Pure, ground Java." beans, and Chile beans, going together into the coffee hopper to be ground; and how in the world they got them apart afterward he did not see. He hoped they were more on their guard here against such mistakes.

Passing one more stable, on the left, they came to an ancient corner, the oldest two story building in all the city, and once owned by a man who came within a few votes of being Governor. It seemed, in recent months, to have degenerated in the character of its occupants; but of the present ones Mr. Antiquary said he knew nothing. He was sorry to see them, by the new embankment, turning the whole corner so decidedly out of town, without touching it; but he supposed it could not be helped. They passed on, by the ferry landing, the fish place, the bath house, and the water works, to the old Sutter reserve, which the Pioneer had kept as a landing place for his canoes, scows, Indians, and so on, in all time to come, in case he should need some such spot, for the exclusive use and behoof of himself and his retinues. They visited the breach through the embankment, made on a certain fearful night, whereof no pilot sings; and saw also the spot where the first little steam craft that rippled the stream, tied up, and surrendered her cargo, at the mouth of the outlet of Lake Sutter.

An ancient corner.

Turning back, they walked along the famous levee, and looked across to the town on the opposite shore, lying quietly in its easy dignity, as if in haste about nothing. Then Mr. Antiquary called their attention to a lot, from which a spacious building had recently gone, by demolition. It was once set up for a grist mill, on the American river, but was removed to town, and

Another venerable edifice.

known last as the "City Hotel," and took its place there in September of '49, the great lion of the town in those days, and it was kept by Messrs. Birdsnare & Cook. Mr. Antiquary remembered a certain marriage there solemnized by a sickly young minister, at which were present a renowned gentleman of the bar, and others. He had not seen the parties since; but it was an affair with peculiarities; a thing to be remembered quite as long as the building itself. A little farther on, was the site of the oldest "round tent," the grand saloon of the day, where cards were shuffled, fortunes were lost, brains were addled, passions were fired, heart, and hope, and honor were blighted, and ruined mortals cursed their day. And hard by it, was the site of the old Eagle theater, so early in vogue, and so early eating up the proprietors' fortunes. It was constructed of wood and cloth; but Mr. Antiquary was never inside of it. He might, however, have cut his way in, as others were thought to have done, though one could hear as well outside as if he were in. Beyond this, in the centre of the block, had been also, in the same days, a noted restaurant, with gauze, gimp, and frippery, about the windows—how costly and magnificent in those days! It was called the White House. White House for its paint; and, though kept by a colored man, was decidedly in the fashion, and patronized by great men, rich men, swelling men, and dashing men, with money to spare.

The first wedding.

The first theater.

White house.

They were now opposite the main thoroughfare of Embankment, and were looking down through the long vista, all alive with business and bustle, when there dashed around the corner, on which stood the very oldest tenement in the city, now the shabbiest and meanest of all places to look

on, two gentlemen on horseback, seldom seen together, although they were copartners in the practice of law. They were not old, nor handsome; not quite old enough yet to be out of the conceit of their power to captivate the most unimpassioned and reserved of the lovelier sex. Mr. Sharp said he knew them well. Their names were Garnish and Gripe. They were from different sections of the Union, originally, were of opposite politics, went to different churches, when they condescended to go at all, never boarded at the same place, nor dressed alike, nor did they seem to have any natural affinities.

Attorneys at law.

Mr. Sharp said, that business and profits made strange bedfellows. It was convenient to have a law firm in sympathy with both sides in politics; and he had known instances in which the two associated had been previously on the same side, and had flipped up a quarter to decide which of them should go over to the other. These arrangements of convenience were not to be overlooked, in any line of business. There would be, frequently, an out door man, and an in door man; a writing man, and a talking man; one to get business, another to do it; one to work, another to play; one to do the spreeing, another to keep up the dignity; one to be "hail fellow well met," at all sorts of places, the other to move only in select circles; one to do the affable and enact the agreeable, the other to be stern, to frown. and to brow beat; one to be the Garnish, the other to act the Gripe. It is a great city, no doubt, this of ours, said Mr. Sharp, but there are some little things of this sort we don't yet understand fully, and various private arrangements, that would make a sensation, could they all at once be revealed.

Principles, not men.

They now came upon a group of three; one of whom Mr.

Sharp called Dr. Moneymake; the second, Captain; the third, Judge. It turned out soon, that he had fixed the titles all right, though he had no acquaintance with any but the Doctor. When Keep Faith asked him to explain how he came to be so accurate in the matter, Mr. Sharp remarked, that, when he saw three strangers in Embankment, or even in Bustledom any where, he was sure to call one Doctor, one Captain, and one Judge; if there was a fourth, he called him Esquire; a fifth, General; a sixth, Honorable; and, if a seventh, with a spruce hat on, but with boots cracked, and run down at the heel, he called him Reverend. If there were any more than the seven, he should begin and go round again, but would double the Doctors. In respect to fixing the titles upon the right persons, he could give no rule very exact, but it would commonly be safe to call the seediest one, Judge; the rummiest one, Esquire; the supplest one, Doctor; the roughest one, Captain; the portliest one, Honorable; the showiest one, General; and the threadbare one, Reverend.

Affixing titles.

Distribution of honors.

Proceeding down the levee, they examined the hulks moored along in line, looking desolate enough, dismantled and transmuted, withdrawn for ever from the bound, and sweep, and play of the ocean waves, to lie there and consume by time and decay; just as old men, whose limbs refuse longer to carry them, succumb to their fate. They went on the levee far enough to look at the hugest and grandest of all the venerable oaks and sycamores, that once had been, but were no more, a fine feature in Embankment; and, also, at the oldest of all the bricks—the brick buildings—not the oldest of the "order of bricks," in the town.

Then they turned back into a street, on which fronted the Pacific theater, a building which had sunk more money, in proportion to its cost, than any other in the place; and yet men would still try to renovate and revive the concern, dead as it was to anything like popularity. Mr. Sharp said, he thought it might be turned to some profit as a stable, for he saw that the city market, hard by, was stowed full of hay for winter's use, but, whether for the accommodation of loafers, or horses, he could'nt determine.

Another theater.

Keep Faith wished Mr. Antiquary to explain the reasons for such an appropriation of a public building, in the middle of a street. He said there were, two years or more ago, some patriotic persons, who were desirous of extending the city in that direction; and, wishing to obtain the aid of the Council, they offered to build a market house, to take their pay out of stall rents, and then give it up to the city, provided the Council would pass a law, requiring all marketing to be done in that building. The agreement was made; the building erected; and the law passed. But the market men would not go there, and the Council had not promised to drive them there, and so the project failed. Of course, some of those most concerned were down on the Council, with considerable power of indignation, reminding them each of the two hundred dollars per month they were receiving, and hinting that they might properly vote themselves medals, as their cousins in San Fastopolis had done; suggesting that the material might be any thing they fancied, from sole leather or sheet iron, up to topaz or diamonds, set in gold.

How the city came to have a market house not its own.

Indignation.

The state hospital was near, and they went silently through its various wards, and departed, for the scenes

Hospital.

they witnessed were saddening ones, as they must be. Mr. Sharp said the intention of the state was to provide amply for all sufferers, and it had done nobly in the matter; and the city of Embankment likewise, had, every year, paid out scores of thousands for taking care of the sick, and dying, and dead. As to this branch hospital, he said he was no doctor, and had no patients to discourse about, nor anything to say concerning the management of it, but he was acquainted with a number of "Odd Fellows" that had.

"Build not your house too high."

Going onward till they came to the low grounds, they turned to the right, around a squat, square building, standing on stilts, and higher than the fence, bringing back, with its emptiness and eminence, memories, more cool than refreshing, of a deluge, a good while after Noah's. They went a block or two along this street, wide and handsome, where were tasteful dwellings, and comfortable and quiet homes, yards, gardens, flowers, vines, and shrubbery, in various stages of advancement. Then they were taken one side, by Mr. Antiquary, to the spot where the gallows had stood, on which the authorities and people of the town had executed three wretched men, more than a twelve month before; and the work had been done so thoroughly, they hoped, as to spare them the necessity of ever doing it for any others.

A brick yard.

Having gone across other low grounds, they stopped to witness the process of brick making; and to rest themselves in the shade of a tree. A man, with an apron on, long in person and sharp faced, with a curl in his lip, one eye half closed, his hat on one side of his stiff hair, came up, introducing himself as the boss, one Ezekiel Pennyshave, 'prenticed and edycated jest round Bosting. S'pose ye wanter hire, don't ye? Can't give much; times

dull; makin nothin. No, sir, said Pilgrim; we only wish to look on a moment. Wall, ye can't steal this trade, no heow. Ef ye don't wanter git work, ye'll dicker, won't ye?

Chance for a bargain.

There's a watch, reg'lar bull's eye, sell her for twenty five dollars; runs handsome. No quiere? Pr'aps you'll sell then; what'll ye take for yourn? Pay in brick, fifteen dollars a thousand; I s'lect 'em. Don't want tu sell, eh? But you haint got no pistols! I'll sell yer one; she's a smoker; kill a bear dead's a door nail; only forty dollars. But they were not in want.

So, when they had been questioned thus, for a quarter of an hour, they rose up to go, and bade the boss good day. They had gone but a few yards, when they heard Ezekiel Pennyshave saying, hello, there, Mister, what'll ye take for

A staff.

that air prop? (Meaning Mr. Antiquary's gold headed cane.) Mr. Antiquary said it was a friend's gift, for saving him from being drowned, and he could not part with it. Oh! said he, you don't say so, drownded? Wall, it's a capital stick. See here, said he then, ef ye travel much furder that way, ye'll be "pilgrims on the scorchin sand," 'corden to the psa'm book. They went on, however, by brick yards, pig styes, ditches, sand heaps, and sand holes; through dust, and through bushes; and came, at last, to the "city of the dead."

The city cemetery.

There they were busied, a long time, in looking for the graves of some of their acquaintances, who had fallen by the way, in the weary march of the onward hosts, through the land of gold. While they were thus employed, they sun went down; and, oh, for the hundreds there, how many suns had set to rise no more! They hastened away, for all around was ashy, earthy, and desolate, given utterly over to dreariness, neglect, and

decay. The firmament hung out its twinkling lamps, and the moon flooded the wide plain with her silver sheen, as they returned, and sought their place of rest.

MORAL.

Among the most durable mementos of decayed nations and extinct races are their sepulchers. The tombs they built are now their monuments. These exist in the catacombs and pyramids of Egypt, in the rocky caves of Petra, in the buried and now exhumed cities of Assyria, amid the ruins of Central America, and in the mounds of the aborigines of our country.

Those who constructed them, might have had some dim notion, that the bodies they entombed were to revive; but they had no revelation from God to that purport. Their extreme care for the dead was, therefore, as extraordinary as it was commendable.

But we have a revelation from God, and we believe on the ground of it, in the resurrection of the body. So believing, it seems but natural that we should cherish, with peculiar interest, the graves of our lost ones, who sleep in the dust. It is natural. And it is fit and proper. Yet, as a community, we are acting an unnatural part. Our city cemetery lies without an enclosure, exposed to all sorts of ravages, and to the trampling of beasts, clean and unclean. Every green growth is gnawed and broken, and the grass is trodden into the soil. There is much shrubbery there of a native growth. The spot is a natural flower bed. Securely fenced, in a single season it would begin to bloom in beauty, and would cease to offend by its barren aspect.

There are two thousand graves there; one half of them, graves of men under thirty, who fell, while yet the visions

of their youth were bright; and those graves are so many voices calling on our authorities and our citizens to do, what we have long besought them to do, in the matter. They have no valid excuse to make. This neglect is criminal. Ah, if they all expected to lay their own bodies there, it might soon be a hallowed and beautiful spot; where we should love to go often, and to linger, and to commune with the departed, and to rejoice in the hope of a blessed resurrection! May such a change come speedily over our cemetery!

LECTURE VIII.

Now I saw in my dream, that the little company that was lodging at Mr. Augustine's house, was awakened very early in the morning, long before the sun was risen, by a loud knock at the door. The man who knocked was Mr. Stannchman, who had been with Pilgrim and his companions one day at San Fastopolis. He had left that city the evening previous, and, by a fleet steamer, had come to Embankment; and was on his way into the country, to find the "golden wedge of Ophir." He had secured a seat in the stage, and was now come to give Mr. Augustine a call, before the hour of departure.

Mr. Staunchman en route.

The appearance of Pilgrim and Keep Faith, as they came down stairs, gave him a pleasant surprise, for he did not anticipate meeting them again. When they had all joined in a service of morning thanksgiving and praise, the three accompanied Mr. Staunchman to the Increase City hotel, where he was to take his seat in the Troy coach, and then go whirling over the plains, which they must traverse on foot, when they were able.

They found a large crowd collected about the hotel, completely jamming the side walks in front. The street itself was also nearly blocked up with stages, and

Stage office.

horses, and baggage, and men. The runners and agents were busy selling tickets, and shouting out at the top of their voices, the destination, speed, qualities, and so on, of their respective lines and vehicles. Opposition was rife, and the competition was sharp. The drivers were sitting upon their boxes, attending to their restive teams. Passengers were crowding inside, crawling to the top, mounting upon the boot, and trying to stick in places that could hardly be called seats; so that each stage began to look like a cluster of human bees.

"A few more seats left, gentlemen; start in five minutes."

At length, the drivers cracked their long whips, and the teams dashed off, one after another, full tilt, up the street. When a dozen or fifteen of them had gone, the candy boys, the newspaper boys, the porters, and the lookers on, began to disperse, and some degree of quiet was restored to the noisy street. The travelers also went thence, to breakfast with their host, remarking that they could now perceive the need there was of so many stables and hay yards in Embankment.

Going out from a high and peculiar hotel, a little way, they looked back upon it, standing slender and tall, above all its neighbors, with its piazza, and balustrades running around the second and third stories, set off with fancy railings, ginger bread, carved work, and cheap ornaments, all neatly covered with white paint. These features combined gave the structure a large and handsome appearance, though it really lacked breadth and capacity, until it took to itself the humbler edifice adjoining.

"The Queen City."

From one thoroughfare to another, they went by a cross street, having a white chapel, and the drab colored church of the Padre, on their left, and smiths' shops, wagon shops,

crazy old running gear, remnants of everything, bars of iron, bags of coal, heaps of cinders, and unused timber, on their right.

Turning to the right, they went westward on a street, whose designation was a letter nearly central in the alphabet. On the block they passed first, were boarding houses, horse stables, and harness shops, mixed up strangely together, and allowing scarcely room for a doctor and a lawyer to get offices in anywhere.

They noticed the peculiar architecture of this block but slightly, for their attention was drawn at once to the crowd, hubbub, noise and confusion, at the next corners; where, indeed, was such a sight and scene as they never beheld or imagined before. It was very like, they fancied, to the place of trade in Vanity Fair, where the ancient Pilgrim and his friends stirred up such a commotion; as was written about, two hundred years ago. Here were hundreds of men of all tongues, peoples, and nations, of all varieties of colors, dresses, and features. Here were oxen, horses, and mules, of all sizes, ages, and descriptions. Here were wagons, yokes, chains, saddles, bridles, blankets, spurs, whips, and halters. All for sale, at public vendue. Dogs, swine, kittens, and rabbits, were to be had by private agreement. There were four men, mounted on blocks, divested of their coats, who were auctioneering, each his own property in live stock, and crying their bids and setting forth the qualities of their animals, in the very loudest tones, and so overwhelming each other, as not always to be able to hear themselves. Others were riding their animals about to show them off, and calling for bids as they sat in the saddles. Others still, were mounted upon wagons in the street, and were bellowing, and shouting, and

The Sacramento horse market.

frothing at the mouth, in trying to sell out team and vehicle together, as they stood where they might be examined,

Large, two storied buildings occupied the corner lots; all full of windows, above and below; having piazzas, stoops, balustrades, and lattice work railings, on the two fronts, which were painted gaudily. The whole of the lower floors were devoted to saloons for drinking, sporting, and gaming. Stands for cake, coffee, and punch, were on the two opposite corners, were inserted into every crevice in the vicinity, and were trundled about on wheels, keeping company with nut, fruit, and candy pedlers.

The corner stands.

Overshadowing the crowd, on either side of the street, stood two venerable old oaks, that leaned toward each other, till their branches met above the centre of the street. A little way south of these trees, stood a sycamore, one of whose limbs had carried weight in the person of Roe, a gambler, who, in shooting at a victim, had killed a man that was passing by. He was tried by a citizens' jury, and hung the same night, by torch light. This was in February, 1851; and Roe was the first man hung in Embankment, but, unhappily, not the last.

The trees near by.

When Pilgrim and Keep Faith had looked on awhile, to their very great amusement, if not instruction, they were joined by Mr. Sharp again, and retired, a short distance, to a spot where their voices could be heard; for what with pigs, dogs, men, mules, horses, and cattle, the screaming, clatter, din, and roar, were deafening to those near, and might be heard several blocks off. And this they found was the same every day, from morning till noon: the market being always full of something to sell.

They go one side to be rid of the din.

Pilgrim now inquired on what principle the sales were conducted. Mr. Sharp said that the auctioneers were licensed by the authorities, and any one selling by auction without license, was liable to pay a fine. The auctioneers received about ten per cent. commission when they sold stock for others. They were much in the habit of buying at private sale, and selling at auction. Of course, when men sold their own property, they must have their own bidders, to run the animals up to paying prices, or to buy them in. That practice would account for the occurrence, sometimes witnessed, of the sale of the same animal two or three times in a day, when times were dull, and bidding was slow.

Peter Funks' occupation not yet gone.

In another way, the same animals were often sold, and the purchasers too. Men not skilled in that kind of trade, would buy innocently, and pay for horses, without getting any bill of sale, or warranty, from responsible parties. Ere they could get the animals purchased away from the market, some person would reclaim them, on the ground that they had been stolen from him, as he could prove property by bill of sale, or by brand. So they would lose their money. In a day or two the same horses would be knocked off to another innocent purchaser, and be reclaimed again. Without some warranty, no one could be sure he was not buying a stolen horse, or, at least, one he could not retain.

Purchasing at more risks than one.

And then there was a large business done by some in receiving stolen horses and altering the brands; so that when a claimant came he could identify the horse every way, except in the very important matter of the brand. There were those in the community who had copies of all the brands in use on the large ranchos in various sections.

Brands and their uses.

They would take these and have them so changed, by additions, in making new irons, as to take in the whole of the old brands, and yet make the new ones very different. They could alter them, too, in other ways, which he would not mention now. But it was easy to see how those, who had a taste that way, could jockey people out of their money, even in so open and honest a place as the equine mart.

They had gone westward but a few paces before they encountered the national odor of the Chinese, and observed that they were on the border of little China, or Hong Kong. For two blocks, almost, these children of the sun and moon were in possession of the buildings, of every description. They had trading houses, lodging houses, carpenter shops, restaurants, gambling rooms, and brothels; and were, many of them, evidently getting into "fast" ways. Some wore their hair, and had garments on, precisely like Americans. Others had made less progress, and retained the long appendage coiled up in the hat, but let the hair grow naturally on the rest of the head. Some had got so far as to wear shirts; and some, only to wearing boots. Those who wore corn fans on their heads, dangled long queues, dragged wooden shoes at their heels, and carried small fans about in their hands, were such as had recently arrived, or had not yet worn out their old clothes. The buildings were swarming with them. How they all managed to live and prosper, no one knew. As not one of themselves knew aught of Chinese, they could talk with none, except to pass the usual salutations, and daily compliments.

The children of the east transferred to the west.

When Pilgrim inquired about their habits, and general behavior, Mr. Sharp said they were reported to be much

better than they really were. The idea that they were peculiarly neat and tasteful was seen to be false. Their honesty and truthfulness it would not be best to boast of. They were usually quiet and industrious; but had not yet learned to observe any Sabbath, and were troublesome on that day. They occasionally had a spree, a hurra, and burned bushels of fire crackers. As a novelty, they would try a ride on horseback, at which they made an awkward figure. Very likely, the animal they bought cheap at the market, was a vicious one, and played them a trick; and they managed to sell him to the next one that came along, whose olive was yet green. On the whole, they were quite human, and somewhat heathen.

Habits and customs. and tastes.

The travelers had now come to the line of recent improvements. There was a tall Phœnix of wood, on the left, and a three story Phœnix of brick, on the right, with a twist in the black letters of the tablet, as though the graver was troubled with a squint. Both of the corners beyond were built in handsome style, and the stores were filled with immense stocks of stoves, hardware, and tin; enough, it would seem, to yield the possessors handsome fortunes, when the stocks were cleared out.

Phœnix buildings.

Having passed by another block, indifferently built, but beginning to fall in with the march of improvement, they came to one that was solidly built with brick, and fire proof, as was supposed, on the left, and partially so, on the right. The fronts of those warehouses were finely finished; and the whole wore an imposing aspect, and betokened enterprise and prosperity, of no common sort. In this vicinity were held the courts of certain justices of the peace, the "levees" of the Recorder, the meetings of the Council,

and the consultations of the Mayor. Over against a certain printing office was a stuccoed building, used as a station house, where were the head quarters of the police. As they came up to this building, there issued from it, in regular file, a band of men, who stepped short, and whose chains clanked with every step. They were men of white, red, yellow, and black; keeping up no artificial distinctions.

Station house.

In reply to Keep Faith's inquiry, Mr. Sharp said, this was the celebrated chain gang, an institution which all minor offenders, and those guilty of larcenies, and so on, were obliged to enter, and support themselves, by stump digging, road mending, levee repairing, and other useful employments, under the direction of the mayor, and the chief of the police. It had been resorted to as a substitute for a penitentiary, and was useful in its way; though objectionable in many respects, since those who once got in were very likely to get in again. It did not answer the purpose of a reform school; they were too much exposed to observation.

Chain gang.

They now went over a few rods of planked road, that covered a slough, and came upon the street that fronted the river. They were attracted by the sound of "give us a bid, going, going, can't dwell, no price at all, gentlemen, going, gone," from the lips of a famous auctioneer, who was sometimes facetious. They were amused and instructed by what they saw in the faces and manners of the buyers; by the way in which some would bid who never seemed to buy; by the droll assortments which others secured; and by the doings of those who seemed to take no interest in anything that was going on, till the wines and liquors were up, when they were on the alert at once, and very

Auction & commission stores.

First rate customers.

anxious to taste the samples, and would bid while there was no danger of getting it knocked down to them. When the vendor had rather keep the article than not, he might strike it off to one of these constant visitors, knowing well that it would not be called for, and he could put it up again under more favorable circumstances.

They visited other auction marts, further down, and busied themselves in looking over some invoices of books they found, and other valuable things, which they had a liking for; Mr. Sharp saying, that, as a professional man, and a lover of literature, he intended to have the finest library in the city; if his were not so already.

Libraries and literature.

The booksellers, however, had not encouragement enough yet to keep large assortments of books, of the better class; since much of the demand, from the country, was for cheap publications, trashy novels, filthy picture books, and such volumes as had no permanent value, and men could handle roughly, and throw away after perusal; and, therefore, it took many months to fill one's shelves, as he desired to have them filled.

The sun was now past his meridian, and the number of men along the levee was rapidly augmenting. The draymen had been hard at work all the forenoon, but had only succeeded in removing a part of the immense freights that had been landed since morning. These goods were piled up, here and there, and nearly intercepted the passage of people on foot. Three steamboats, with flags and pennons flying, lay moored beside their respective storeships, their pipes smoking furiously. The combination was broken up, and all were carrying at the lowest rates that ranged above nothing. The runners had been going out through the city all the forenoon, and now were

The levee, and the steamboats.

posted on the embankment, thrusting tickets at everybody, and crying up the merits and superiorities of their favorite craft. Occasionally, they would meet for a wordy set to, and entertain the crowd around with their wit, scandal, and blackguard. Sometimes they kept their tempers, and sometimes they were angry and inclined to be bellicose, and were in danger of giving over the war of words for one of blows. Now and then, a Chinaman, or a Mexican, falling between them, was in danger of losing his clothes, or having his blankets and traps taken to one boat, while he was hurried off to the other. Occasionally an "honest miner," or some verdant stranger, about to go on one boat, would stop, and hesitate painfully, at the solemn and disinterested assurance of the runner of another, that the boat would sink, could never perform the trip, her boiler was nothing but patches, had holes in it as big as his leg, he had better go to one that was fast and sure; while runner, number two, got him by the arm and told him this boat was all right, and bade runner, number one, "dry up," and go about his business, and get his face bleached.

A case of embarrassment.

The more the bells rang on the steamers, the more the throngs increased, on board and on shore, and it seemed as if half of the town had turned out to witness the sight and the race. There was, in truth, a larger number there than usual, for the semi-monthly departure of the ocean steamships was at hand, and old residents, with troops of friends around them, were setting out for the eastern states, and hands were shaken, and farewells were said, on every side, for many minutes; and these things ceased only when the bells were tolling, and the express wagons came dashing up the slope of the embankment, with their boxes

Going east.

and bags, containing thousands of treasure, and their mail bags, filled with letters, papers, and packages of daguerreotypes, jewelry, gold and quartz specimens, flower seeds, and poetry. Then the boats moved off, under full heads of steam, and with flying colors, while hats and handkerchiefs waved; and in five minutes they had dashed around the point, and were out of sight.

Express matter.

Mr. Sharp said, those steamers were the pride of their officers, and of the people of the city also, and that very justly; for they were fast, elegant, and commodious, and could carry heavy freights, and make their time very promptly. They were skilfully managed, and hardly a serious accident had befallen one of them, in the three years they had been running in these waters; and hundreds were carried in them every day, with speed, and comfort, and safety. The agents were capable and popular men; and the community in Embankment was fortunate in having the right men in such places. To one of them, especially, the whole population, and the religious portion of it, in particular, owed a debt of gratitude, for the early and decided stand he took in favor of observing the Sabbath. So great had been his influence, in connection with others, that scarce a steamer of the regular lines had discharged a heavy freight on the Sabbath in three years. He had resisted every importunity to break over the rule, discharge boats, and deliver goods, on the Lord's day, except in some cases of necessity; and he was held in honor, for his course, by all the best citizens, and by those who looked to the order, peace, and permanent prosperity of the inhabitants.

Agents of the lines of steamers.

He said the result had been, that the levee, instead of being a place of labor, noise, and disturbance, was a scene

of comparative quiet, on the Sabbath. During the pleasant season, there had also been a religious service there, toward evening, of a Sunday; at which large numbers were sometimes present. The earliest preachers in the city took turns in officiating at this meeting, in the open air, under the green trees, which, then, were far more plenty than now, and not a few were large and flourishing. Many had heard the first sermon there, after their arrival in the country, and many eyes there had been wet with tears.

Preaching in the open air.

Thence they proceeded up to the main thoroughfare, and passed a block of buildings, in which were several banking houses. Keep Faith inquired of Mr. Sharp, who seemed to have knowledge of such things, if there were any "tricks of trade" in that department of business. Mr. Sharp did not know of any. They issued no paper money, and were not in the way of loans and discounts. Their business seemed to be pretty much limited to taking deposits, buying gold dust, and selling bills of exchange. In cleaning gold dust, they could blow it very hard, but if the seller claimed the sand and the refuse, they let him have it, and, in that case, nothing was gained by hard blowing. In the weighing process there was room for deception, but it would hardly pay to practice it, in the long run, even if any might be disposed to try it. He did not see but banking was about as fair as any business that could be done. Men who wished to overreach could always find ways of doing it. The men who brought the gold dust in their leathern bags, would contrive to save a penny, sometimes, by selling a part of a lot to a banker, take all the sand and refuse matter from the portion sold, and restore it to their bags again, and then go and pay out the rest for

Banking and exchange not a bad business.

Gold dust, quartz and sand.

goods at the stores, as average dust, at the current rates. And some of those, in former times especially, who had occasion to pay out dust, would contrive to pay it out with more sand and quartz in it, than there was when they received it. It was a popular belief in some of the mines that, from time to time, the gold grew; in town, on the contrary, it always seemed to be the sand that grew.

The next prominent building they came to was one in which a fine hall was devoted to Ceres, Flora, and Pomona, where a fair and high festival, in their honor, had been kept for several weeks; and each had rejoiced in the profusion of gifts and offerings laid at her feet, and had smiled on those who had been at so much pains to add to her realm these new dominions, and, with medals and chased goblets, had rewarded such as specially deserved honor. The travelers were glad to see, in all this establishment, such evident signs of improvement in a country, possessed of such a wealth of soil, so favoring a climate, such benign skies, and so, susceptible of the very highest culture, and the most picturesque beauty.

Agricultural hall of Enthusiasm & Co., seedsmen & florists.

They now went rapidly up the street, and allowed nothing to interrupt them, till they came to the handsomest structure in the city, on a prominent corner, in which was a half hidden saloon, a splendid jewelry establishment, a banking house, various stores for books, clothes, and so on, and the city post office. From the windows of this end of the building, four long lines of men, in alphabetical divisions, stood out, diverging in various directions. Each man in each line was waiting impatiently his turn to come up to the window, and inquire

Overton block.

Post office.

if any had loved him, had missed him, had thought of him, had estimated him, had disliked him enough to send him a letter. One half were fated to receive none. A few in the line saved time by having newspapers to read. Some saved their legs by having stools to sit on, which they hitched along from time to time. Boys with candies, nuts, and cigars to sell, were tempting others in the line to buy something, for temporary occupation. A vulgar, foul mouthed, profane babbler was sticking up election posters, and haranguing the crowd in favor of Gen'l —— for the Presidency; and others, of like politics, for lower offices. He had his auditors at a disadvantage; for they could not run off and leave him without losing their places in the line for the post office window.

A street politician.

Keep Faith remarked, that if he were a voter in Embankment, he should be pretty sure to vote for one whose election such a profane twaddler did not advocate. The friends of Gen'l —— ought to buy him off, and shut him up somewhere, that he might not so disgust his own party men as to drive them into the ranks of the opposition. They hoped this was about the last of the political campaigning. They had encountered it everywhere in Bustledom, and were heartily sick of it, before they met with this kind of a creature, brazen, shameless and silly, who seized his opportunity to inflict a tirade on hearers bound and unwilling.

Political campaign.

From this corner they went south, a few rods, till they came to a broad, low roofed structure, pretty much deserted now. Mr. Sharp said he had heard preaching in that place, many times. It was built of unhewn sticks, and covered with boards, and was thought very comfortable in its day. Several mechanics owned it,

The first gospel shed.

and occupied it as a shop during the week, but on Sundays it was transformed into a place of worship, and the ministers of all the denominations represented in the city took turns in officiating there, while it was possible to use the place; for they were afterwards crowded out of it by anvils, buckets, bellows, forges, tubs, and so on.

The grove of the convocation.

They now went out through an alley, and stopped under some large trees, which still remained standing, in the rear of a certain engine house, with a tower and an alarm bell. Mr. Sharp said, that in the grove, which formerly embraced these trees, were held some of the earliest religious services in the city. Rev. Mr. Augustine had preached there during the first July the city ever knew. He stood in an empty wagon. Some few chairs had been brought from a new hotel in the vicinity; the same hotel that a year or two later, in other hands, gave notice by a sign board, that, in it were "Rest for the weary, and storage for trunks." A few females occupied the chairs. The men stood, sat, or reclined, in a circle, on the grass, within hearing distance; while the preacher discoursed from the text, "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all."

It was now toward evening, and the travelers were weary. So they went to rest themselves, and, afterward, to obtain their supper. While they were at the table, having been joined by Mr. Antiquary, they fell to talking of the comforts of living, and even some of the luxuries, now enjoyed in Bustledom, as compared with the fare they were put upon during the first year of its history. Then Mr. Antiquary told them how he had an office among the bushes, made of

scantling, palings, and blue cotton cloth, where he took in his friend, Sharp, to lodge. He used to boil his tea kettle against a log, make tea, coffee, and chocolate, in succession, but in the same vessel; fry salt pork and fresh beef together, in the same pan; stew dried apples and steam hard bread how he could. Occasionally he had a dish of boiled beans, or split peas, or a can of preserved meats. Fresh bread, milk, butter, eggs, and the like, were things unknown. He afterward went to a boarding house. It was a cloth building, of course. The table was made by driving stakes into the ground, nailing cross pieces of board to them, near the top, and laying long, loose boards on them. A breadth of coarse sheeting, torn off the proper length, made the table cloth. When one strip had been on so long as to have lost its original color, it was thrown away, and another strip torn off and put in its place. The dishes were common earthern ware, and not tin, and it seemed like living, to eat from a plate once more, and at a regular table, and not on the head of a barrel; though he did sit on a medicine box, and his feet were upon common earth. The courses at dinner were remarkable for their unexciting character, uniformity, cool temperature, and general firmness. Mule meat could not have been more stubborn than some that was set before them, as steaks and sirloins. He was indeed an admirer of the antique, but he was constrained to withhold his admiration when it entered the culinary department.

Living in primitive times.

A fashionable boarding house.

Pilgrim remarked that the Arabs of the desert were an ancient race, and they were said to cook meat under their saddles, when riding.

Mr. Sharp thought he had been invited to sausage meat

that came from that vicinity; but as it made a solid bridge over the gulf of starvation, he was not disposed to complain of it now; but he had rather not revive the memory of such dainties. So they ate their meat with gladness, and left the table.

When it was evening, Mr. Sharp invited the company to walk through the streets, and observe some portions of the city, at those hours in which they appeared more in their true character, than in the broad light of day. Pilgrim and Keep Faith went with some reluctance; for they felt more like passing a few quiet hours with Mr. Augustine, amid his books and papers.

Evening walk.

There were no lamps in the streets, but the moon shone brightly, and some shop windows threw their blaze upon the sidewalks; not always, indeed, where they were most needed. They came, after several turns, to certain notorious corners, on one of the great streets, where were fine structures, illuminated at every window, above and below. The doors were all thrown open. The rooms were so arranged that one could look, from the street, through two or three in succession. All were elegantly finished, provided with the most costly furniture, adorned with pictures and paintings, hung with splendid tapestry, and beautifully carpeted. Perfumes were wafted through them, and the soft light that fell from astrals gave the whole scene an air of enchantment. Moving about, within, were gay women, in splendid attire. The pianos sounded, and then came the melody of voices, attuned to familiar airs. For a moment, they might have seemed the abodes of innocence and beauty. But they noticed now how

"Remove thy way far from her, and come not nigh the door of her house."

"Lest thou give thine honor unto others, and thy years unto the cruel."

"And thou mourn at the last when thy flesh and thy body are consumed;"

flaring and gaudy were the colors of the walls, the hangings, and the dresses. Females came and lounged in the front saloons, talked unblushingly with men at the doors, and nodded familiarly to one and another that passed in, with entire freedom. Men occupying all sorts of stations in life came there; and those of every age. None were as yet noisy and drunken, but all the means and appliances for a midnight revel were at hand. There were now crowds collecting in the streets. Many among them were bearded miners from the mountains; and others, were strangers in the city; and all were roving about, in quest of excitements. So they withdrew from that quarter, sorrowing for the multitudes, young and old, who were thronging the house of the "strange woman," whose "house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death. None that go unto her return again, neither take they hold of the paths of life. She hath cast down many wounded; yea, many strong have been slain by her."

"And say, how have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof,"

"And have not obeyed the voice of my teachers, nor inclined mine ear to them that instructed me."

Passing toward the river, and then turning a corner to the right, they were presently in front of the most spacious hotel in Embankment. Flags and banners were suspended in front of it, from cords stretched across the street, from building to building. The whole front was one blaze of light from lamps, and lanterns, and illuminated windows. The vast lower saloon had been tastefully fitted up for a military dance, and this they learned was the occasion of such a brilliant display.

The Orleans.

Mr. Sharp was addressed by a manager, who recognized him and Mr. Antiquary, and he invited them to go in. At first they declined; but, being urged, they went in as

spectators, with the privilege of retiring at any moment they pleased. The company was not yet very large, but the dance was beginning, and they were making up the sets for a cotillion. The ladies were few, in comparison with the number of men. There were matrons of forty years, ladies of fewer years, supposed to be under twenty five, and young misses, from twenty down to mere girls of ten, who were partners of grown men, some of them elderly, in the same dance. The visitors did not tarry long They walked around the immense room, to view its flowery and gilded walls, and splendid decorations. Among the chandeliers, that helped to make up the dazzling light, were some that had been hired from one of the churches, as they thought, from the striking resemblance to some they had seen there.

A ball is given in honor of military men.

They retired from the scene of gay dissipation, where the beauty and fashion of the town were assembled, sorry that some were present whom they supposed to be of too domestic and staid a character to frequent such gatherings for amusement, and sorry that children should be so early made familiar with the frivolities and dissipations of parties, routs, and dances, in a land where the people were so liable to the abuse of even innocent gayeties.

Not well pleased.

They now went out, and rejoined Pilgrim and Keep Faith, who had been, during the time, promenading up and down the street, and listening to the various sounds, concordant and discordant, that fell on their ears from every quarter. Going together around the corner, they found themselves in front of a row of gambling saloons, covering one half of a block. The ceilings and doors were very bigh, and they could see inside above the heads of the crowds about the doors. In one was a violinist, of

A row of fashionable saloons.

remarkable powers, enchanting many with his strains. In another, was a brass band, blowing furiously. In a third, were vocalists, with banjo and rattles. All these, and the band at the theater, were filling the whole region with confused and bewildering strains of music.

The travelers crossed over, and went as close as they could get conveniently. There were hundreds of men in every saloon, and the side walks were also full of men. They got a glimpse into one saloon, where were tables for the A. B. C. game, and by them men rattling the "bones," the vulgar for dice; tables for roulette, and the attendants were shouting: "red wins," "black takes it," "now's your time," and so on; tables covered with blue or green cloth, with piles of silver and gold on them; at one, a man with French cards, taking people "by the door;" at another, a man with American cards, inviting bets by "spread outs," and by terms technical in his vocabulary; and at others, men playing games that outsiders knew nothing of. In all, there were a dozen tables, or more, in the establishment, and around each was its own peculiar group of men betting, and men looking on, and men who were "broke," and men who would be wiser now, if they had pluck enough.

The money changers in their places.

In one of the saloons, perhaps the most magnificent one, the bar held a conspicuous place, flaming with showy bottles and decanters. On the wall, over the bar, hung a large painting, done in oil, of one reclining, in a nude state. It was handsomely framed, and mirrors large and splendid were on either side of it. No one could enter without gazing at it. All around the room, every available space was occupied with similar productions

Paintings and pictures.

of the pencil, and the brush, and all were of a character to please the voluptuary and the bawd.

About the ceiling, about the walls, about the pillars, and about the finish of the wood work, with paints, and gilding, and pictures, the endeavor had been made to give the whole a gorgeous and dazzling appearance. This, combined with exciting drinks, with stirring music, with the sight and jingle of money, and with the whirl and novelty of everything, induced many to risk their purses, who felt sure before that nothing could lead them to such a step.

Men bewildered.

The hot and steaming air, reeking with the fumes of rum and tobacco, came rushing out upon them, from these places, at every door, as they turned, and took their way homeward. On the way, Mr. Sharp told them that a man, of the same sort as the rest, had been shot in a quarrel, in one of those saloons, only a few months before. The one killed was the aggressor, and so the other was acquitted in court. A friend of his was near at the time, and, hearing the report of firearms, ran to the spot. The wounded man was pierced by three balls, one of them fired after he was pinioned and held down. When he entered, the victim was lying on one of the tables, yet breathing. A great crowd was collecting about the door, and most were afraid to enter for fear of more shooting. The scene in the saloon, while that man lay dying, was one he could never forget. The band, up in the musicians' box, still kept on with its playing. At half of the tables the games still went on, as if nothing had occurred beyond the kicking of a dog. Men were hallooing, wrangling, and pouring out oaths and curses on every side. A notorious strumpet, staggering with drink, was looking on, and indulging in utterances obscene and profane. And there

A rencontre, and a shooting affair.

Death in a gambling saloon.

was one who was trying to excite merriment and laughter, by the remarks he made concerning the changes and contortions seen in the countenance of this gasping mortal, as he lay there in his death agony, on a gambler's table, without commiseration, without a touch of sympathy, without even the poor tribute of a tear. If ever there were a hell on earth, he thought it could be like nothing else than that.

Pilgrim inquired of Mr. Sharp if there was as much gambling, in these days, as formerly. He replied, that the amount was about the same as in previous years; but was less, of course, in proportion to the number of people. There were fewer saloons, but the few were larger and more splendid. The money made in gaming was less than it used to be, because the sums risked were, now a days, small; and there were not many who would, at present, venture their all upon the turn of a card. Sometimes those who kept the tables found it difficult to pay their rents, licenses, and personal expenses. At least, so they said; and you were no gentleman if you did not believe what they said.

Gambling has a tendency downward.

He thought there was more private gambling now than two years ago; and there were also many more billiard tables, and the like, every year; and thus the forms of gambling, and of all that kind of dissipation, would keep changing; and it was to be hoped that the business would diminish, somewhat, with each successive change of form, and each further withdrawal from the public gaze.

They had now reached their lodgings, and they bade Mr. Antiquary and Mr. Sharp adieu, not knowing that they should soon meet again. They paid their devotions and rested as usual. But they departed not in the morning

as they had intended. They staid close at home with Mr. Augustine, and discussed various matters of importance with him, and gave him such counsel as they could, and, in turn, were instructed and cheered, and spent a glad day.

MORAL.

Conjoined with intemperance, licentiousness and gambling are the regnant vices of our city and state. They constitute a demoniacal triad, cruel, terrible, and monstrous. The whole outline of the beast can not be drawn. Strength is knit into his muscles, his sinews are lusty, and his rage is ungovernable. He hath power over the whole nature of man, to blight and to destroy. He hath taken to himself his power, and doth reign; and many be they that worship this beast, and that carry his image. On how many, alas, hath it been stamped, who shall bear it with them, in their corruption, down to early graves, down to depths of infamy!

These three vices, that reign among us, have each some part of our nature to attack and destroy, as neither of the others could. Intemperance levels its forces against our physical natures; gambling bewilders, assails, and ruins our intellectual natures; and licentiousness stupefies, deadens, and destroys our moral natures. And when the three combine against a man, how certain is the iron constitution and the most vigorous frame, to give way, to turn livid, to swell, to collapse! how certain is the noblest, the most splendid, and powerful intellect to recoil upon itself destructively, or to sink into dim and doleful eclipse! how certain are all tender sensibilities to be blighted, the conscience to be blunted, and the will debauched, while the

taint and slime of corruption film the heart, and rot it to the core!

Ah, if such as dwell far away, if parents and guardians, if wives and children, if brothers, sisters, and those other loving ones, should hear concerning your habits of drinking, your revels, and your debauches, would they believe? If they heard that your evenings were passed in the saloon, and that all the proceeds of your labor and the profits of your business were swept into the coffers of gamesters, deceptive, deft, and adroit, could they receive it as true? If they should be made to know, as we too well know, your indifferences, your delinquencies, your sensualities, your gross infidelities, what havoc would there be of human happiness, human hopes, and human hearts! How would love slighted and trust betrayed turn to indignation and abhorrence, which years could scarce abate! Beware, ye whose feet are in these paths of death, lest, while ye destroy yourselves, ye dash many another's cup with bitterness, and bring down grey hairs with sorrow to the grave!

LECTURE VIII.

"Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

It was in these words that Pilgrim and Keep Faith gave utterance to their feelings, as they rode away from the proud and beautiful city of Embankment, after their day of enjoyment with Mr. Augustine, and after having completed their survey, as they supposed, of all its wonders, mysteries, wickedness, and folly. They left it there in peace, sitting by the glassy stream, the regent queen of the wide and noble valley of the western slope. The day god was wheeling his chariot down behind the mountains, while the shining dust rolled away from the smoking track, and the light of amber and of gold overspread the earth and sky. Gradually the golden light changed to purple, and then deepened into violet, and still darker hues, like the blending colors of a maiden's hair when the soft light falls, now here and now there, on her auburn tresses.

They leave the city of Embankment near sunset.

Now I saw in my dream, as I said, that the sun was setting, when Pilgrim and Keep Faith rode away from the city, to proceed on their pilgrimage. Judge Trueside had them in his vehicle, and at his house they were to pass the night.

In charge of judge Trueside.

The dwelling of the judge stood near the famous Sutter landing, on the fertile margin of the Rio de los Americanos. There they found the wife of the judge, Mrs. Excellence, and her nearest relative, Miss Beatitude. They spent the evening and the night most cheerfully and pleasantly; and it required nought but some gentle persuasion to induce them to remain a day or two longer, and rest and refresh themselves, ere they proceeded on their dusty march, toward the hilly region.

The family of the judge.

As the new day was to be a high day, not only in Embankment and in all Bustledom, but from the orient shore of the continent to its occident; and as they might see life and character in new forms by remaining, they were content to abide where they were, for a while, and not push too rapidly upon the future. So they returned again to see almost the whole city in an uproar, and hundreds of people in a frenzied excitement of interest, ambition and strife. The annual and quadrennial elections were proceeding, and men of freedom, in a prosperous country, were exercising their highest prerogatives, as citizens, in the choosing of their rulers.

Presidential election.

There were quiet and gentlemanly men distributing tickets, and there were, also, those of noisy and senseless gibber, and such as were vulgar and blasphemous in their speech, so that many were disgusted with them, and could not but despise their paltry clap trap, and vain attempts at wit.

The vicinity of the polls.

They soon learned the truth of Mr. Sharp's remark, for they met him and Mr. Antiquary at the first poll they came to, that there is nothing so flat, stale, and unprofitable, as the givings forth of the gas pipe men, who work off an extra supply on election days, in the vicinity of the polls, distilled from the dirty residuum of the campaign papers.

They saw horses and vehicles gaily caparisoned, and carrying flags and banners, and carriages filled with musicians, blowing their breath through sonorous metal into music, to excite and inspirit the various partizans by national airs and patriotic sounds. And there were wagons full of men, and the men were full of odious liquids, and the liquids were full of stimulus, and the stimulated were shouting and noisy, and hurras came up, reeking with horrible odors, from bosoms oppressed by distended stomachs. Many more citizens, in truth, they saw at their places of business, quietly and actively pursuing their daily employments, who only took an hour in the day to deposit their ballots, and returned to their avocations, conscious of having done their duty well, and of having discharged a high trust manfully.

Processions. carriages, and music.

In the crowds at the corners, at the saloons, and near the liquor shops, they saw men in all stages of intoxication, from him that can dance to a merry tune, to him that fiercely fights the awning post, or laughs a silly laugh, or hiccoughs out the fragments of a bacchanalian song. Occasionally they listened to an exciting debate, in which the combatants of the game went in to win, passing from argument to wit, from wit to slang, from slang to personal abuse, but just at the fisticuff point, were drawn apart by the crowd, as if they belonged to the canine family,

Men in various moods.

and must do nothing more after that than to growl at each other.

Wearied, at length, with the noise, the crowds, the shouts, and the crash and din of braying instruments, they left the town to its own hubbub and confusion. A cold wind was coming from the hills, and they drew their garments close about them, as they went hurriedly away. They spent the evening in their usual manner, reading, and conversing of their journey, and of their hopes concerning that delightful land they should, by and by, enter upon, by the will of God, and in the plenitude of his grace.

They get away from the turmoil and strife.

They were about to retire to their beds, when the light, lurid and flashing, in the direction of the city, drew their attention. It was evident that the town was on fire, and that the fire was burning with great energy. Indeed, they knew it could not be otherwise; for the wind was now blowing fiercely; and, in terrific gusts, was sweeping over the plain.

They discover that the city of Embankment is on fire.

They were forthwith in motion, resolved to render such aid as was in their power. They sought first the places where they had recently attended worship; as they saw that the flames were leaping onward in that very direction. But they arrived too late to be of any service; for two of the churches were already in ashes, and the new brick edifice was slowly consuming from the lofty roof.

Ere long, the flames burst from the windows, and then it was all over with that beautiful structure. On every side the disaster spread, and nothing in the neighborhood escaped the fiery calamity. Immediately they passed down to the Court House, and there could see that the church in Sixth street was still standing, but was in imminent peril.

Progress of the flames. They saw, also, that the safety of the comely building where they were, and of the cottages in the vicinity, depended on saving the church, for if that were destroyed, everything must go in the region round.

They hastened to the ground in contest, and there they found Mr. Sharp and Mr. Antiquary busily at work, with hosts of others, some of whom they knew, tearing down some low buildings, and passing water, to keep the fire from spreading.

There were men on the roof, there was a man on the tree to saw off burning limbs, there were watchers, here and

One of the churches preserved. there, to put out sparks and cinders that fell on all sides, with whirls of the wind; for, just at that time, the roaring of the winds, and the crackling of the flames, as they went careering and triumphing on their destined path of doom, was awful and sublime; and well might feeble mortals fear and tremble before the glowing face of power.

Still the work of destruction went onward, although the church was preserved; and still they went to perform such deeds of mercy as they could, with their feeble hands, in carrying burdens, and preserving lives and property; for, strange to say, all villains seemed then most active, and they

Strange behavior in times of calamity. robbed lone women of their choice treasures, and none could tell whether the face of a stranger was the face of a friend or a foe. Many had spent their endeavors, time, and money to save their goods, and then were forced to the conclusion, that the very men, whom they paid to help them, had plundered them of all they possessed.

At last, the spread of the flames was at an end, and the fires went down for want of fuel to feed upon. They looked

over the site of the fair city of the day before, and thirty squares were swept bare and clean, save, as here and there, a heap of smoking ruins would flash a lurid light into the dusty air, when the gusty wind fanned them to a flame, and save, as a few tottering and blackened walls still braved the fury of the tempest, or a building stood entire, and served as a monument of the past.

The flames expire.

Seven eighths of the city were no more; and thousands were houseless and homeless, and stricken with poverty, as in a moment; and women and children had not where to lay their heads; and some, alas! there were, whose husbands and fathers had perished in the devouring flames, and the scourge had bereft them of all that could make life dear; and men could speak of their sorrows only in whispers; and deeper, and deeper still, was the shadow of gloom falling around them.

The sorrowful state of many.

The calamity came fearfully, suddenly, at an unexpected moment, and when all human effort was of least avail. Exciting and wearing weeks, for many, had just been passsd. Many others were worn and exhausted by the anxieties and toils of the day. Every countenance bore the marks of fatigue. Not a few were stupefied with drink, and needed care, instead of having power to render aid. The night was fearful, and the first look at the prospect struck men dumb and powerless. All were distracted, and drawn in different directions, by conflicting motives. For, how could a fireman do duty at the brakes, and leave his wife and children to perish? How could men save their goods and stores, when their families were in danger of losing all? And how could men think of public property, when they were trying to save a little remnant from the wreck of their private fortunes?

Untoward circumstances.

So there could be no direction and guidance, no concentration of human energy, no rallying of a large force at any needful point. And hosts there were, that would not lift a finger to save an item of property, and scarcely to save a man's life. Others would help, but at such rates only, and those in advance, as scarcely left any choice between destruction and the attempt to save.

Men of neither public spirit, nor charity.

And thus it came to pass, that the whole city was destroyed. The withdrawing of those who were trying to save their households, the withdrawing of those who would try to save nothing, and the activity of those who were trying to rob every one, left but a feeble few, and those in possession of no adequate means, to battle with the elements. For those elements were already scorning all human control, and leaping forward, with whirl, bound, licking tongue, and burning breath, into the midst of ever new scenes of contest and victory.

All this the Pilgrim remarked to his companions, as they stood guarding large piles of goods that men had succeeded in saving from the breath of the destroyer, and while they waited for the morning. The wind blew stronger and colder, and they were faint and chilled, and could scarcely move a muscle without pain. Their arms refused to straighten, and their knees to bend, and they felt that themselves also were sufferers, though, of of this world, they had nought to lose. But they were glad, that, even thus, they could enter into sympathy with suffering humanity, and testify their love for their fellow creatures.

They guard saved property.

Now I saw in my dream, that, while they were sitting thus, drawing blankets over their shoulders, grouped together

amid boxes, barrels, and household stuff, several men came up, and joined them, and sat down to rest. These were bemoaning their hard lot, the fate of their friends and neighbors, and the doom of the city. They had toiled for months and years, and now all their earnings had been swept off in a single night, by a force they could not resist.

The company is increased.

One said he had been anticipating the doom. Another thought it a special judgment and providence of God. Another still thought there was no providence in the matter; it had only happened so. A fourth thought there could be no good providence in it, because the good suffered with the evil, and the churches shared the same fate as the theaters. A fifth thought most were dealt too severely by, and that their punishment was greater than they deserved; although the doom of this man and that, and this, that, and the other establishment, was none too bad; and if such had been singled out for judgment, all would have been well enough, and men would have said that it was just, and no fault could have been found with the dispensation.

Various opinions about the providence of God in the matter.

Mr. Sharp said there was some strange disagreement among them, about the doctrine of a divine Providence over the world. For his part, he did not pretend to know the reasons of God's proceedings in his providence; certainly not always; but he could learn something, from inference and observation, about his methods.

Keep Faith said, we should make sure there was a Providence in the matter, before we discoursed about it. Ah, said Mr. Sharp, are you turning skeptic? No, said Keep Faith, only logician; and logic is truth, and a means of truth. You must show, for example, that the pellets of

MORNING AFTER THE CONFLAGRATION.

"These were bemoaning their hard lot."—Page 190.

sugar in a raisin were put in from the outside, before you undertake to show how they were put in without breaking the skin. Here is Mr. Mystic, who can't see that there is any providence in anything.

And never wishes to, perhaps, said Mr. Sharp. But, however that may be, the argument for a providence is involved in, it is much the same as, the argument for a personal God, and a moral Governor, upon which we will not enter. If he be a personal God and the moral Governor of the universe, he must also be its providential Ruler; since a providential government is necessary to, and subordinate to, a moral government. The scriptures teach the doctrine of providence, in a great variety of forms; and our observation goes to confirm the whole. He who rejects this doctrine of a divine providence, can have nothing to say, let what may happen. There is no one for him to blame. The thing has merely happened so, and that is all. There was no design in it, and nothing was aimed at, or gained, by it. Nothing was wisely directed, or even unwisely; it had no direction at all. There was no reason for the occurrence of the event, and he would be unreasonable to complain that it occurred.

In respect to this visitation, as a special providence and judgment of God upon the city, Pilgrim said he had no doubt it was a judgment of God upon the people, for their sins. So, indeed, were all forms of evil and disaster, and, therefore, this one was, in that respect, no more special than any other providence. Every one had its design and purpose, and was specially so ordered. This fire, he said, was a providential thing, but came about, as all providences do, by the agency of second causes. But why all these second causes should conspire, just then, to destroy the city, was

something he could not explain. It was so forecast and prearranged in the divine plan, and human agency, and physical agencies, came naturally into it, though God foreplanned it. It was the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes.

How well he foresaw all that has made up the history of Embankment, from the very first! How long he withheld the stroke of displeasure! How long the people hardened themselves, because judgment against their evil works was not executed speedily! And then, when the fullness of time came, how thoroughly the work was done! How humbled, rebuked, and made even contemptible, were mere human energy, and every wish and will of man!

Keep Faith said the question had been raised, whether or not, it should be called a good providence, since no discrimination had been made, and the good had suffered alike with the evil, churches had been burned as well as theaters, and the homes of purity had been destroyed along with the dens of pollution and shame.

Pilgrim said, no visitation of evil could be a good in itself; it must be a calamity, in some sense: but when sent by God for a good purpose, that is, with the intent to rebuke, reform, and bless the sufferers, it was sent from a good motive in the mind of God, and was designed for good in the case of those on whom it was visited, and, therefore, it was a good providence, in that sense, though a visitation of evil. In respect to the question of discrimination, he thought it was not possible, in any such respect as intimated. Fire was not intelligent, and could not be made so. It would burn a church as quickly as a theater, other things equal. And to prevent it from burning a church, when it would burn a theater, in

The goodness of God in the visitation of evil.

the same circumstances, would be to work a miracle and to override the laws of providence. A fire was a secondary agent, and must be put out or checked by secondary agencies, and a church must be saved by human exertions, as truly as any other building. It was the will of God, in order to accomplish the necessary discipline of life, that the tares and wheat should grow and ripen together, till the harvest. Then would the separation come. So long as bad men were found, they would mingle in society with good men, and their earthly interests would suffer and prosper, very much alike, other things equal. And while men would have the folly of theaters and brothels in the city where there were churches, they must often share the same fate in the midst of a common calamity. There was much we could not explain in the admixture of good and evil in the world, because we could not know all the relations they sustained to each other. A calamity might sweep away all the churches and spare the dens of guilt. It might spare one church and not another. The one spared might be the best, and it might be the poorest. We were not to give such providences too special an interpretation. If, when God spared churches and burned theaters, we were to say he approved of churches and condemned theaters, merely on the ground of that circumstance, we proved too much; for the same rule of interpretation would compel us to allow, that, when churches were burned, and theaters spared, God approved of theaters rather than churches. We must fix our belief on what God approved or hated, by the character and purpose of the buildings, and not by anything which might befal them, in the day of calamity. We must justify God's ways, and explain his conduct, on the ground of what

he was, and what he did, on the whole, and not by any one or two particular acts of his providence.

Mr. Sharp said the fifth speaker raised nearly the same issues in another form. He thought that some, to wit, the comparatively innocent, had suffered too severely, while the wicked deserved the scourge. But, said Mr. Sharp, no man on earth can claim much lenity on the score of good desert. It might be that the best of men deserved far more evil than they suffered, and they ought never to complain under the heaviest chastisements. Mr. Littlethink must, therefore, not presume that any in this fire had suffered beyond their deserts; all might have suffered far less. If this were a world of exact and final retributions, the worst and heaviest calamities would always fall on the worst and basest of men, and the visitations of evil would be exactly proportioned to men's characters and crimes, and that, with unvarying and precise uniformity. There would be no exceptions. But it was plainly not a world of final retributions. It was a world of trial, growth, discipline, and formation of character. Therefore it was that we saw things as they were. By and by, when characters had been fixed, and the trial was over, men would be dealt with strictly according to their deeds.

In the spared portion of the city were good men and bad. The average in the burnt portion might have been even better than in the spared one. The fact of their having been stripped of their possessions, proved nothing for or against them, on the score of moral excellence, as compared with their neighbors. The Methodist Episcopal Church was burned; so was the El Dorado. The loss of property was about the same in each case. Were the frequenters of the Methodist Episcopal Church, therefore,

in character, on a level with the frequenters of the El Dorado? When certain Jews came to our Lord with wrong notions about interpreting events of providence he corrected them thus: "And Jesus answering, said unto them, Suppose ye that these Galileans were sinners above all the Galileans, because they suffered such things? I tell you nay; but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. Or those eighteen, upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them; think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell you nay; but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

He thus taught them, that calamities and divine judgments were not to be applied solely to those who suffered them most; as though they were the most ill deserving; though, of course, they were more or less ill deserving; and who among men were not? And, besides, said he, if God always and uniformly destroyed theaters, brothels, groggeries, and haunts of infamy, as often as they were built, and visited indignation and wrath, at once, on all base and wicked men, so that sin could never carry its head aloft, nor wickedness make a boast, nor riot, nor debauch, ever seem in the least agreeable, men would be governed by fear alone. They would not build such places, nor plunge into guilt, because they would fear to do so. They would perchance, in these matters, be externally upright and moral, not because they loved to be, but because they were afraid to be anything else. They would be, in appearance, virtuous; not because they loved God, goodness, and virtue; but because they disliked and dreaded wrath, while, at heart, they might be as bad as they were now.

The evil instincts of our nature, so to say, would not have fair play. Character would not develop as under the common forms of exposure. In short, the world would cease to be, as now, a scene of moral discipline, and would become a place of constrained wretchedness, on the part of men appalled, and not won, to virtuous conduct; of creatures, who wished not to be good, but trembled to be openly bad. Men were moral beings, and God had a moral government over them, and his providential dispensations came in to modify moral influences, and not to set them aside, and, therefore, it was, that he ordered his providences as he did.

Well, said Keep Faith, we have heard how we must not construe and interpret the providence of God in this terrific visitation of Heaven, may we not also hear how we ought to look upon it? It would please me to learn. Would it not you, Mr. Mystic, you Mr. Speciality, you Mr. Littlethink, you Mr. Lacklight, and you Mr. Forethought. They all said, that, of course, they would hear Mr. Pilgrim and the rest, till they got to the end of the chapter.

Pilgrim said that when a divine judgment came upon a community, the whole community felt the consequences of it, more or less severely. It was a voice to the whole, and not to any one part, exclusively; although some deserved more rebuke than others. But it was not always so, that those who suffered most, deserved most. They might even deserve the least. Yet it was not on that ground, that the visitation fell on them, as it did; but on some ground which we could not always, at the time, perceive. It might be because those who felt it most were, in means, or in mind and heart, the best able to bear the burden of the calamity; or because it would do

them the most good, and interfere least with their prosperity afterward; so that they would, in the end, feel it least, as a burden. God had spared one church; he had spared the one he had, perhaps, because it would be the least able to rise under the pressure of a heavy calamity, or because it needed some such mercy to keep it alive at all. We might suppose this reason, or that, or both, to be the true ones, but we were too ignorant to determine the matter definitely. The judgment was sent on the city, as a whole. The community needed rebuke and chastisement, and it had come in terrible severity: and thus it was that we must interpret it, as against the whole people, taken en masse. The city might, or might not, be more wicked than others. All of them have suffered, because all have deserved ill, and needed to suffer.

Mr. Antiquary said he had been in the city from its inception, and, certainly, it had been wicked enough, and God had told the people so by tempests, floods, and now, at last, by devouring fire. Men had too soon forgotten the previous voices of alarm and rebuke. They might not forget this so quickly. They had grown insolent, proud, and self confident. They had thought Embankment could not be burned. They had trusted to their wide streets, their still nights, their well filled reservoirs, their brave and gallant firemen, their vigilant police, and their prompt and irresistible energy.

But they were now effectually taught, how vain were all such reliances, except the Lord kept the city. They had done much to provoke the displeasure of Heaven. They had loved and sought the wages of iniquity. They had loved the revel and debauch. They had gone to the doors of her whose house was the grave of innocence, and had

embraced pollution. They had traveled in company with harlots, leaving their unsuspecting wives at home. They had uttered oaths and blasphemed God. They had delighted in obscenity, and had corrupted and debauched the young and innocent. They had loved lies, and defrauded and cheated one another, and the government. They had put base creatures in power, to use them for private ends. They had been worldly and selfish, in the last degree. They had sold themselves for a piece of bread; while character, manliness, and everything had gone for gain. Nothing was good to them which could not be coined into money, or into some sensual gratification. They had forsaken the house of God, and refused to hear his law. They had made play-houses profitable, while churches were groaning under debts. They had pampered actors, and starved clergymen. They had not only tolerated, but encouraged any and every violation of the Sabbath, quite too long. They had drugged, bloated, and degraded themselves in the haunts of the drunkard and the profligate. God had not been in all their thoughts. They had said, God doth not see; he hideth his face; he will not require it. They had accounted gain better than godliness, and had been "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God;" and God had said, "shall I not visit them for these things; and shall not my soul be avenged on such a city as this?"

Alas! said Pilgrim, that it should be so; but as you must certainly know what has transpired in the town, it is not strange, that God should visit their sins upon the people, and teach them that they are but men, that they have no assurance of anything they value, so long as they disobey and offend God; since it is in his power to take everything away, at the moment it shall please him so to do. And

thus they would not only expose themselves, by their evil courses, but good men would be compelled to suffer what they would not otherwise, merely from the fact of dwelling in their midst.

Mr. Sharp said he hoped the people would, from this time forward, respect the Sabbath and all good laws, and not go on again recklessly; and that in their calculations, they would take in such an element as the providence of God; inasmuch as they could now see, very clearly, that there was such a thing, and a far more powerful thing, than they had hitherto been accustomed to regard it.

Now I saw that the grey light of morning came, and they were relieved of their charge. So there was a mutual shaking of hands, and a separation in various directions. And, ere Pilgrim and Keep Faith reached the place of their abode, the sun rose upon the earth. But how different was the scene in Embankment, from that on which he had smiled at his going down! Desolation sat supreme amid the ruins. Curling smoke and dust clouds enveloped her comfortless throne. Broken fragments, cinders, and ashes were strewn at her feet. And over all, for a scepter, she waved a burning brand!

MORAL.

We have always known, intellectually, that the things of this world were vain and transitory. But we have never felt the truth as we feel it now. We never could feel it so deeply before. We have been impressively taught. We now do know emphatically the emptiness and vanity of all earthly things. They were ours, but they are not. They have perished in a night. Our pomp is brought down, our

beauty is withered away. Yesterday we had; to-day we have not. But yesterday we reckoned our wealth by hundreds and by thousands. To-day we reckon our poverty by ones and by tens. And if we have no sources of comfort and happiness other than those supplied by our material possessions, we are miserable and unhappy enough, in a day like this, when we cannot but understand what poor provision is made for joy by amassing wealth alone.

We have been proud and self confident, and we have been justly rebuked. We looked on our growing city, with its vast resources, its immense trade, its increasing numbers, its augmenting wealth, its improving aspect, and its proud structures, too much in the spirit of the ancient king who said, "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built by the might of my power?" And now our "judgment reacheth unto heaven, and is lifted up even to the skies." To insure us permanent prosperity, to secure to us the ordinary results of our labor, we see that something more is necessary than industry, than enterprise, than energy, than watchfulness, than perseverance, than elastic forces, than the go ahead spirit. All these we have had, and yet our riches have taken wings, our fair possessions are laid waste. We have thought, that with these we were sufficient unto ourselves, and to our aims. We were mistaken. We left out God's providence from our calculations. We took no heavenly element into our business. And these smoking ruins are the rebuke sent for our folly and our presumption.

And, then, we are chastened for our sin. The curse causeless doth not come Forgetting our dependence on God for our success in our avocations, and giving no heed to his providences, we have gone further, and have set his authority at defiance, slighted his ordinances, and trampled

on his laws. We have wittingly displeased and affronted the Lord of all. And this calamity is the terrible reproof of our wickedness. It is the rod of anger. It is vindicative justice. We do not well to harden ourselves in this day of our visitation. It behooves us to lay our foundations anew in truth and in righteousness, in the fear of the Lord, and in obedience to his laws. We must no longer profane his name, no longer desecrate his Sabbaths, no longer covet, no longer worship gold, no longer embrace the polluted, no longer murder the innocent. If we do not well, sin shall lie at our door. If we would escape the scourge, we must cease from sin.

LECTURE X.

Now I saw in my dream, that Pilgrim and Keep Faith partook of refreshments, and then retired to rest for some hours, at judge Trueside's, after the labors, struggles, and anxious watchings of the night, wherein the tempest of fire swept away the goodly city of Embankment, so long the pride of her citizens and of the great valley.

They awoke, renewed in feeling and energy, though their limbs were still stiff from over exertion. They were now introduced to one Mr. Steadyheart, whose dwelling was hard by that of the judge, and then the four went together, and examined yards, gardens, fences, fields, grain, and herds of stock, on both sides of the turbid river, shrunk to a little stream, that was winding sluggishly along.

As well as could be expected.

They went out also amid the rank and astonishing growths that almost choked the ground, in the low bottoms, where were dense thickets of willow, elder, cottonwood, and various shrubs, over all of which wild grape, and other vines, were running and spreading in the most wanton luxuriance, and shutting out effectually the light of the sun from the teeming soil. Here they found men and

Thickets and grapes in the bottom lands.

maidens, women and children, busily employed. It was the vintage season among these native vineyards; and the small purple grapes were hanging in massive clusters from the vines. Of the fruit the travelers ate, till, on account of their having become too tart, or for some more obvious reason, they had almost ceased from conversation on any topic.

In another direction, they made their way out of the bottoms, through thickets, briers, reeds, and tangled mazes of grass and weeds, and came sheer down upon the ferry-

The ferryman and his barge.

man, who was working over, by hand ropes, a load of mountain lumber, bound to Embankment, and working back a huge load of supplies for the hill country, and the thirsty dwellers in regions where the water is too pure, and too cold, for the purposes of civilization, and needs a little something to correct its noxious qualities, to take the chill off, and throw down to the bottom all the earthy and deleterious substances, before held in

A medicine of doubtful qualities.

solution; though it might be a question, whether the matter so precipitated were previously held in solution by the water, or the "with it."

And so, ere it was past the gloaming, and ere the long lines of loaded vehicles had ceased stirring up clouds of dust along the thoroughfares in sight, clouds of dust, that rose into the air, like the smoke of huge steamers, and overtopped the loftiest trees in their winged flight of silence, they came once more to their pleasant place of sojourning.

Now I saw, that they prepared for an early departure in the morning, and left not a thing unsaid they wished to say,

Not forgetful of kindness shown.

nor failed in the measure of their gratitude and thankfulness to those who had ministered to their wants, and to their enjoyments. When they had

kneeled to Heaven's Eternal King, and had sung the hymn: "My God, how endless is thy love," they retired to their couch, and soon were laid in sleep's serene oblivion. The ring of the clarion voice of the crowing cock, as he hailed the new dawn; hailed never before, to be hailed never again, though each passing moment usher in somewhere another dawn; the chanticleer's voice, I say, awoke them, just as the first faint flashes of the morning overspread the east. They rose with thanks, and craved, silently, divine protection.

The cock crowing.

They had thought to step quietly out and proceed on their journey, without disturbing the household. But they did not succeed. For Mrs. Excellence belonged to the class described in the Proverbs. "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household." So she met them, at the foot of the stairs, and invited them to a smoking breakfast, where Miss Beatitude, with her ready smile, was waiting in her seat, to do the honors.

A woman of the Scriptures.

When their repast was finished, with giving of thanks, they were invited to a seat in judge Trueside's farm wagon, which was at the door. His business took him a few miles in their direction, and he could thus set them forward a little on their journey. They helped themselves across the river, for the ferryman was still in his dreams, and rode away, at a good speed, from the timber that belted the far famed river, into the open, arid plain.

The judge helpeth them on their journey, after a homely sort.

Their rough board seat across the box was much better than a single pole to ride on, and it served to settle their stomachs and foredoom all dyspepsia. Sometimes they

fain would have gone on foot, for comfort's sake; but they were making good progress, and would, no doubt, have experience enough, by and by, of the pleasures of self propulsion. So they kept themselves in cheerful mood, looking out for deep ruts and holes, and making elliptics of their knee hinges, and talking when they could, for the noise, and without danger of biting off their tongues.

A ride for progress rather than pleasure.

Nearly two hours were consumed thus, in passing over a road that ran through, here and there, a timber grove, and by the houses of settlers and taverners, when they were set down at a famous pleasure resort, in a grove of oaks, on the border of the now dry channel of a brook. There was a number of men about the premises, nearly all of whom were very busy in the endeavor to get up an appetite for breakfast, by means of copious draughts, that caused them to make wry faces, and to put on a look, as though the medicine were bad to take, when, in fact, no doctor could have induced them to let it alone.

They had scarcely landed on the steps, when one of the bystanders asked them if they would not moisten, and another if they would not imbibe. They said in reply, not being exactly sure they understood the lingua, that they had done nothing but drink in fresh air all the morning, and were not faint. Another came and inquired if they had liquored. They said they were not foot sore, and had no need of any such application. Another, still, inquired if they never soaked any. They said they did not wish to anticipate the rains, for then soaking might be inevitable. A fourth was in earnest to know if they would not have something to take. But they declined taking anything, as they did not wish to burden

A time of anxious solicitude.

themselves with more to carry. A fifth would insist, that, at such an hour, they stood in need of a cobbler. But they could see no holes in their shoes, nor perceive any such dilapidations as a cobbler could repair.

Occasions for taking a glass.

Just then, Mr. Antiquary came out from the dining hall, and released them from their embarrassment, in a room where men could think and talk of nothing but bibbing; where they drank to introductions, drank to farewells, drank to new acquaintance, to better acquaintance, and to old acquaintance, drank to get appetite, then drank to help digestion, drank to get excitement, then drank to steady their nerves, drank when alone to make company, in company drank to make it social, and, in short, were never in want of a reason for drinking, nor able to see one for stopping.

A drink less fiery than the colored liquids.

Mr. Antiquary explained to the landlord who they were, and whither they were proceeding. The host was very glad to meet them, and admired their wise course. He said his wife, originally, was from their region, but she now was absent from home. He insisted that they should take something; so Mr Antiquary suggested a pitcher of milk. It was brought out, and then all was right between them.

Mr. Antiquary told Pilgrim and Keep Faith, that, for the present, his occupation in Embankment was gone, and so he had come out there to join them, on their march, and have the pleasure of their society sometime longer, and until he might be more useful at home. So they bade the judge and his wagon a good morning, and went on their way.

In a few minutes, they came to some stakes, driven by a little foot path, that ran through the stubble, forty paces apart, where, on a certain summer morning, at sunrise, it

The place where a duel was fought.

being Monday, and all the preliminaries having been arranged on Sunday, two prominent men of the state had shot at each other twice, and one of them had fallen, in all the strength and beauty of his manhood, a victim to the absurd and cruel exactions of the, so called, "code of honor."

Mr. Antiquary said, the custom of dueling, in some form, was an old one, but it was a thing much more fair for both of the parties, before the day of fire arms, and many modern inventions, than now. But it was a difficult thing to remove the evil, wrong and absurd as it could be shown to be. Keep Faith had once witnessed a scene of this sort; but it was attended with no fatal, or bloody consequences; and then every one sought to turn it into ridicule. He could see no remedy for it, except in the prevalence of better views of the subject, in the community at large, or such views, as would pass the duelist in silence, and give him over to oblivion, so that he could not, as now, become notorious, and be raised into consequence, by engaging in a duel. For, some men would even court the danger of wounds and death, in duels, for the sake of notoriety, and of position, in certain circles, and for the name of braves. The only true and effective remedy for the evil was, of course, the doctrine of Christ, as set forth in the gospel, forbidding all forms of private injury, and the indulgence of a spirit of malice, or revenge, in any circumstances.

Not easy to do away the practice.

The most effectual remedy.

Now I saw, that they kept onward, many miles, through a rolling prairie, into the low hills on the east of the great valley, stopping, now and then, to rest themselves in some sylvan shade, or to converse with a man at his door, or to salute women and children at their new found homes, far

Salutations by the way.

from each other, but not distant from the noise, dust, and travel, that linked the world above, among the hills, to the stirring world of the valley, and the sea coast. It was late in the day when they descended from a steep and high hill, where were broken wagons, half loads of goods on the ground, wagons with wheels chained, and teams that had been ill trained, and would not go in the way they should, drivers that went hard after them, in the evil direction, and used a harsh vocabulary, which the travelers were glad to get out of the sound of, and where, since the fire, anxious owners were watching for their loads, and were ready to gather up the fragments, in case of a crash.

The dust of Ophir not yellow.

Proceeding on their way, they soon found themselves amid the dust of Ophir; but it was as black and unpalatable as any dust they had tasted. They had not yet succeeded in picking their way across the nearly dry bed of the stream, amid rails, sticks, and holes, when they were met by a man with long hair, of no color in particular, a long, sorrel beard, hanging over his breast, and fertilized with a rich admixture of tobacco juice and free soil, and with a squint in one of his grey eyes, who announced himself as Mr. Clay Monger.

Mr. Clay Monger volunteers his valuable services.

He was very anxious to show them, as new comers, good locations, and to assist them in the matter of claims; for, of course, they would stop in the richest spot for digging in winter, the country afforded. He was extremely voluble, and gave no one else a chance to edge in a remark. He had located thousands, and sold many a claim, and his claims always paid. He was not a speculator on his own account; he looked out for others. He never sold a claim in his life, except on the score of benevolence. He was perfectly disinterested; only

he had rockers, toms, and tools, he would dispose of to those who insisted on having them. He liked the looks of the new comers wonderfully; and they might vastly benefit the place, by remaining in it and promoting its good morals, for they needed some mending.

The benevolence is not appreciated.

They did not stop to listen to him long, for his stories hung together no better than the crown of his hat and the brim, his breath was rummy, and they had heard him, or some one near him, using language, ere they came up, that did not sound like that of a consistent advocate of moral reform, so much, as that of a worshiper at the shrine of a hogshead.

So they got over into the town, and found it to consist, mainly, of one crooked, sidelong street, built on at random, and off from, likewise; where rows of shanties, stores, grog-shops, saloons, hotels, and the tall poles of parties political, managed, by dint of some grazing, to keep the uneven road running along between them, till it came out where it had room to wind away, and get up from the hollow as it could. They were not prepossessed with this town, boasting so ancient a name, and they could not consent to tarry there for the night; though it might be a rich and prosperous town, in spite of all they saw, and did not see; for they beheld no church, no school house, no public hall for any but money changers, and very few commodious dwellings, that seemed to contain women and children. They did hear from some one, afterwards, of several literary men to be found there, of whom one was a graduate of a popular and ancient university at the east, and there ranked high for his genius; and they sincerely hoped he might live to see palmier days, and pleasing changes in his town.

A town in the mines, capable of improvement.

They now went a nearer road than the one over which the stage coaches toiled wearisomely, and, following the ravine, toward its source, they were not long in reaching another town, rejoicing in a beautiful name, a name made classic by the genius of the man who sang the "loveliest village of the plain." But, horrors! here was a town, miles away from any plain, famous three years for dry diggings, big lumps, and rough men, lying low in a hollow, and on the edges of a hollow scooped out by nature, at the junction of a half dozen small ravines, built so as to craze an artist of weak nerves by its very grotesqueness, and yet attaching its golden fortunes and unique structures to the classic beauty of the muse of Goldsmith. Mr. Antiquary said it reminded him of a neighbor's mule, not a very comely creature, that would answer to no other name than that of Georgiana Sophia.

A beautiful name for a mining town.

The sun was setting when they reached the town, and they must perforce lodge there, though every spot seemed choking full of red dust. However, Mr. Antiquary soon found his old friend, Mr. Thriftwise, who welcomed them to his cottage, a little way out from the crowded assemblage of buildings that made the town. They were weary with the journey, and were obliged to decline an invitation to visit the places of public resort, to see how they looked by candle light, and to learn the habits and customs of men who live by their wits, of those who fail to live and grow rich by their work, and of those who earn only to spend in low debauch.

They lodge out of the town.

In the morning they went out to view the village. The dry bed of the main ravine ran through the lower portion, which was gravelly and full of pitfalls, having been dug over many times for its gold, and having yielded as much

the last time as the first. Around this vale, and on the adjacent slope, the line of buildings ran, in a badly shaped circle. The center of the circular spot consisted of a clump of mean looking houses, with a public street on every side. Of the character of those who occupied the locality no one was forward to affirm anything. The observer must decide for himself.

The features of the place as they saw them.

The buildings around were of all descriptions, and some indescribable, from the log huts of '49, and the rift clapboards of '50, to the showy cottage, and the large hotel, that kept, at least, an imposing front, if nothing else that was of that sort. There was a large building on the side hill, whose upper story was bare and empty, but to which the Chinese, in a most uncelestial way, had added a story, from beneath, by digging out the dirt, and fronting the lower part down the hill.

There was a fine, large structure, with a saloon in it, which had been built entirely over an old, low, one story, shanty of a place, but a famous night resort, nevertheless, in such a way, that the old building was occupied, and used as before, until the new one was finished throughout, with the exception of a portion of the lower floor; when, at length, the ancient structure, memorable for red dust and for yellow, suffered demolition.

A few trees were still standing on the acres covered by the town, which somewhat graced it; and the heights near by could boast some fair timber. In general, there was a dearth of water, greenness, order, and beauty, and one who did not know the reason, would have tried in vain to think of a reason, for building such a town, much less for building one in such a locality.

The trees, timber, and general aspect.

Over the point of a hill, in another ravine, with a small

rill of water in it, they found a dozen Celestials learning the art of finding gold. All together, their force was about equal to a man and a boy, but if they obtained knowledge no faster than they obtained precious metal, they were likely to go on, in their small way, till they forgot they were the children of the sun and moon, and wore their queues as convenient handles to take them where they came from.

Pursuit of earthly knowledge.

Mr. Thriftwise said, the town could not boast any rapid growth since the famous year of '49, though it was not without progress. It was the seat of justice for the county, a county as long and narrow, in its proportions, as a slice of rye bread down east; but, as yet, justice had no temple among them, other than a split shingle shanty, with a painted front, and so she dwelt, of necessity, much retired; few, but the lawyers, being able to find her. The law had advocates enough, in their community, but the gospel found few supporters. There was neither church nor parsonage built, and their stated preaching had been only semi-occasional. Political meetings, and conventions, always assembled on Saturday, so as to improve Sunday, when it was needed, and some body would come forward to talk politics. More than one candidate for office had recently given them a Sunday speech; showing, by their conduct, how much easier it was to throw religion out of politics, than to take such an element in, especially when one wished to go to Congress.

The halls of justice.

Political conventions and Sunday speeches.

They had an independent paper, which, belonging to no party, must, of course, favor both; and, being independent, must never censure any one, for fear of losing his patronage. As to employing anything else than the most flattering

language and choice compliments towards the people and the town, it would not do. People did not support a paper to tell them their faults, correct their morals, and improve their manners, their habits, and their homes. If the citizens could not be flattered by their own paper, as the most energetic, prosperous, virtuous, refined, literary, tasteful and pious people in the known world, why, then they would kick the independent journal out of their houses, because it was getting above its business. It was so in more places than one in Bustledom.

Independent newspaper.

Pilgrim inquired, if those who were freshly come from the east were not shocked by the vain, irreverent, and godless habits and practices of the people, and if it did not take a long time for them to get to thinking and acting in the same way as those, who, from being better men, had grown profane, and outlandish in dress, speech and behavior. Mr. Thriftwise said it was easy always to distinguish a new comer, but not commonly in that way. Those who came intending, at all hazards, to keep a good character, would do so, even in the worst circumstances; but such as came ignorantly, and thoughtlessly, in respect to such things, were very often overpowered by temptations, and carried away by excitement, and by the examples of companions and old acquaintances.

New comers are not always the best and the most reliable men.

There was still another class, who came from home ready to engage in anything that would pay, no matter what. They were debauched before coming here, and their evil ways were not chargeable on California, only as she furnished them opportunities for doing things they were long ago ready to do, but were afraid to do, till they got away, far from their own and

Some spoiled before they set out for the land of gold.

old homes. He could tell an incident of his recent experience. A young man had called on him several times without finding him at home. When he did see him, all he wished was, to know what he should go to doing. He had been three weeks in the state, and had spent his last hundred dollars in looking him up, in order to know what to do.

A hopeful citizen.

Mr. Thriftwise said he felt indignant, that such a man, whom he had scarcely known, years before, and whose character he did not admire then, should come to him, like a mere child, to ask what to do. He determined to test and sound him. So he took him, confidentially, up stairs, and, speaking in whispers, asked him if he were quick, and sly, and could keep a secret. He presumed he was gifted in those ways. Then, said I, the most profitable business done in Bustledom is stealing. Stealing, said he, is it possible? stealing what? Oh, said I, stock, goods, gold dust, any thing. Regular business; organized parties; depots all about the country. But, said he, is it considered legitimate? is there no danger? I replied, we don't think of legitimacy; only of the profits; it pays well; that is all.

Startling proposals.

Of course, there is danger. If you are caught, your neck is stretched. You must look out for that. Remember, when you are at it, "that dead men tell no tales." He shook his head, and hesitated. But, what pay am I sure of? said he. Not less than a thousand dollars per month; and, if you are expert, and never caught, a good deal more. It is what I never thought of, said he, but, at those rates, it will pay well. I'll go in, and run the risk. I must make something, now I am here. But, what would folks at home think! How-

He consents to go into the stealing business if it will pay.

ever, twenty five thousand, in a year or two, that would make it all right. I'll go in, and risk it, said he, rubbing his hands. Mr. Thriftwise, just tell me how.

Then I said, Sir, I beg your pardon, I have been deceiving you, on purpose to try you. I suspected you. My suspicions have been confirmed. You came here, not to make your living, or wealth, honestly, but a scoundrel at heart. You were ready to disgrace your friends, to unman yourself, to trample on the laws of your country, to forsake God and all goodness, to rob your fellow men, and to abandon all claims to common respect and esteem, for the sake of money, and have professed yourself ready, even to steal, and to become one of a gang of thieves. You can go, sir. This matter lies only between us. If you do not yet know what to do, I know what you have said you were willing to do. Go, and work honestly; and do not think that I shall soon forget you. I have seen too many like you. Heaven grant, I may meet no more such. The country can well spare their coming, and their presence, and our towns will rejoice when similar specimens cease to arrive.

A serious accusation against an embarrassed man.

A moral lecture.

So, young Mr. Filchfur hurried away, and when last heard of, he was in a distant county trying to get an office, in which endeavor he had some prospect of succeeding. This man, said Mr. Thriftwise, is one of the many who come here, villains already, at heart; and when they act out their villainy, people at the east charge it all to the account of California wickedness; when, in fact, these same characters would go east, put on the same old cloak of goodness, and people there would never suspect them.

Importation of ready made villains.

Now I saw, that they left this second village without a church, situated only an easy day's ride from the city of Embankment, having bidden Mr. Thriftwise farewell, and went toward the top of a high ridge, running nearly north and south. At the end of a few miles, they were at the pitch of the hill, and looked down into an awful chasm, and upon scenery grand, and beautiful in its sublimity, though it was only the beginning of such things. They prepared to descend. It was a long journey, and windings, haltings, and holdings, made it still longer, and it seemed as if they never would reach the bottom. They knew there was a bottom, for they could see it; but, when they had gone down so far that the height they had left seemed to touch the sky over their heads, still the bottom appeared as distant as when they first gazed into the depth, and men were only pigmies in appearance, and looked like flocks of fowls, moving about on the ground.

The road leads down into a chasm.

A deep ravine with men at the bottom.

Night had almost gathered again, when they came down to the edge of the water of the North Fork of the American. At least, it was like evening there; for the sun was out of sight, and they saw not his face again, till the following day, very late in the morning. Here the Pilgrim and Keep Faith saw, for the first time, river mining, dams, toms, sluices, flumes, wheels, shovels, picks, pans, long boots, and other paraphernalia. Right glad they were to rest awhile, and look on the operations of these Yankee miners, in their varied and grotesque attire. The beards and mustachios of nearly all were of full growth, a razor not having passed upon them for a good many months. Their hats were of every order and style. Their shirts were flannel of some

They are now in the mines, & see things with their own eyes.

color, blue, red, scarlet, green, yellow, white, striped, or plaid, or some faded memento of these colors, and some were of the sort called hard hack, or hickory. Some of them worked in the water with long boots, and some with none but nature's own. It was a busy scene. Stones were flying, dirt was shoveling, toms were rocking, water was splashing, and, as they were down close to the bed rock, all were in a state of excitement and restless anxiety. At length they panned out, and two or three pounds of gold showed its bright color, and they were in extacies; for the yield indicated a hundred dollars per day to a man.

A busy place, where men were working with a will.

In a short time, the travelers went on, following the course of the river, by a narrow path, now close to the water, now over the rocks, and now far up on the steep hill side, and came, at length, to the cabin of Mr. Antiquary's oft tried friend, one Mr. Upheaval. He was taken by surprise. But he proffered the hospitalities of his home, as though it were a palace. The floor was the ground, the table was of slabs, and there were stools of wood. The kitchen furniture comprised a dinner pot, a frying pan, and a stewing dish. Tea was made in a large tin vessel, and drank from smaller ones. The food extended to cold beef, potatoes, pickles, and hard bread; any of which things a hungry man would relish.

They go on up the stream.

The cuisine of a miner.

During the evening, Mr. Upheaval gave them an account of his mining history for three years; in which he had made fortunes and lost them, with equal facility; though he had never failed in the time to send home a liberal monthly instalment, for the benefit of his family. His enterprises had been prodigious, and he was

The doings of Mr. Upheaval.

still engaged in carrying on gigantic schemes, and working with his own hands and head, like one that knew no such word as fail, and never would give up.

They slept, some in bunks, some on the benches and table, and some on the ground; and they were lulled to sleep by the murmur, ripple, and roar of the waters tumbling over rocks and dams, and rushing through flumes and narrows.

Lulled to sleep on primitive couches.

All the next day, they toiled, wearisomely, along up the stream, keeping as near to it as possible, and observing the men by whom they passed, and their works. They were astounded by the evidences of labor, seen on every side, and the long continued, and almost superhuman, energy that must have been tasked in bringing about so stupendous results. These works might put to shame the poor old giants of fable, that piled Pelion upon Ossa; for, here had been rocks enough removed to make both of those mountains, and work enough done, to break down all the giants.

The giants quite outdone.

It was sunset, when they reached a large and famous encampment, only a few miles distant from a town with a very droll name Near by were certain canyons with unmentionable names. At this point they lodged. During the evening they went out and looked through the encampment. It was Saturday evening, and the week's work was done; and some had received their weekly pay. There was no regular gaming saloon in the place; but cards were found every where. The trading houses were groceries, hotels, bar rooms, and so on, all combined; and the gaming that was done in earnest, was in these. There were monte, faro, whist, eucher, jack, poker, and such games, but a favorite game was "freeze out

Saturday night at an encampment of miners.

poker." The favorite stake, in this game, was a can of peaches, or other preserved fruit, or some such delicacy, toward the purchase of which, three, five, or seven persons contributed each his share of money. By the rules of the game, when one found himself and his cards in a certain fix, he was excluded, or frozen out; then another, and another, and the last was the winner. It was only an ingenious mode of raffling. Of course, there was not much delicacy about these apartments. The miners did not change their garbs, before entering for the evening; and they were smoking, drinking, swearing, and boasting incessantly.

Freezing out.

Some appeared to be trying how fast they could get rid of their week's earnings, by foolish purchases, stakes, a great deal of hard drinking, and inviting every body else to drink, and becoming too generous to preserve even a cent for after wants. Some they saw in their cabins, who were reckoning up their proceeds, adjusting accounts, and hoarding away the most of their dust. Some were in groups, talking of home, family, friends, and days lang syne, and wondering whether fortune would favor their return, or bring their dear ones thither. But the great majority were going, from store to store, and shop to shop, and spending time and money recklessly. And, in general, this squandering class was the one that complained most of hard times, and evil fortunes. And, surely, they were badly off.

Wife, children, and friends.

Sunday was as noisy and boisterous, as Saturday; but in a different way. There was no digging; yet there were gambling, chaffering, trading, and auctioneering done. There were also crowds in the streets, or the places so denominated. In their cabins, men washed dishes, and

cleaned up extraordinarily. They washed soiled garments at the river. They cleaned and reloaded fire-arms. They went after their weeks supply of provisions. They made articles for use, repaired damaged tools and garments, prospected, paid off bills, sent to the post office, wrote letters, read newspapers and novels, loafed about for excitement, and did all the odd jobs they could think of, except to trim their hair and beards.

Occupations on the first day of the week.

Pilgrim and his companions early went to the village of Down East James; for they supposed they might find a preacher there, and attend divine worship with his congregation. But no one they met could tell if there were preaching; or, if so, where it might be. Thus they found themselves in the midst of a crowd of godless men, and the hurry, noise, and strife of a mining town on the Lord's day. And, surely, the sight was sad enough; for here was Vanity Fair outdone in vanity, if not in folly and in crime.

Down East James' village.

MORAL.

There is no divine institution, no appointment of God for the race of man, so slighted and set at nought among us, as the Sabbath, one day in seven for a day of holy rest. The casting away of its benefits, the neglect of its mercies, the rejection of its duties, the abuse and desecration of the day; these are common enough, and shameful enough, in our cities and best regulated communities. But the profanation of the day, that prevails, generally, in the mining districts, is alarming, is dreadful.

We have need of a reform in this matter. Yea, this must be the beginning of all public reforms; the chief

among private ones. I can not state the case stronger than it is, nor can you easily imagine it to be worse than you will find it. If you travel up and down our rivers, ravines, and mountains, you will have every religious sensibility shocked, if not every human one wounded. You can not but feel the need of that reform which now is urged. If you have anything beyond the merest semblance of piety, not to say humanity, in your souls, you will yourselves urge the reform with all your might.

By your private example, by your public efforts, by encouraging those who keep the Sabbath, by discouraging those who break it, by all the ways in which influence may be exerted, you have all something to do, each in his sphere, in promoting this reform. You ought neither to patronize, in a business way, individuals, associations, or corporations, nor to vote any into offices of honor and trust, that are known, openly and shamelessly, to violate the sacredness of the day.

Well you know how needful to health and vigor is physical rest, one day in seven. Well you know how needful to the mind, and the genial and harmonious exercise of all the intellectual faculties, is just such a change for the thoughts, just such a recreation, as the Sabbath is wont to bring. Well you know what need there is for a day, so often, to check the ongoing of affairs, to arrest the noise and strife without, to free from the cares of business, to hush all tumult and jar, that time may be given for the culture of the soul, to gather hallowing and blessed influences around it, and lift it above all earthly vanities. Well you know, that, without this day of holy rest, there never has been, there never can be, any true and steady maintenance of religion, much less, any growth and spread of it And well

you know, that, without religion, there is no heaven for man above, and none begun below.

Thus you know that "the Sabbath was made for man;" as our Lord himself hath declared. Your observation goes not but to confirm his word. Act up to the full measure of the dictates of your understanding. By your life and labors evince how confidently you believe the Savior's saying, how thoroughly you have learned the lessons of Providence. Your hopes for peaceful communities, wise laws, good governments, splendid cities, a noble state, prosperity on the earth, and a home in heaven, all, all, depend on your keeping a weekly Sabbath, and your resting, according to God's commandment!

LECTURE XI.

Now I saw in my dream, when Pilgrim and his companions perceived that they were in the very midst of the village of Down East James, of a Sunday, and could find no place where public worship was held, that they were at a loss what to do. For, if they remained in the streets, and drifted about with the crowds, they would seem to be spending the Lord's day in the same manner as those who had no regard for it. Although it was suggested, that, by doing so, they would learn, from observation of their own, more about the habits and practices prevalent at such places on that day of the week, than were possible otherwise, they could not consent to spend the day in that manner.

Wishing to avoid the appearance of evil.

They were relieved of their difficulties by meeting with one Mr. Impulsate, a very good sort of a man, in his way, whom Mr. Antiquary had known for some years. He was, by regular calling, a physician, and sometimes had practised medicine. He had, also, at times, essayed the practice of law; sometimes he had been a public functionary; sometimes he had kept a store; sometimes he had gone into real estate operations; sometimes

A man of parts, & experiments.

he had engaged in quartz mills; and sometimes he had tried banking. He had, at one time and another, bought into and sold out of, almost every species of stocks in the market. He had been just ready to go east, and expecting to start, every next month, for a year or two, but was never able to close up his business satisfactorily, or to get his friends off from his hands, so as to start freely. He had sold out, and relocated several times, on the same spot, in the same place; and several times, in as many different places. He had been rich, and poor again, more times than he could remember. He had never been without a half a dozen men and women under his care, whom he was trying to get situations for; his benevolence always outdoing his discretion, and his hopefulness keeping quite in advance of his energies, although they were wonderful.

Benevolence & zeal in no want of objects.

Dr. Impulsate had but recently come to this town, lately sprung up, with its broad, descending street, new houses, of light hued wood, unpainted, and, therefore, of one color; and yet in consequence of this uniformity, presenting a tidy and neat appearance, as if fresh from the builders' hands and the workmen's tools. He was hurrying along to visit a patient, when accosted by Mr. Antiquary. He was very glad to see them all; for he loved the company of good men, which the very habits of his life deprived him of. He took them to his office, and had them provided with quiet seats, and a few good books, till his return from his calls.

A newly built town, of wood color.

But their very retreat overlooked the whole village, and the noise of the streets was not shut out by the thin partitions. Crowds of teams had contrived to get in on Saturday evening or Sunday morning. From his wagon,

Street traffic on Sunday.

one was peddling fruits; another was retailing notions; another, clothing; and another, boots and shoes. Merchants were auctioneering at their doors, and teamsters from their wagons. Music, and the clangor of trumpets, pealed incessantly, or, in vocal utterances, screeched and screamed, from the saloons and groggeries. Bar keepers were in demand; and there was heard the popping of corks, the ringing of glasses, the jingling of decanters, and rattle and din of every sort. All was

There is no small stir among the people.

exhilaration, excitement, activity, motion, life. Money was all the while changing hands. There was no quiet, no reserve, no self possession. All was bewilderment. Men forgot where they were, why they came, what the day was for, when they should depart, and wherewith.

As it drew toward evening, the throng in the streets was less, and the clamors and appeals of the auctioneers ceased; but the songs and shouts of mirth and revelry rather increased, and there began to be boasting, scolding, loud altercations, quarreling, fighting, and shooting, here and there.

Pack loads of goods and stores on mules, and back

The after part of the day.

loads of goods on men, were leaving every moment. All sorts of mining implements and supplies were loading into very unpretending vehicles, for the small shops and branch stores, in the ravines, and on the bars, wherever wheeled vehicles cou'd be made to go, without whirling more than once over at an upset.

When the night came, the calm stars shone from their blue depths, with diamond gleam; the same sweet stars that had smiled on the Pilgrim in his early days, and had come to be his most familiar friends, as they rose and set in their

brilliant constellations. But there, in that newly built village, what scenes of guilt did they not look down on, from their far heights, all so passive and undisturbed! The streets were nearly abandoned. The gaming saloons were full. Groups of eager faced men were watching about the tables, as excited companions staked and lost, coin after coin. They looked on one of these, when the tide turned, as he thought in his favor, and he bet high and lost all. They saw him, as he went away, pale, and trembling, to drink himself into an hour of strange forgetfulness. For, in that moment of horrible anguish, what pictures were in his mind, of early home, father and mother, as he knew them once! And how he thought of child and wife, her last looks, and her latest letters, which were even then in his bosom! What issue was there to be of the wild and disordered life he was leading! No wonder he would fain forget himself and the world around! What would he not give to blot out all the past! What does he not imagine he would essay and accomplish, if he could only be what once he was!

The doings during the evening.

Everything lost at the gaming table; not money alone.

The drinking shops, too, were full of people, talking, drinking, lounging. These shops had fanciful names, and were hung around with paintings of nude forms, with gaudy pictures, of scenes in the life of a flash man, a fancy man, a sporting man, a gay man of the world, a jolly good fellow, and so on. Here were public men, come to unbend themselves. Judges, magistrates, constables, lawyers, clerks, politicians, men that sponge their living, somehow, out of the public offices, and have the largest liberty, and the most assurance; all were here for potations. And here judge and culprit drank

Drinking shops and their ornaments, and frequenters.

together, with a very knowing wink of recognition. The justice smiled satisfaction, over his glass, at the pettifogger, who got men by the ears, about pretty much nothing, and so managed to put fees into his own pocket, while giving the Court a chance to foot up a handsome bill of costs. Here the constable drank success to long difficulties and many witnesses; and the sheriff's deputy tried, in vain, to seem strange and cold toward the man, whom he had once had under arrest, but who had managed to slip out of his hands, while he slipped an "adobe" in. And here were all dignitaries, on a level with the undignified, and the great were become like vulgar men; and, in their cups, they slapped each others' shoulders, in fraternal union, and were known only as Tom, Dick, and Harry, Joe, Sam, and Jerry.

Promoters of the public peace, and men of vigilance.

Dignity unbent.

As the hours passed on, there were other buildings sought, which were not the least imposing in their size and appearance, and which were more splendidly and gaudily finished and provided than any others in the town. Here were gilded bottles, colored drinks, and enticing cordials. Here were music, and voluptuous dancing. Here were painted women, in flaunting and costly attire, and here were bold looks, honied words, blandishing attentions, and enticing smiles, and simple men went straightway after such as lured them to their inner halls, and lavished food and drink upon them, in the place of luxury, and wooed them to their ruin in the false embrace of death and the grave. Hour after hour, the song, dance, and music went on; and still the sound was in the ears of the travelers, both waking and sleeping, long after the noon of night was gone. And the grey of the morning saw many a haggard, pale, man going

The haunts of the shameless.

"The dead are there."

to his rooms, who fain would have concealed from all the world, from the circle at his distant home, especially, the truth concerning his revels, and the place where his manliness succumbed, and he was robbed of his youth, strength, beauty, and all the glory of his golden years, and maturing promise.

"A bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."

These things Pilgrim and his companions saw, or heard from the lips of their host, as they passed the evening together, in his small chamber. And together they bemoaned the dissolute habits, shocking morals, and utter lack of high principle, so common in many of the mountain districts; and together they prayed, that the day might soon come for a steady preaching of the gospel, for quiet Sabbaths, houses of prayer, and pious households, and all the genial power and influences of divine grace, and human excellence, as these had been known in former years, and in regions afar.

Things altogether desirable.

The morning dawned auspiciously. The mountain air was fresh, and bracing; and there was a charm abroad in the sunny light, that could not be resisted. Dr. Impulsate took them about the hills and ravines near the town. They went across the mouth of that one, which commemorates the name of a notorious vagrant, going up and down in the earth, that, perchance, was no stranger in those parts. For, there as almost everywhere, some, when themselves got high, seemed quite as intent to raise the "Ancient Henry," if at any time he might seem to be reclining, as to put down all other spirits. The doctor also had them down into the bottom of that one, deriving its name from the extremity of an under garment; where, indeed, there was very

"Devil's canyon."

"Shirt tail canyon."

little to surprise them, and not much to compensate them for their trouble.

They went, afterwards, into shafts and tunnels, visited slides, mounted up to the Georgia Bluffs, and saw where those many, many pounds of gold were obtained, by five men in a few weeks; which so surprised the whole region, and brought thither such anxious, eager crowds in hope to find their fortunes, with like expedition; none of whom had been more than partially successful. And thus they spent the day; making observations of the region and people, and preparing for a continuation of their journey. They did not return to Dr. Impulsate's again; for that gentleman had been called over to the Middle Fork to patch up the bruised face of a piece of humanity, given to bruising grog; and had gone thence to the village of Sarah, to find a place for one of his dependents. They were left, therefore, to look out for themselves; as, by this time, they were quite able to do, in almost any circumstances.

A famous "lead."

Now it came to pass, as they were going to a place, where they expected to find shelter for the night, that they came upon a man, behind a large cabin, busily engaged with a fire and a retort. He was distilling the mercury from an amalgam he had been forming, in order to test the quality of certain parcels of black sand, and some specimens of quartz rock. Mr. Antiquary recognized this person as a certain Professor, but not the one whom he had known in Embankment as a doer of various kinds of business, not belonging to his curriculum. Like other learned men in the land, this one had turned his attention to trading, speculating in city lots, making new towns, taking up public lands, wonder finding,

A man of chemical knowledge, and practical application.

hill exploring, political aspiring, and science mongering, in general. He was the very impersonation of endurance and toughness, as he stood there in his calico shirt. His hands, large, hard, and somewhat discolored, were very huge paws, as compared with the soft, white, little, dumpy things, often appended to the arms of a University scholar. He looked up in amazement at Mr. Antiquary and his company; but he was too much a man of self direction to be taken aback. So he finished his distillation, strained the residuum through rags and buckskin, and finally brought it to a hard consistence, and turned it over to dry. Having learned the story of the travelers, he could do neither less nor more than to ask them to share his cabin, and they could do no better than to accept his hospitality; although it was a shabby building which they were by the side of, and the prospect within was not the most charming.

How he looked behind the cabin.

They stop for the night.

So soon as it was dark, in came three or four other regular occupants, and learned men all. Supper cooking began. They all took seats on boards and boxes, and a large box served for a table; and in behind it were stowed away the dishes. A couple of tallow candles, that guttered badly, stuck in dirty catsup bottles, shed their feeble glimmer over the scene; and the sheet iron stove smoked when it pleased, and the frying and burning fat on the top could do no less.

View by candle light.

At length they had supper, around the big box, of pork, water slap jacks, and molasses, rinsed down with oak leaf, shilling tea, sweetened with extra brown sugar, and drank from tin cups, and far enough from any milk market. It was not a board spread for epicures, but appetite and much chewing worked the

A supper not for bonvivants.

materials into a diet, if not into a severe and solid luxury. After this substantial fare, when the dishes had been stowed away, all guiltless of hot water and towels, the feast of reason and flow of words began.

The conversation turned on the natural sciences, the gold formation, and the various sorts of diggings. For, besides Professor X., there were Dr. H., Geologist Y., Engineer C., and Millwright A. Prof. X. had been in other gold regions of America, and he was sure they were all alike in their general features, and were alike ranged and disposed, keeping ever the same company, and were never found out of place. He believed that the common veiws, concerning the origin and place of gold, taught in our colleges, were right; and they were confirmed by all his observations in this land. He was in favor of the learned and regular school. Keep Faith said he read about all the books published before he came, but was never able to tell, exactly, what were the views of the regular and learned school.

The regular and learned school of geologists.

Millwright A. said, the doctors never would agree. He did'nt believe any of them. He knew nothing about talcose, quartzose, gneiss, veins, laminæ, fissures, strata, tertiary, and such things. He did'nt want to know, because he would know less than he did now. He said the country was volcanic. Old and extinct craters could be found; and there was no use in going further to find out where the gold came from. The volcanoes had melted and mixed it up with the rocks, had scattered it here and there, had thrown it out in lumps, sprinklings, and fluid masses, and poured it helter skelter, in all directions. That told the whole story.

The volcanic theory of Millwright A.

When Mr. Antiquary asked him to tell how there came

to be any gold down in the bowels of these volcanoes, to be thrown out, when there were so many volcanoes in action that threw out none whatever, and never had, though active for centuries; he looked somewhat blank. But, at length, he said, he never went behind the scenes; he was only telling how the gold got out; he did not pretend to be learned enough to tell how it got into the mountains. He was not learned at all.

An unanswered question.

Mr. Antiquary begged his pardon, but said he had supposed that a gentleman who knew that old volcanoes had thrown up and dispersed the gold over these vast fields, might also be able to tell, from his own knowledge, how the volcanoes in this country came to have any gold to throw out, and why they had not kept at it till the present time. It certainly would have been so very fine to have had the supply kept up by such powerful agencies.

An explanatory remark.

Geologist Y. believed that the gold was formed from its elementary gases, if elements it had, in the bowels of the earth, ages ago; that, when in a fluid state, it was mingled with molten quartz, and so thrown up by heaving agents to the surface, and toward the surface, and into fissures and openings; where it was cooled. Thus the quartz veins were formed. As the centuries went by, the continent, before submerged, was lifted out of the waters, gradually, and then the elements above went to work, disintegrating the rocks, and grinding down the hills, with icebergs and boulders, with cold, heat, and storms, laying bare the veins, breaking them through, crushing them to atoms, rubbing the atoms and fragments down, in torrents, rivers, and among rocks, and spreading the finer portions over vast surfaces, or depositing them in old chan-

The theory of geologist Y.

nels, and ancient eddies; these places being constantly in a changing condition, as the continent rose out of the sea, so that old channels and places of deposit were often filled up with drift and dirt, and new ones were gullied out. Thus, in the progress of untold centuries, the ground came to be what it is, and the gold to be where it is, and all the time, nature was at work, doing more than hundreds of men, to reveal the rich treasures she had been cycles in preparing.

A long sentence ended.

Dr. H. saw insuperable difficulties in these theories. They were not satisfactory. They made the whole process of gold production an awkward, clumsy, piece of business, with no poetry about it; and being so prosy, it was not at all like nature. Nature was poetical always. He did not think there was any gold in the bowels of the earth, or ever was. Gold, and its kindred metals, came to the earth from without, from the regions of meteors, comets, and the like. Iron had often come, in hot masses and cold, down through the atmosphere. Other mineral substances, also, had come thus, as well as stones, of some kinds; and all these, in very recent times. There always had been a region somewhere in space that furnished the world with aerolites, meteors, and comets.

A theory more poetical is in request.

In that region he presumed these substances existed in their elemental gases. There were periods when these gases entered into new combinations, came into new relations, under their own laws, of course, and when meteors and comets were severed from the great mass, and flew off toward the sun, but were sometimes stopped by coming into the sphere of the earth's attraction, and so were intercepted, and sometimes brought down to the surface. In this way he thought a comet had brushed the world, in its flight, had

left large portions of itself on the world, in gaseous forms, and had, at the same time, set our atmosphere on fire, creating a heat, compared with which, Nebuchadnezzar's furnace was only a hotel fire, fusing all the friable rocks, burning the whole soil to a cinder, or into red clay and brick dust, and melting down the tops of hills into the likeness of cones and craters.

The rationale of the poetical theory.

And thus he conceived that the gold was deposited by the comet, and introduced into the melted quartz, and other rocks, into the soil, all along the track, and made to take on such forms and shapes as we found it in; though, of course, the water and weather had acted on it since. And thus, also, he accounted for the presence of nickel, cobalt, and divers other minerals, so inseparable from a gold region. In this way, too, he accounted for the unique appearance of the hills, soil, and rocks; and for the crumbled quartz, and the baked aspect of so many acres of the ground.

Keep Faith said it was a beautiful theory; and the fire of an atmosphere, so much of it oxygen, and, at least, twenty five miles high, must have been a most magnificent affair. Some people he had known, who were always in terror at the appearing of a comet, lest it should come in contact with terra firma. But if this theory were true, and the space burnt over were not too large, hereafter, none would be apprehensive concerning it, but rather, glad to have a brush with a comet. It was, too, a most capital way of restoring the world's wealth; for, although the material came through the air, it was better than castles in that region; and, though it was once all gas, it became none the less aurum purum, on getting cold. In other days, people thanked their stars for their successful fortunes; in later times, and in Bus-

A brief comment.

Something finer than castles, in the air.

tledom, it would seem that the same sort of people ought to thank their comets, for such a wide "streak of good luck," as ran along these ribs of the continent; ribs that were enriched and mottled with yellow, by being roasted.

The engineer delivers himself.

Engineer C. said he could not see as there was any use in trying to learn how gold was manufactured, and where it came from, unless they could also learn where to get it, and how to manufacture it for themselves. For his part, if he could learn where the best pickings of the old batch were, he should be well satisfied, and would never ask how the stuff came to be gold, and not pyrites, nor how it got where he found it, nor when the next supply would be furnished to mankind. He knew of a legend, extant in many rocky parts of the world, to account for the existence of "awful stony spots," purporting that, once on a time, a notorious ancient rebel there broke his apron strings, and left a large pocket full of flint rocks. He thought, after the same general method, that some much better personage, or good angel, might have emptied his purse, or shaken his wings over this region, and thence came the deposits and sprinklings of gold. This, if true, would account for the facts, and, for aught he could see, it was as fine a theory of the gold origin, as any body's he knew.

Shaken from celestial wings.

Thus the discussion went on for a long time; and each was, at the hour of retiring, of much the same opinion as when the talk began. And then I saw, that Pilgrim, having heard all the sayings of these learned doctors, was very pleasurably anticipated in his wish to retire, by the nod and start of Mr. Antiquary, who had long been asleep, while the talkers supposed he was graciously bowing assent. The beds they slept on were

Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

not down, except on the ground; but they slept well and comfortably, after so hard a day's tramp, and so solid a supper, and so soporific a discussion.

They awoke to repeat the same operation, in making a breakfast, as in taking their supper; and all this, before sunrise. For the professor was wide awake at the cock crowing, although no cock crew; and the sheet iron stove began smoking before the miners' pipes, and before the hills in the sunshine. In due time, the travelers took formal leave of the literary group, at this focus of the learned, and of their cabin with its greasy dishes, smoky books, empty boxes, and lowly beds, and took their way, by the compass, for On Hand and Rugged, Herb vale, and the city of Nivalis. There was a trail, some of the way, they hoped to strike, and bars, villages, and diggings to be found, as they might happen upon them.

Early hours among miners.

They journeyed now into the wild regions. Such hills as they came to, such valleys, such ravines, such arbor vitæ, such pines, such moss, such rocks, such cataracts, and such sublimity, ruggedness, grotesqueness, and wierd wonders of land, water, and vegetation, no mortal ever came upon elsewhere. They would get themselves down, down, down into a narrow gorge, leap a little, dashing stream, pull themselves, by roots and branches, when they could not crawl, up an almost perpendicular three miles, and then find that they were on the back of a hill, as sharp as that of a skeleton horse, whence they must go down again, by a like weary descent, into the gloom and darkness of a canyon still deeper, in the bottom of which were growing stalwart pines, that seemed to them but stinted shrubs. At such moments they would stop to rest, and gaze where no sign of human presence was, beyond themselves, and no

The mountain scenery.

trace of man had been left, and no sound was heard above the music of the breeze in the pine boughs. Jagged, cragged, broken, abrupt, fissured, seamed, tossed, jumbled, stacked, thrown helter skelter, were all the materials around them, which scenery is made of, and it was a strange sight to look on them, left in such a chaos of order.

In the wilds, and among rocks.

Thus they pursued their way through the land of trial, the regions of ups and downs, which Chrysochron, the king of the country, had appointed for trying the patience and the pluck of all prospectors and travelers. At length, when it was toward night, they came suddenly down upon a miner, at work in a ravine. He was by himself, though others were in sight below. His was the only strange face they had seen, in some hours, and it was pleasant to look on it, all unshaven as it was, for it had lines of thought in it, and the eyes beamed with intelligence. Their surprise was mutual; but Pilgrim broke the silence by inquiring about his health and success. He said he never was heartier in his life, and in respect to his digging, he had nothing to complain of. He was making fair wages, and he was anxious for nothing more. Gold was good; but there was something far better than gold, which he also searched for, daily, in the sacred mine of the scriptures; and he pointed to a well worn Bible, lying by his gold dust box, water cup, and pan.

A solitary miner, doing well.

A mine yielding something better than gold.

Pilgrim asked, if he found no difficulty in trying to lead a christian life, in such a region, and in such circumstances. Yes! he found obstacles; but not greater ones than he had often encountered before, though of a different sort. But, he did not measure his obligation to lead a christian

life, by the kind, or number, of the difficulties in the way. One ought to be, and could be, a christian, any where, who really meant to be one, and was constant and earnest in his endeavors.

A christian life practicable in the mines.

Pilgrim inquired if he found any to sympathize with him, and if he were favored with christian companions. He said there were a few in the region. Some of them were the best, and most exemplary men he had ever known. They were all the better, he thought, for their trials and exposures; and all men believed it was so in their case. But, too often, what once seemed goodness in men, had vanished like the morning mist. He was alone, yet not alone. In respect to habits, he did his trading, prospecting, visiting, cleaning up, and so on, of a Saturday afternoon, and kept his Sabbaths quietly, and rigidly; and he believed he had enjoyed more comfort, and had more gold, at the end of a month, than most of his neighbors, in other circumstances, similar. He could send home, at least, a hundred dollars a month, and that sum would support his son at college, and his daughter at school; and when they were through, he should have nothing more to stay in California for, unless he sent and brought them hither.

Some true men to be found.

What is done with gold, sometimes.

Pilgrim said, he thought he must be a happy man in his contentment. He replied, that he could not be otherwise. He was gratifying some of the dearest wishes of his heart, and believed he was serving God, in the way of his duty. By this time, he had gathered up his tools, and was ready to go with his guests, as he was about to make all three of them, toward his log cabin, on the hill side, under a pine, and near a clear spring of water. It was small and lowly, but could

The good man's cabin.

hold all. It was floored and neat ; and there was an armed chair in it made of natural crooks and unshaven sticks, with a sack bottom. It was rude and simple, yet queer, and almost handsome, for its oddity. There was a table, of the same fashion, in one corner. There was a shelf of books and daguerreotypes, up high. A mirror hung on the wall ; and also files of the Pacific and other papers. There was a stone fire place and chimney, at the end, and a cupboard over the fire place, where was crockery ware, instead of tin.

Its furniture.

Mr. Antiquary said he had seen, in new countries, a whole family stowed away in a house far less comfortable. Keep Faith said he never thought to find such a man and such a house together, in that wild region, and after all he had heard of the life that miners led. When their supper was finished, homely though it had been, of coarse fare, and no large variety, a keen appetite supplying the place of many condiments, and giving a relish that no delicacies could, they went down a mile, with their host, to a bar on the main stream, where were many miners and traders, and something like a village.

Condiments in the hills.

It was evening ; and the tall, dark pines, that grew around, added a gloom as well as a grandeur to the scene. Lights were dancing thickly about, as they looked from the height down upon the scene, and men were passing to and fro, in all directions. As they went along the narrow street, the principal gambling saloon threw a glare of light upon it ; and the drinking shops were all wide open, though the night was chill, and somewhat damp.

Village on the bar, by night.

As they were passing, a noise and outcry drew them to the farthest quarter, close under the hill side. Here was one of the stateliest buildings the place could boast. Two

rooms took up the whole of the lower story. The front one was a lounging, or sitting room, with a bar in it; and the back one was a dancing room. There was also a sort of piazza, in front of the building, where seats were arranged. There were scores of men here, as lookers on, or revellers in dissipation.

Evening walk.

In that rear apartment, were miners and others, with no gay clothing on, nor thin slippers, with unkempt hair, and long beards, stamping through the dance with perfect wildness and abandon, amid clouds of dust, and with such companions as vulgar, smoking, spitting, painted, swearing, females can make. They were cheered on by dinning, crashing music, and the bravos of spectators. Between the sets, all adjourned to the bar, steaming, and sweating, and dusty, to refresh themselves with horrid liquors, and get into the spirit of a new movement. In the sitting room were the postmaster and deputy sheriff playing cards with their favorite courtezans. On the piazza was the principal doctor, with a senorita on his lap, and he had a young wife at home. The law partner of the justice of the peace was gallanting another Spanish woman about the streets.

Things seen by night; not unusual in any towns and villages.

Mr. Evenmind, their host, said he knew several of those who were in the house. They were victims of their passions entirely. For two years, and more, they had been there, and every dollar obtained was spent in such places. They were commonly in debt, and could not leave, without running away. Most of them were of good families. Some had been well educated; and not a few had families of their own, for whose support they were doing nothing at all.

Remarks of Mr. Evenmind.

They turned away from the scene, filled with sadness by

what they saw. It appeared to them like the hole of the pit; like a cave of witches and hags in an orgie; like the old fable of pans and satyrs, bacchanals and bacchantes, more than made real.

They retired to rest, praying against temptation; Mr. Antiquary remarking, that California seemed, in some respects, to open a new chapter in civilization, and to show, in new light, the power of corruption over men. No one could ever have dreamed the half they had witnessed.

MORAL.

Had it been said, at the time of the Presidential election in 1848, that at the end of four years a large and powerful state on the Pacific coast would participate in the election then to be made, to most the thing would have seemed visionary and chimerical. But our eyes have seen it all. The thing has come to pass. We are here, a state, two hundred and fifty thousand strong. We are growing in importance. We are rising in majesty. We have accomplished what the world never saw before. It has been shown what wonders a people can perform. A new experiment has been tried. A new problem solved. We are the marvel of civilization. Enterprise, wealth, greatness, are ours. But, amid all that is bright, encouraging, and full of promise among us in this land, California is reading us a lesson in civilization of another sort. It is, for substance, this, that whatever else civilization, with all its energy and progress, may do for mankind, it is not sufficient, of itself, to renovate humanity, to cultivate, refine, purify, and ennoble man's moral nature. It is equal to no such task. It fails to work any moral wonders, at all comparable

to its achievements in science, literature, art, and government. And the failure is such as to indicate not simply imperfection, but lamentable weakness, almost utter impotency.

There have been civilizations in the world before ours. Each one of them has finally proved, either too much, or too little for itself, and has sunk down and been lost amid the corruptions it had engendered Our civilization is showing the same weakness. It can not sustain itself at this high pitch very long. Its own vices will destroy it. Something must hold in check, or eradicate the vices of our civilization, or itself will be engulphed. What thing shall it be? What remedy is sufficient for the evil?

In christianity it must be found, or nowhere. It is christianity that has preserved modern civilization so long; that has kept it, cumbered, as it has been, with its own vices, from being utterly overborne by them. Christianity has done so much. It can do more. We are foredoomed without it. We must be saved from our corruptions. We must be redeemed from the thraldom of lust. The religion of Christ alone can save us from them. He alone can redeem us. And every one who fails to support christian institutions here, and ministers and churches; who does not try to promote the spread of the gospel in its power among us, lacks patriotism, lacks wisdom, lacks love. He is doing naught to root out the vices gendered by civilization in man's inherent depravity; and, therefore, is writing a sentence of reprobation on himself, and sealing his country's doom.

LECTURE XII.

The light of day was creeping down stealthily into the depths of the chasm, and relieving the sombre shade of the evergreen trees, beneath whose branches the sunbeams rarely strayed, when Mr. Evenmind, the lone miner, arose, as I saw in my dream, and lighted his candle, and began to prepare the morning's repast; reading his Bible at intervals. The guests also were soon astir; and together they breakfasted cheerfully. Then they sang: "Once more my soul the rising day," and joined in devout thanksgivings and prayer.

Morning meditations.

Pilgrim and his companions left the excellent man, who was there digging gold, reluctantly, yet with blessings. They knew they should meet again, though not in the gold fields of the Occident, nor by the flow of these mountain streams; but, rather in the golden streets of the city, whose entrance is by the gates of twelve pearls, and by the flowery banks, and dropping fruits of the "river of water of life;" and so there was a gladness mingled with their regrets.

They should all meet again.

They now descended again to the village on the bar, which they had gone through the previous evening, to see

its appearance by night. The sun was scarcely risen enough to shine into the vale, yet there was bustling in the street, and around the door of one of the houses, a large crowd was gathered. On inquiry, they learned that a man was dying there of a wound received in a gambling saloon, a few hours before, at the hands of a monte dealer, whom he had accused of cheating. Volunteers had gone in pursuit of the fugitive murderer; and the crowd were in constant expectation of seeing him brought back, or of hearing that he had been caught, lynched, and hung.

The village by daylight.

Having gone forward a few rods, they saw, at the pest house of iniquity, creatures faded, disheveled, pale, and haggard, in feminine garb, with a cold, miserable, shivering aspect, creeping out to find a breath of untainted air, and catch a ray of warmth from the sun's early beams. How changed they were from the beings that wore the paint, frippery, glitter, gaiety, and mirth, apparent during the first hours of the preceding night!

Seeking fresh air and warmth.

Now I saw, that they made their way from this mining village, and out of the bed of Bruin Creek, by a steep and rugged path, that went, winding up the bold ascent, among rocks, and trees, across small ravines, and through narrow passes, till it reached a commanding height. Here they had a large tract of country in full view, on every side. And here they found a man, with his equipments, and a mule, who had been camping out, and was getting ready for a start.

They leave the valley, & climb.

They inquired of him about the best road. He said he was going the same way, on a prospecting tour, and would bear them company, if they wished. They readily assented, for they wished to go by the best and nearest path, and were

rather glad to have a guide. As they proceeded onward together, the mule traveling in advance of them, the prospector was somewhat rallied from the gloom that had evidently been oppressing him. And, when he learned the character and aims of his fellow travelers, he became confidential and communicative. He told them how tenderly and carefully he had been reared, and what hopes his parents had indulged concerning him, and how he had disregarded their wishes and plans, and betaken himself to a roving life.

The story of his early years.

He was early attracted to Bustledom, and came hither along with a host of adventurers. He did not succeed well in mining. The work was too laborious for him, considering his feeble frame and his former habits of life, and was, also, too confining and tedious. Trading was not much better; and he had gone from one business to the other, several times; but fortune never smiled on him. He then became a clerk, in a large town, and, at times, had much leisure. He played games for amusement with friends, as others did. He acquired skill. He dropped, now and then, into the gaming saloons, of an evening, and watched the ongoings there. He was on good terms with every body, and learned numerous secrets of the art. He began playing in earnest, and for a wager. His successes, in a small way, fascinated him. He overcame all his misgivings and scruples, as well as he could, and took up the business for himself, and kept a table. By the utmost diligence and economy, for he was not vicious in his habits, and cared only to get money, and by the plying of his utmost skill, through long nights of excitement, weariness, vexation, and toil, for months,

Mining and trading.

A clerk, he drops into the saloons.

Progress in evil.

Gets gains, but they do him no good.

he accumulated several thousand dollars. Then he was seized with a brain fever, and a hundred ills and ailments followed in its train. His last dollar was gone for expenses, before he was well enough to go about any business.

So the curse had followed him. He knew he did wrong.
The curse. It was the Almighty's curse. God would not let men make money by gambling. It would not stay with gamblers. They either became corrupt and wicked, and spent their gains in debauch, or else divine Providence took it from them in some severe way. He knew this was the history of all the ill gotten gains of gamesters, so far as he knew anything about them. It was time for him to
Reform. abandon that course of life, and he had abandoned it. For, if he made gains by it, yet once more, he knew the Almighty would never let him keep them. He was going north to seek some better employment.

Pilgrim inquired if such feelings and views were common among the saloons and gamesters. Seely Jarre, for that was his name, said, that many of those men had been reared as he had been, and were educated, refined, polite, and kindly in their feelings. They loved good things, they
What sort of men are found in the saloons. respected virtuous people, they reverenced religion, and were glad to know there were christian influences at work in the community. They were generous and benevolent. They were exact and honest with those they employed. They were glad to give, and would give liberally to objects of charity, and to christian enterprises.

But the ruling spirits of those circles were not often of this sort. Sometimes they were the very reverse; so that the others could not act out the good they felt. And then there were temptations about the business, and it involved

a wrong, and the whole tendency of it was downward; and so, in course of time, those who followed it against their convictions, lost the sense of wrong they once had, by destroying it, or stifling it with the rubbish and filth of evil doing.

Bad tendencies.

Mr. Antiquary said, he knew, in '50, a young man who had his wife with him. He saw them on the way from a country town to Embankment. They had three thousand dollars in silver, and as much more in gold, in their buggy. The man had made this in a short time by gambling. He was now going to play and operate on a larger scale in Embankment. The wife was an interesting lady. She was opposed to his pursuit, but could not persuade him from it. They were fond of, and faithful to, each other. In the course of the season, he heard that the young man had been broken. He had fallen into the hands of the unscrupulous blacklegs and sharpers, and they had contrived to pluck him of every dime he had, to break down his reputation in their set, and so to turn him from their honorable company, except as a tool and dependent. And thus they had left him to support his wife as he could. The result could not but be foreseen. The husband fell to drinking and desperation; and what became of them, afterwards, he knew not.

A sad history.

Keep Faith said he used to judge all gaming men harshly, and call them all infamous; but he had learned that they were not all of the same sort and degree, though all were guilty of a serious crime against society, and themselves. There were just such differences among them, as among other viciously inclined men. And there were those who could be reached, and be saved from the ruin that menaced

A plea for leniency of judgment, and compassion.

them. Over certain minds, there was no fascination like that of games of chance and skill. It would grow into an all absorbing passion. He had known men and women, in high circles, who played only for pleasure, that neither read nor thought of aught else than their games for months and years. He thought our feelings toward many of our gamblers in Bustledom should be that of compassion, rather than hate. We were too much in the habit of lumping them together, and loading them with hard names and curses.

Mr. Seely Jarre said, it was, in truth, the vice of vices, to those who were under its spell. It drew men, so almost irresistibly, into the indulgence and practice of all other vices, from highest to lowest. The very fact that one was a gambler, to the smallest extent, caused him to be regarded by the panderers to all other vices as their legitimate victim ; and if one aspired to consideration, as a gamester, he must spend money freely, at stands, stables, bars, restaurants, brothels, and the like, or be thought close, mean, and poor. He would lack, otherwise, the esprit du corps, and be looked on as one who degraded the dignity of his calling.

The saying of one who knew what he had experienced.

The conversation with this man had so absorbed the attention of Pilgrim and his friends, that they had gone over hills, and through vales, and by houses numerous, and had scarcely taken a passing notice of them ; and they were already in sight of the little mining town of On Hand and Rugged, with its one story houses, huts, cabins, and shanties, perched up there on the very rockiest, and most uncouth hill side in all the region. Ere they mounted up to this renowned village, the roads divided, and they took affectionate leave of Mr. Seely

They come in sight of Rough and Ready.

Jarre, wishing him honest prosperity for the future, and a persevering manliness.

As they were climbing the hill, a youth, mounted on a white mule, overtook them. He said he was agent and clerk for a company, that had water, claims, tools, cabins, and so on, to let or sell, and that, by calling on Messrs. Seezum & Pluck, they would hear of something to their advantage. Advice gratis. They could state to these gentlemen, that Mr. Vapid Thinn recommended them to call. He gave them a card, also, with directions, and then he spurred up, to overtake a traveler ahead.

They might hear something to their advantage.

Mr. Antiquary said, the young gentleman's face was too much like a hatchet. Pilgrim said, he was altogether too polite, because his was unnatural politeness. Keep Faith said, he used too much bear's oil in cultivating his face, and took too much pains to wear a sort of dandy miner's dress. For, singular as it might seem, in either case, there were dandies among miners, as well as among ministers; and he didn't know which took the palm, they were so evenly matched.

Dandyism in the country.

So they decided that Mr. Thinn's object was too transparent, and that Messrs. Seezum & Pluck could hardly be men whom it would profit themselves to call on. They only stopped in this finished town; finished, it would seem, by having been partially abandoned when half built, to get a drink of pure water, and rest their limbs a moment. Nor were they able at once to fix upon the structure in the place, which, by common consent, might be regarded as the model edifice, the ornament of the village, and the pride of the inhabitants.

A case of difficulty.

Leaping mud holes and climbing ledges, they got up, at

length, to the brow of the hill; but, when they looked back to survey the place again, and decide the question in doubt, the whole town was lost to their view. Escaping, by some dexterous passes and plunges, the mire of several ditches that ran mud, as thick as hasty pudding, made of water and red earth, or brick dust, they journeyed on, through a pleasant region, of slope, intervale, woodland, and mining scenes, for some miles, and were delighted on finding themselves so soon upon a height, overlooking Herb vale, with its green flat, forest border, swelling hills in the distance, its thriving village, and noisy bustle, and driving mills.

The hill that overlooks Grass Valley.

They were weary, and somewhat travel stained, as they passed down through the main street. But Mr. Antiquary soon had them to the house of his old friend, one Mr. Staybill, a lawyer, of as much benevolence as ability, and a good deal of both. Here they dined and were refreshed; and they heard from the lips of their new friend the history of the vale, and of the enterprises which had made it famous across two oceans.

Mr. Staybill, his talk.

With him they visited quartz veins, crushing mills, saw mills, flat diggings, and all the spots of interest and note in the immediate vicinity, not omitting the little church, that might have been larger, and should never have been allowed to fall into its present anomalous condition.

The moral aspect of the town was good, as compared with some of the churchless villages of the state; but it did not so well correspond with the good taste, beauty, enterprise, and high qualities, exhibited in other forms. There was, however, something of a worldly look about nearly all they saw, and the enticements and concomitants of vice were neither blushing nor hidden; and

Further observations.

the saloons and hotels monopolized too much of the glory of Herb vale even.

Pilgrim and the rest were anxious to lodge at Nivalis, and were constrained, therefore, to depart, in spite of Mr. Staybill's entreaties that they would tarry with him. They were scarcely out of sight of the town, when they were met by a burly, portly man, whose face indicated that he was troubled with no ail, unless it might be brown stout. The breast pockets of his coat were overstuffed with documents and papers, and his hat was very broad brimmed. He rode a fine horse, and sat him with as much importance as if he owed nothing for him, or for his own keeping. This man would not allow the travelers to pass without looking at his specimens, which he had in the saddlebags under him. He dismounted and displayed them; spread out a chart of the district; and showed the locations of the leads, and the specimens marked accordingly; stated the capital, and number of shares in the companies he belonged to, and the yield, per pound, of the veins he was interested in, and how much the mill would crush, when finished, and what dividends they might look for on each share, per month.

A man of port, with documents and papers.

Companies, shares, veins, mills, and so on.

Pilgrim resigned himself to hear the story through, seeing there was no help for it. Mr. Antiquary explained to the man their condition, and said they were obliged to him for his information; but added, that they could not comply with his wishes in buying stock, claims, and shares, for they could pay no money down, nor meet assessments; and, so far as he knew, the principal business, heretofore, of stock holders in such concerns had been, as in some noted quartz companies, to pay assessments, rather than receive dividends.

Well, Mr. J. Q. Harpending said, here were splendid

opportunities for getting an honest fortune. They could go into the employ of the company and work out the investment and then secure the profits. They could not do better, and ought to confer such a large benefit on their friends, if not on themselves. Any man who had two hands, and kept a good heart, could make a fortune in this way.

Speech of Mr. Jupiter Quartz Harpending.

Mr. Antiquary replied, that his observation showed him well, that there were men with two hands, the heart he couldn't describe readily, who could make a speedy fortune in quartz stock, and other joint stock companies; but it was those who got up the concerns, and peddled out the shares, and not the buyers, who seemed to get the money. No doubt many of them regarded it as a marvellously fine business; he, Mr. H., looked himself as though it had not worried him; and so he wished him good evening. Thus they parted; and the travelers moved on. It was a public road they pursued; but such an execrable one, for a great thoroughfare, they had rarely trodden; and all Bustledom might be safely challenged to furnish such another. As they were afoot, however, their necks were not in special danger; and they managed to pick their way along, where stage passengers had usually resorted to the same primitive method of locomotion, in order to avoid an upsetting.

Specimen of public roads and highways.

They were obliged to hasten forward by the lateness of the hour, and were making their way between campus auri and rivulus auri, when another obstacle encountered them, in the shape of a piece of speculative humanity, somewhat dwarfed, and having a hump on his back, that seemed an offset for the enormous ears of the scurvy little mule, which was trudging along between

A mountain cavalier.

JONATHAN JOINTSTOCK.

"He was anxious to return to the Atlantic States."—Page 253.

his legs, very lengthy, considering the rest of him. This man's nose was hooked, and not unlike a parrot's beak, but a good deal redder, and his eyes were silver grey, and small. His drab wool hat had long been serviceable both night and day, and was rapidly going to seed.

This person announced himself as on the look out for hands to work his claims, or customers to sell out to. His name was Jonathan Jointstock, from some place down east. He would rather sell out clean, as he was anxious to return to the Atlantic States, on account of the death of some near relations.

Anxious to return to the eastern states.

Keep Faith said, somewhat aside, that he had seen those who were in this fix before, and just as their stocks were sold, and their affairs settled, their anxiety seemed to be relieved, and better news would come, just in time to preserve them from any necessity of going. It was, perhaps, one of those proceedings called a ruse, so much in vogue among mechanics and merchants in Embankment, and other cities, who often sold off "at cost." Mr. Jointstock would pay three dollars a day, a hand, and the hands must go where he sent them, and be sub let, if he wished it.

He would sell coyote claims for five hundred dollars each; the pay to come out of the first proceeds. He would sell the new canal stock, ditch not yet finished, for a premium of two hundred per cent. His shares in two quartz mills, and unworked leads, he would sell, seeing it was they, and they looked like shrewd, steady, industrious, and respectable men, such as he wished to encourage, for something like their par value, perhaps, at ten per cent. discount, if that would be any object to them.

Terms of sale for stocks, shares, and claims.

Mr. Jointstock was very glad he had met them, for he

would like to serve them, and he would specially warn them to be on their guard against heartless speculators, monopolists, and capitalists, and to look out for their own interests. There could be no conception of the number of those who had put money and labor into some great concerns, where they had to watch the managers all the while, to keep any title to it; had to pay assessments, and then were never able to have any command of the capital. They could neither get it out, nor sell it out, and so were losing, both their time and their means, in looking after what they once had, but likely, never would have again. He, Mr. Jointstock, knew how the leading parties in these company affairs managed.

Disinterested man giving advice.

They located a claim; they surveyed a ditch, or what not; they sold out the shares here and there, keeping many in their own hands, if the lead was a fine one, and the thing, in their view, would pay; if not, they slipped out entirely, and in haste. When it promised well for them, they would set to work to get the whole into a few hands. They would call meetings of the company, often at inconvenient times, and many shareholders would hear nothing of them. Then they would vote heavy assessments; all the shareholders would not be able to pay them, and the stock of such would therefore be forfeited. Others would never hear that installments were due, and their shares would become forfeit, and be bought in by the managers. They would expend the money received, so as to produce nothing, and weary and badger the most into refusal to pay more installments. So when by this process they had it all their own way, they would be found in possession of a fine lead, machinery, buildings, funds, and much else, and could go on swimmingly.

Management of joint stock companies.

Forfeited shares.

Pilgrim said his arguments and explanations seemed to bear very much against himself, Mr. Jointstock. But it mattered not, since he and the others were not prospectors, and could not purchase any thing; and the mission they were on did not give them time to stop any where for money's sake; though they were bound to think all his enterprises were excellent ones; and they hoped he would not be too anxious to sell out, lest that fact should throw some suspicion on his motives; and it was hardly fair to stop men on the street in order to make customers out of them, especially when it was so near night.

Reasoned with.

Mr. Jointstock moved off, muttering to himself, eloquence all wasted; time lost; while he thrust his huge boots as near the mule as he could get them, by reason of the projection of six inches of spur iron. Now, when they had gotten safely over the holes, mud, slabs, logs, saw dust, and such things, at the run, that furnished no road where it was thought to be; they crooked about the woods, awhile, and came, of a sudden, to the brink of a ravine, down which the road went, by many a turn, and steep declivity. It was no wider, seemingly, than the track of a wheel barrow. Down at the base of the hill was the bed of Cervus Creek, which had been torn, washed, dammed, dug, riddled, and sifted, times numerous; and was full of the wrecks of nature, the remnants of human labor, and the exuviae of gold deposits. And down the vale, far down; where one other creek, whose channel had been dug and washed in like manner, joined the former; there, in the midst of pines, and underneath their lofty tops, on the unevenest of unshaped hillocks, and in their hollows; there, where no mortal would ever have looked for a town, except on compulsion of knowledge; there,

Road at Gold-run.

Deer Creek.

where the sun no longer shone, though his beams yet played, lingering, on the green boughs above, and tinged and tipped many a cone and pointed top with a golden glory richer than all the shining grains beneath, that nourished not the trees in their beauty and majesty; down there, where were many crookednesses, while yet the place was too strait for the city, stood the city of Nivalis, as quietly as if nature had intended that a city should grow up there.

The situation of the city of Nevada.

Overlooking all the city, and quite up into the air, rose the modest tower of the first mountain church, that aspired to be a church, in its shape and surroundings, neat and white, and contrasting vividly with the deep foliage of the pines, that darkened the very air with their shadows. They now betook them to the task of descending into the city streets, and finding the little bridges that indicated where the channels might be. They mounted the steep pitch of a hill, in the broadest street they could see, and came up to a corner pine, and thence were conducted to the house of Rev. Mr. Renwar, hard by that of Rev. Mr. Mildair.

Down the hill & through the city.

At home they met the former, and Anna, his wife, by whom they were made welcome. While they were at the tea table, the clear, rich tones of a large church bell fell on their ears, as they went ringing and echoing over hill and valley, telling the miners, worn and weary, sweet stories of the homes and scenes from which they were scattered far. The bell was summoning them, with all the prayerful and devout in the region, to the weekly conference. And there was Pilgrim introduced to the few that loved to pray, and were delighted to mingle in

"The sound of the church going bell."

scenes that brought them so near to the joys of home, and to the blissfulness of heaven, and made them kindred with the holy of all lands, and with the saints in glory. It was with special delight they met the young men, whose good report they had heard before, who were in the habit of walking not less than six miles thither, and six back, that they might be at the regular meetings, and who accounted it no hardship thus to do, but rather a pleasure and a joy, for which their hearts longed and their limbs were ready.

The prayer meeting, and those present.

After this, as they sat together, Mr. Renwar told them the story of Nivalis; its early growth, hopes, progress, resources, obstacles, misfortunes, and final triumphs; and how his church was erected, and what his labors were in connection with the enterprise, and whence the funds were drawn. They were a good deal instructed, and not a little entertained; and they retired to rest with gladness, and with thanksgivings.

"Fought all his battles o'er again."

Early the following day, they all visited the points of interest in that region; the sluices, toms, holes, and excavations along the coyote lead. The high top of Sugar Loaf hill they went to, and to Wet hill, and to the region back. They also went down to the Bunker Hill mill, the Gold Tunnel works, and a half dozen other crushing mills. Afterward, they went even so far down as the falls, the riffle box, and the famous works there.

Coyote hill and Sugar Loaf mountain.

At the great falls in Deer Creek.

And into wild and dark glens, over rocks and ledges, upon high hills, and through all varieties of diggings, they also went; and thus they saw, whence, grain by grain, and parcel by parcel, are wrought the treasures of the golden land, so facinating to them that dwell afar, and so full of

trouble to them that are near. And they perceived how rarely gold was gotten, but at the price of toil and sweat, and how it must ever be true, even where the soil sparkles with gold, and the mountains are sown with gems, and burn with sapphires, that, in the sweat of his face man shall eat his bread.

Gold is gotten by labor.

They had seen a world of treasure to be gotten only by a world of pains. And yet they returned from their tour, satisfied, that, for ages, mankind would not suffer through lack of precious metals; certainly not, while Bustledom remained, and human labor could be applied to the development of her hidden and hoarded masses of treasure. And, during all their pilgrimage, the conviction had grown in their minds, that the land they had journeyed in was the land of all lands, vilify it as men might, and as men would. In due time, they doubted not, it would so appear to all. It only needed better moral influences, and the power of true religion speedily to bring that day; and to cause the land to be as renowned for the beauty of the Lord upon it, and the excellence of virtue adorning it, as for fruitfulness it already was, and its hidden treasures of yellow gold and flowing silver.

Conclusions of thoughtful men after seeing all the evil and good they had met in the land of gold.

Another morning brought its rosy light and fresh airs, and opened sweet blossoms in the forest border, and new flowers of hope in human hearts. For our travelers, however, this was the day of parting. Mr. Antiquary must return to his employment, where the lines were fallen to him, in the great valley. Pilgrim must finish his wanderings in the gold land and depart. Keep Faith must proceed on his mission of love

The companions on this journey must separate.

and zeal, toward the northern regions of the Occident, where the faith of so many was almost ready to fail.

So they counseled and cheered each other, wept together, and prayed. Pilgrim gave Mr. Antiquary a copy of the oldest of books, laws, and recorded wisdom, keeping that which his mother gave him in Doomsend, before her escape and his. He presented Keep Faith also with a duplicate of his chart; for with the original he would never part, though it were urged that he was near the end of his present pilgrimage, most likely, and so he could not require it more.. His notes of travel he left with Mr. Renwar, to be deposited among the archives of the church; and directing that a copy should be sent to Rev. Mr. Augustine in Embankment.

What presents Pilgrim made.

Chart and notes of travel.

Then they shook hands, and embraced. They parted, but not forever. And each took his way, with a kind of sorrowful joy, believing in the day when they should rest together on the glittering heights of Zion above.

Alone, with his staff, Pilgrim took his way, as I saw, toward the village at the forks of the grape stream. He took little note of all that was around him, as he passed along, though the path was a blind and difficult one. He was occupied with his own thoughts, with memories of his life, trials, and labor. He had seen much of this world; its cares, toils, and troubles. He had seen it in all its moods, and had looked on all the splendors and rewards with which it is wont to crown its votaries. He had seen its wealth and its poverty, its great men and its unknown people, and all had alike faded and perished. One event had happened to all. His own observation had taught him that poverty and its ills

How he was occupied as he traveled alone.

were not the worst of evils; that happiness was quite as common among the poor as among the rich; and that the noblest of men were often found far from the cares and strifes of public life. He had no regrets for the past. He was not sorry that he had turned, in his youth, to seek the favor of God, and the blessings of religion; letting the world, and its noisy babble, and vain pleasures, all go.

Happiness as rare among the rich as among the poor.

He rejoiced that he had been a pilgrim in the earth, and had been able to lay up treasures on high. He had been a man of toils and endeavors; had pursued the even tenor of his way in the sphere fitted for him, wherever his lot was cast; had shrunk from no plain and manifest duty; and had tried to serve God with his few possessions, and with all his powers of body and mind. He was going into the mount. He remembered the story of Moses in the top of Nebo. He might himself be near the end of his days. He might soon leave all that was his, except his character; his moral life, and its consequences; for he could take nothing from a world into which he brought nothing. If he continued in the world, he should live on as before. If he left it, he could depart in peace.

He rejoices in what grace has assisted him to do.

One may leave much to the world, though he brought nothing into it.

Now I saw, that on the third day, Pilgrim came up to the top of a lofty peak on the snowy range, whence lay in view the fertile slope on the left, across which he had come, and the wide deserts on the right. The sun beams had fallen there as he came forth from his chamber in the east; and the mountain was all aglow. Winged forms were hovering about, brighter than the rays of the morning. The very air was quivering with the music

A vision is seen.

of their pinions. As I strained my gaze to behold the vision, it lifted slowly away from the mountain top, with bursts of music ravishing and jubilant. It ascended into the blue empyrean, with gathering convoys of angels. At length it receded into the heights, and faded from my sight, and the sound of music, also, died away in mine ear!!

I was aroused. The morning sun was shining full on my face as I reclined in the rocky nook, where I had laid me down to rest, on the night of my stay in that lone height of the coast range. So I awoke; and behold, it was a dream!

THE END.

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1818-1892.
The California pilgrim : a series
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